THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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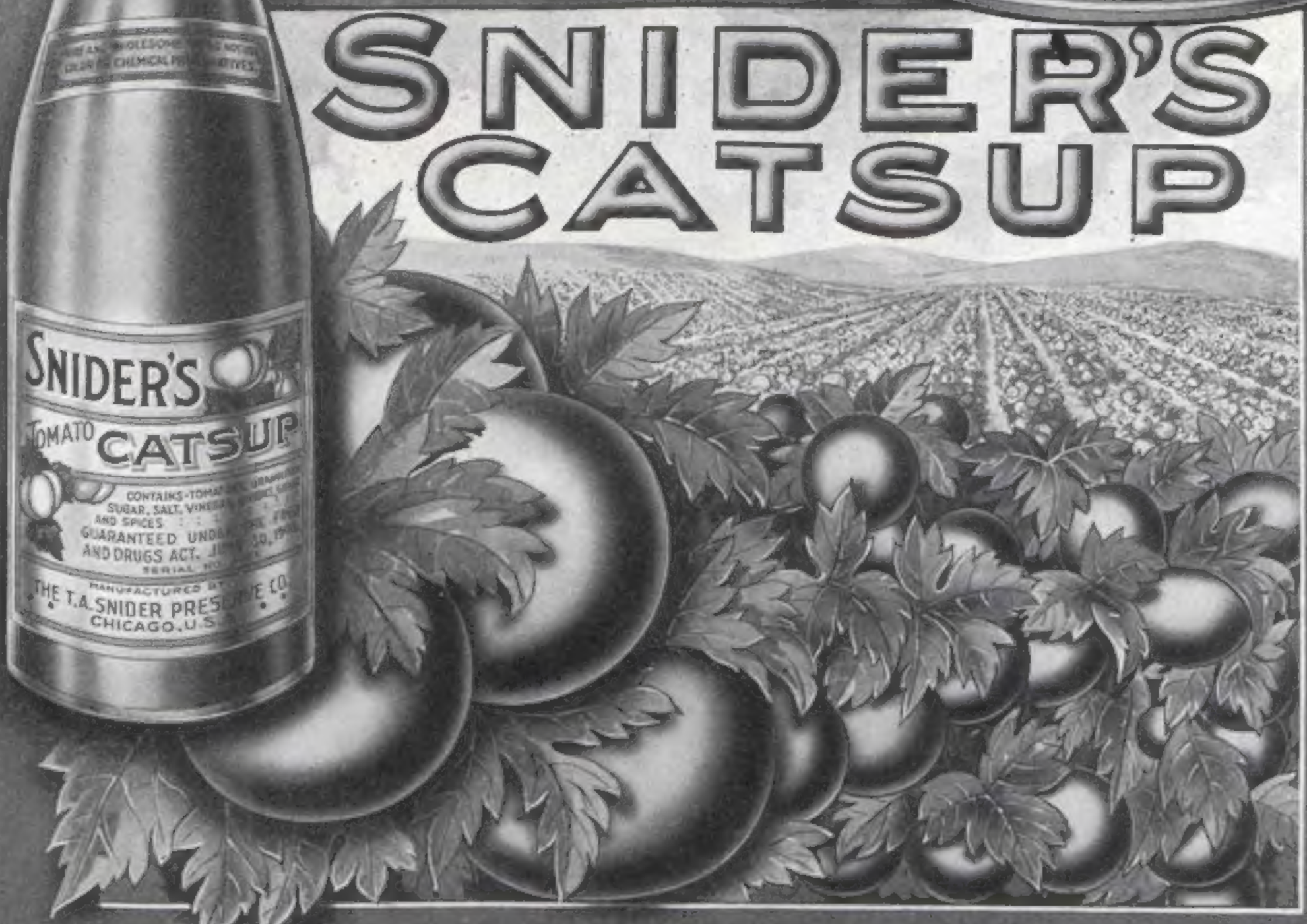
DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

THE CHINESE PUZZLE—A Talk on Policies and Conditions With the President of China—By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

AMERICAN STANDARDS

SNIDER'S PORK AND BEANS

SNIDER'S CATSUP



© The famous hot water test, which has convinced thousands that Valspar is *absolutely* waterproof and washable.

Little household accidents like this cause no consternation if the woodwork is Valsparred.

The Pennsylvania R. R., after severe tests of many varnishes, adopted Valspar for varnishing its locomotive tenders.

The woodwork of the palatial banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co., New York, is finished with Valspar.
Architects: Trowbridge & Livingston, N. Y.

"Tech, Jr." varnished with Valspar, the leading marine varnish.
Photo by Edwin Levick, N. Y.

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Valspar is a *wonderful* varnish. It is suitable for practically every varnish use, indoors and out.

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Valspar has done away with all this.

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In the beginning, when we claimed that it was good for all uses—indoors and out—the whole industry said, "Impossible—there must be separate varnishes for floors, for furniture and for outdoor use."

Some may believe this even now, but here are certain obstinate facts:

First—Over 300 manufacturers of furniture are now using Valspar on their products because it is waterproof, mar-proof and superior in finish and durability.

Second—Thousands of homes have Valsparred woodwork and have found it to be absolutely waterproof and accident-proof. Ask your neighbors who have used Valspar what they think of it.

Third—Prominent railroads, like the Pennsylvania, are using it for finishing the new steel cars and locomotive tenders—about the most strenuous service required of varnish.

Fourth—Great office buildings, like the Singer Building and the J. P. Morgan Building in New York; great department stores, like Lord & Taylor's and R. H. Macy & Co.; and innumerable schools and institutions of all kinds are using Valspar on their woodwork, because they can wash it and keep it sanitary.

Fifth—Leading yachts, such as Vanitie and Shamrock IV, and all the principal racing motor boats, such as the Baby Speed Demon II, are varnished with Valspar.

The same varnish is used for all these purposes.

We have made strong claims for Valspar, it is true—but we think that the above facts fully substantiate them.

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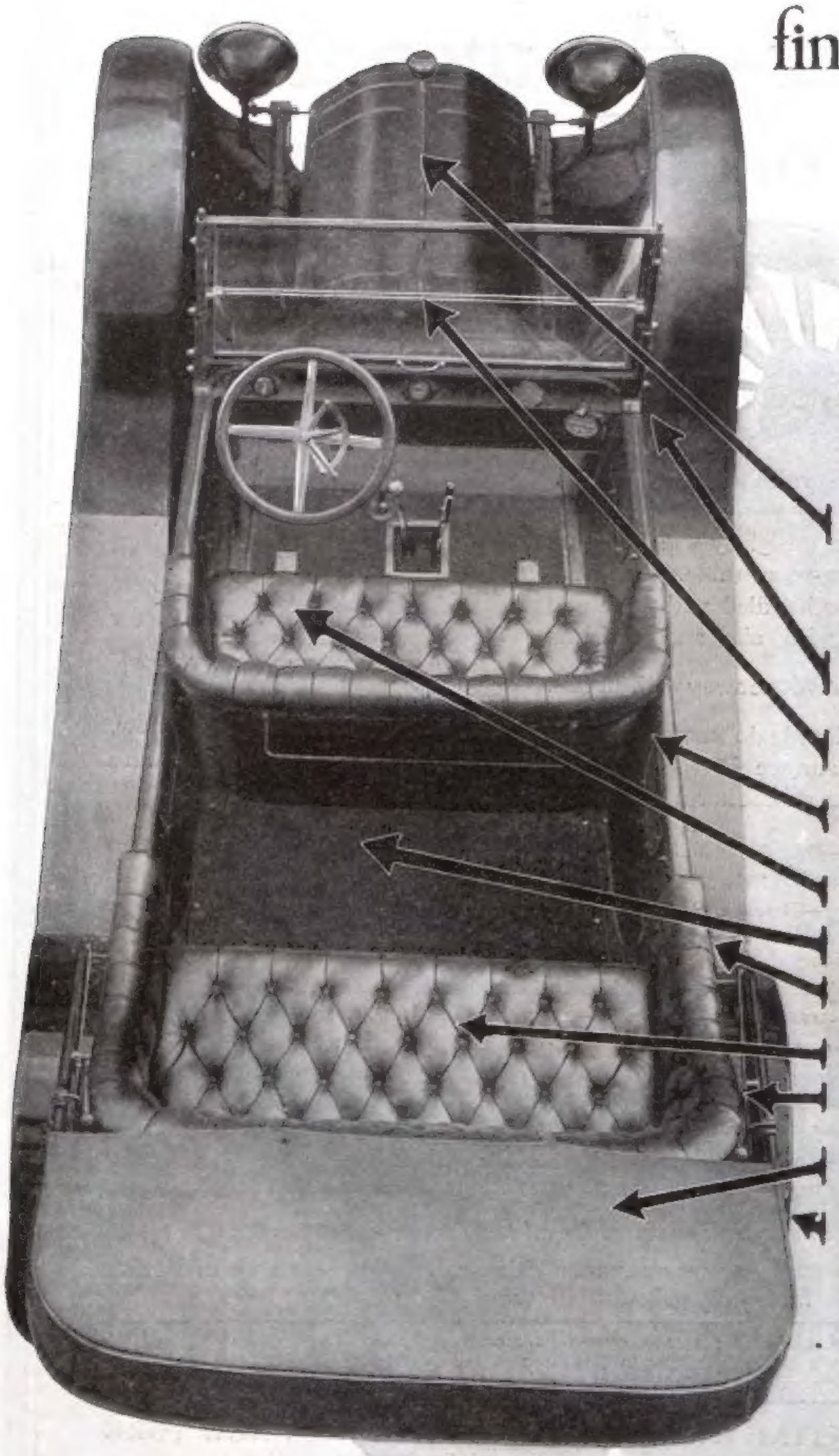

Before you pay more find a FOUR that gives more at $985

And before you pay less—give a second thought to QUALITY. This is the car that Studebaker built to live up to its IDEAL of a Four. And it is only when you come to study it side by side with other Fours that you begin to appreciate how much you can buy in this FOUR at $985 "—because it's a Studebaker" —and how needless it is to pay more.

But judge it, not on its price, but on the *qualities* that YOU yourself want in a car.

Raise the hood and study that Studebaker Motor with its marvelously simplified design. Note how high the carburetor is—how easily the valve-mechanism can be reached—how perfectly get-at-able the pump, oilers and electric units are.

Observe, too, that Studebaker uses the reliable-at-any-speed Battery system of ignition that most of the leading cars have substituted for the magneto. Note the lightest, simplest, surest electric starter ever put in a car.

Note, for example, that the beautiful CROWN fenders are enameled, NOT painted—the durability of the finish literally baked into the steel. Why be satisfied with old-style flat fenders when Studebaker gives you crown fenders?

Note the built-in windshield—light, rigid, graceful in design—storm-proof, ventilating, rain-vision.

And then observe that the doors are wide and easy-opening—front and back and both sides—plenty of space for passage into the car with no levers to climb over. Hinges and catches are hidden. No latches left to tear even the fluffiest of summer dresses.

Get up into the car and see how roomy it is. Here is one car where there is plenty of room in the front seat for the driver.

And lots of room, too, in the tonneau—plenty of room for three full-grown people.

Note, too, that the running-boards are clear—not a thing left on them to mar the graceful lines of the car.

And when you sink down into the restful cushions, enjoy their cosy depths—feel the glove-soft quality of the genuine buffed leather.

And then, note the finish of this FOUR—sunny and attractive. Goes through 20 color and varnish operations. It's a STAY-NEW finish.

One-man type top, too—goes up in a jiffy if a thundershower happens to catch you unawares—and it keeps you dry and cosy in any weather, winter or summer.

And then, the Studebaker FULL-floating Rear Axle! Not the heavy, malleable cast affair, but a splendid piece of axle construction—the kind you find on the Studebaker SIX and on the higher-priced Sixes—beautifully simple and accessible. Not an ounce of weight on the axle shafts.

And then, study the design of the Chassis itself. See how marvelously Studebaker engineers have simplified it and distributed its weight—balanced it to drive straight as an arrow and ride easy as an ocean liner. Studebaker drives through radius rods and NOT through the springs. Note the OVER-size brakes and the brake-equalizer.

Four-$985

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FULL floating Rear Axle.—Drive thro' TWO radius rods and Torque arm.—TRIPLE-life, double-shackle Springs.—NEVER-failing Battery Ignition.—OVER-size brakes and Brake Equalizer.—13 Timken Bearings.—Finish that takes 20 operations and 60 days in shops.

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Studebaker LIGHT SIX, . . .	1385
Studebaker SIX—7-passenger, . .	1450

F. O. B. Detroit

—because it's a Studebaker

Go over the whole car, point by point. Then, ride in it and drive it. Test its power on any hills you like. And then, when you remember that this is a FOUR that has made good for 100,000 owners—ask yourself: "Must I pay more than $985 for a FOUR?" and would it be wise to pay less?

STUDEBAKER — — — DETROIT

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THE CHINESE PUZZLE

A Talk on Policies and Conditions With the President of China—By Samuel G. Blythe

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The First Chinese Parliament

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

President Yuan Shi Kai

WHATEVER China can concede will be conceded; but she cannot help remaining firm on those articles which encroach on China's sovereignty or infringe the treaty rights of other Powers."

His Excellency Yuan Shi Kai, President of China, in one softly spoken but momentous sentence, thus expressed his views and the views of his country on the demands made by Japan on China, in an interview given me on the afternoon of April fifteenth in the Presidential Palace in Peking. We had talked of many things relating to China and to the President's plans for her development. We had spoken of the experiment in republicanism this ancient nation is now making, before we came to the vital question of the day—the relations between Japan and China and the demands made by Japan on China, which were then being discussed officially in Peking by the Chinese Foreign Office and the Japanese Minister.

"Mr. President," I asked him, "will you explain to me China's foreign policy, especially as it relates to the Chino-Japanese negotiations now pending?"

The President took a sip from the cup of tea that stood before him and placed both hands on the small table at which we were sitting. He looked straight across the table at me and slowly and gravely described China's foreign policy as a policy of peace and truthfulness—peace with all the world and truth to all the world.

He did not say much, but into what he did say all nations, and especially Japan, can read the clear warning that China does not intend to sacrifice her integrity as a nation or allow it to be destroyed or impaired; and that China does not intend that treaty rights guaranteed to other nations by China shall be infringed upon.

His Excellency's language is diplomatic, but his meaning is plain.

There were two persons present at this interview besides the President and myself—Dr. Wellington Koo, of the Chinese Foreign Office, who acted as interpreter, and Mr. Wong, Master of Ceremonies at the Palace.

We talked for an hour. Afterward, the essential points of the interview were written out and put into Chinese.

The President carefully read the translation of my notes and marked the pages with the Chinese characters he uses to approve official documents. The following statement, therefore, which I am sending by cable, is an authorized and approved interview with President Yuan Shi Kai:

"Ever since the commencement of friendly intercourse between China and the United States their relations have without any interruption been most cordial and amicable. Now that the two nations are under the same form of government and are inspired by the same ideals, their mutual friendship is sure to grow more intimate. I retired from public service in the year 1908, and thereupon resolved to keep away from political activities permanently. But at the outbreak of the revolution of 1912, when the whole nation was in a state of turmoil, shaking the very foundations of the state, I had to respond to the call of my country to come to her rescue; and I emerged from retirement, to do for her all that was in my power. I cannot say that I have ably discharged my duties, but I am anxious to do my share as a citizen.

"It is particularly fortunate that during the three years I have been in office the peace and order of the country have been restored and the means of livelihood of the people have also gradually improved. I consider the present moment a favorable time to study questions concerning national welfare and the development of republican ideals. The fact that China is a large country with a teeming population, of course, renders it somewhat difficult to accomplish these objects

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

One of the Chief Streets in Peking

within a short period of years. There must be time to carry them out. Concerning this matter of internal improvements my policy consists of two phases:

"The first is to establish more schools through the country, for the purpose of promoting public education and of making known to our people their responsibilities as citizens of the republic. As our system of government has changed, popular education now becomes a more fundamental necessity than ever before.

"When I was governor of Shan-tung Province and Viceroy of Chi-li, I paid particular attention to education and spared no pains in encouraging it. The interest in education taken by the United States Government was clearly shown in its liberal return to China of part of the Boxer indemnity, for the purpose of sending students to be educated in America. This gracious act has made its deep and permanent impression upon my heart.

"Secondly, I propose to develop industries and proper means of communication. I learn that the commerce and the finances of the United States owe their prosperity to a great extent to the efficiency of means of communication. Although we are gradually adding new railways to existing lines, my opinion is that the more we have of them the better. I also propose extensively to survey our mining fields and to develop the best ones first, so that with small investment there will be large profits. China, as a nation of farmers, should likewise pay close attention to agriculture. I have had consultations with the Ministry of Commerce and Agriculture and have asked them to translate into Chinese the latest publications on scientific methods of farming. Simple language will be used, so that the translations may be given to farmers to increase their knowledge. Apart from this the government will start model farms at suitable points as object lessons to farmers. Furthermore, agricultural societies should be formed for the purpose of disseminating and putting into effect the latest knowledge in regard to agricultural methods. China has recently obtained the services of an American expert in agriculture who is now collecting scientific data and is selecting the best cotton seed with a view to improving the methods of raising cotton in China. This is merely one instance of how China is giving close attention to agriculture.

"Coming to the question of China's finances, much improvement has been effected within the past year. The domestic loan of sixteen million dollars floated last August for the first time in China's history was oversubscribed to the amount of twenty-one million dollars, showing that the national spirit of the Chinese people is developing. Another internal loan of twenty-four million dollars for this year, secured by reliable sources of public revenue, has been taken over entirely by banking institutions, including the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank, a British company, and it is certain good results will accrue.

"Although the revenue of the government is now sufficient to pay all administrative expenses after meeting foreign indemnity and loan obligations, there is yet no surplus to develop industries. I am opposed to loans contracted for nonproductive uses because they tend to foster extravagance; but I am heartily in favor of utilizing foreign capital to develop our industries, because capital thus invested will not only bring profit to investors but also bear good fruit in the industrial life of the nation.

"As regards China's foreign policy, I can say that it consists of the two simple principles of peace and truthfulness. Like Americans, the Chinese people are peace-loving and

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Two Chinese Women Officers

are fond of truth in dealing with other nations. China always tries to settle matters by frank and amicable negotiations.

"Although I do not desire to express any opinion on the questions now under negotiation between China and Japan, yet I may say that I hope they can be peaceably arranged. Whatever China can concede will be conceded, but she cannot help remaining firm on those articles which encroach on China's sovereignty or infringe the treaty rights of other Powers.

"In conclusion, I want to tell you that I am glad to note the friendly interest which the American people have taken in China, a gratifying token of seventy years of mutual friendship between the two countries."

Consider the Shop Boy

"IT IS cheaper to experiment with office boys, shop boys and beginners than with sales managers," a well-known efficiency expert declared recently. "The man who hires his cheapest help with as much care as he would use in selecting a department head or a general manager will generally find it unnecessary to pay a high premium to dislodge a big man from the top of a competitor's organization. Every man or boy who is hired to work with his hands should be considered with a view to the fact that he holds promise of being able to work with his head. Hire the right kind of office boys, stock boys, messengers and helpers, and you will establish an almost automatic supply of good salesmen, superintendents and executives.

"Pick your shop boys as carefully and as intelligently as you would select a high-priced superintendent, and you will ultimately find that, as a general rule, you will not have to go outside your own organization for competent men with whom to fill your positions that command salaries instead of wages. You will, in short, command your own source of supply for all the higher positions in your organization. This takes time, vigilance and intelligence, and it cannot be done in a month or a year; but it is the only solid and permanent basis on which to build. I have seen it worked out to convincing conclusions in scores of cases.

"The men who are keenest in laying such a foundation keep in close touch with the heads of high schools, colleges and technical institutions. In the case of shop help—particularly before there has been time in which to build an organization from the bottom up—advertisements in the best technical magazines bring good results; but the most effective way in which to attract the best help is to have the best place in which to work. Nothing pulls like this. The factory that, in addition to the right labor policy, has attractive working conditions will invariably have the best human materials from which to pick and choose. The worker who is not sensitive enough to care whether he labors in dark, filthy, inconvenient and disorderly surroundings or in a bright, orderly and attractive place is of too low a mental order to make good organization material.

"Now just a word on the score of what is called scientific selection of help. Knowing that I have studied this modern problem consistently for many years, and that I have installed such systems in large concerns, I am not infrequently asked by smaller manufacturers whether I cannot give them just a hint, so that they may apply it in a plain, common-sense way. And I have answered in these words:

"Forget that there are such words as science and psychology; then do a little careful thinking on the subject of the work you have to do and the different classes into which it naturally divides itself. Suppose you are running a machine shop—the roughest and simplest division of your workers will be: Heavy laborers, light laborers, molders, heavy-machine workers, light-machine workers, heavy assemblers, light assemblers, die and tool makers. Then take each class and write opposite it a list of the qualities a man must have to do that particular work well.

"As a surveyor would put it, this establishes the base lines. Any employer of labor who has not tried this simple method of clearing the ground, and fixing definitely in his own mind just what he must get in every man, will be surprised to find how much this process will help in bringing to each job the right man for it.

"There are two other qualifications that should be demanded of every man, whether he applies for a position on the mechanical or the executive staff; these are personal cleanliness and a reasonable equipment of good nature. A dirty boy or man will almost invariably be slovenly in his work and there is no room in any organization for a grouch. As to salesmen, I have one rule that is rather rigorous, but it has justified itself in long-time results: I will not employ as a salesman any man who has a personality that would prevent me from encouraging him to become my personal friend. And I apply the same rule in filling executive positions. No doubt this excludes many able salesmen, but in time it will bring to the man who applies it a salesforce of distinctive quality. I recognize that this rule cannot be applied in all establishments; but the nearer it is approximated by the sales manager who is not obliged to carry a really large force, and who has a high-class line of goods to sell, the better will be his results."

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A Chinese Military Bridge

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A Chinese Artillery Corps

SPY METHODS IN EUROPE

By Melville Davisson Post

Thousands of Such Letters Could Pass Through the Postal Department Without Coming Under Suspicion

WHEN evidences of a World Struggle began to appear the German Secret Service determined on a new method of communicating with its fixed posts in France.

Ever since the Franco-Prussian War the system of colonizing France with agents in the pay of the German Government had been maintained. These persons were usually little shopkeepers, jewelers, silversmiths; but preferably hotel proprietors and managers of wine shops and cafés.

Under the old system these posts were visited from time to time by secret agents in the guise of commercial travelers; but certain investigations, set on foot in France, brought these commercial travelers into question, and a new method was devised. Women were employed instead of these traveling inspectors. These were not beautiful countesses or bewitching creatures of the half-world.

Two middle-aged women of the eminently respectable sort, to be met everywhere in Europe, were the type of secret agent selected under the new method. They were to travel rapidly through France on the swiftest trains—such as the express from Calais to Paris, from Lyons to Marseilles, the Côte d'Azur express, and the fast express from Berlin to Naples by way of Paris.

At important stations, where these fast trains stopped, one of the women would get off for a moment on the platform.

The agent of the German Secret Service established at that point would approach in the crowd, deliver his report into the hands of the woman, and obtain directly from her such instructions as the department at Berlin saw fit to communicate to him. The report was often put in the form of a letter, sealed as though for the post; and this letter would be passed on from the woman on the platform to her companion in the train.

By this method the agents at important places in France would be swiftly reached and their reports safely carried out of the country without the danger of committing them to the post-office department.

During the last ten years the military authorities in France have been particularly active. They have had some intimation of the vast system of espionage laid down over the French Republic. They knew Stieber's method, and began to suspect the commercial traveler with headquarters in Belgium, Geneva, or any town in Germany.

A pretty efficient system of inspection was inaugurated by the postal authorities in order to be certain that communications valuable to the German War Office should not be transmitted through the mails. By the device just mentioned, however, the German Secret Service was able to overcome the difficulty of French counter-espionage of the commercial travelers accustomed to visit fixed posts.

Samples of Spy Literature

IT WAS evident, though, that even these flying trips made by inconspicuous respectable women of middle age could not be frequently undertaken. They could be made on occasions when it became necessary to convey directions to the fixed agent and to collect his report. For this purpose the new German plan outwitted the counter-espionage of France and accomplished its object; but it was necessary to transmit money payments to these fixed agents at regular intervals.

It was clear that emissaries of the Secret Service could not be sent through the whole of France on the first of every month to deliver pay envelopes to some thirty thousand secret employees.

The German War Office determined to send the remittances to its agents in France by means of the post. In order to do this it resorted to the most ingenious devices.

It was perfectly aware that the French authorities had set up a system of counter-espionage in their postal department, and that any code, cipher or suspicious communication entering France from Switzerland, Belgium or Germany would cause an investigation by the French police.

To meet this peril the German Secret Service devised a system of form letters to be used in sending the monthly remittances to the secret agents. These form letters are exceedingly ingenious:

My dear Friend:

Inclosed are French bills, Numbers A, B, C, and so on, which represent our debt incurred in January, with interest. As you will see, we are doing all we can to refund to you regularly the loan you so generously granted us. My brother and I, with many thanks, beg to assure you again of our sincerest friendship.

Yours very gratefully.

Edgar Allan Poe said, in speaking of secret communications, that it was far wiser to formulate the message so as to give no indication of its hidden significance than to undertake to devise a cipher that would be untranalatable. This rule laid down by Poe is here acted on by the German Secret Service in the cleverest manner.

Such a letter could not rouse the suspicion of anybody; it would not attract the attention of anyone unless he had actual knowledge of its secret nature. It is precisely like thousands of letters traveling through the post in every country, and it accomplishes the object for which it is intended.

If such a letter, directed to the secret agent at Lyons, Toulon or Paris, were opened by the French police and found to contain money, the presence of the money and the reason for its transmission in the body of the letter would be completely explained.

A second form is no less extraordinary:

My dear Father:

I know you will excuse the small delay in forwarding your pension. Big John, who took our cut timber last month for two hundred and twenty-five francs, had a heavy bill falling due, which George agreed, at his request, to carry over for him to the sixth. That is the reason why we waited a short time before sending your pension, which you will find inclosed herewith, in French notes, Numbers X, Y, Z, and so on. We were very pleased at your last letter, giving us such good news of your health.

Whatever you do, do not worry, but take care of yourself. George, Charles and I are well and happy. All goes well. Mother said we must draw lots to decide which of us three is to be the first to set out for beautiful France, where we all hope to be united again some day. George would much prefer that we did not draw lots, but just that he should be sent without any fuss.

Good-by, dear Father. Mother and I send you lots of kisses.

This form of letter challenges the admiration of everybody who would undertake to preserve the simplicity in secret messages that Poe advised. A careful examination will show that it is put together with the highest skill. The very looseness of its structure, the personal touches, its sentiment and its intimate air are enough to deceive the elect. It is precisely this sort of careless personal note that a French lad might write to his father in a distant country. The hinted admiration for France breathed into it—a thing not overdone—marks the artistic sense in the German authority who got it up.

Again, like the preceding form, it carries within it a convincing explanation for the inclosed French notes. Thousands of such letters, varying a little in their structure, could pass for years through the postal department of any country without coming under suspicion. If such letters were the secret communications of foreign spies, then no one could say what form of letter going through the mails would be free from suspicion.

If the German Secret Service had adhered to these personal forms this type of communication might never have been discovered; but, unfortunately for itself, it permitted a third form:

M. C. LALLIER, Notary,
LAUSANNE.

Sir: As usual, I have the honor to inclose herewith three French notes, to a total value of three hundred francs, Numbers X, Y, Z, the amount of alimony due you from Madame X.—your former wife—in accordance with the terms of the decree of divorce given in your favor by the Court of ———, dated ———.

You are requested to acknowledge receipt.

Yours faithfully,
For M. Lallier, Notary,
———, Chief Clerk.

This form in its structure was quite as clever as the personal ones. It accounted as convincingly for the money inclosure; but unfortunately it lent itself more directly to an investigation than the personal form. When Lanoir began to go into this subject in France, prior to the war, this form seemed to be the one that more particularly roused his suspicion; and, as it happened, it was the one that enabled him to demonstrate the secret nature of these form letters.

The Mythical Notary of Lausanne

ON INVESTIGATION, he was able to discover that no such notary as M. C. Lallier was to be found in Lausanne; nor could the most careful inquiry locate any such notary in the whole of Switzerland.

This investigation developed a new system adopted by the German Secret Service for the transmission of payments to its fixed agents.

This method was exceedingly clever from another point of view. The French were beginning to locate some of these fixed agents and to investigate the little businesses in which they were engaged; and they had discovered that the expenditures made by these men were in excess of the gain obtained in their shops.

It was necessary for these agents to be able to explain to the French authorities the source of the excess funds they were observed to spend. By a very careful system of counter-espionage the French authorities would be able to determine precisely how much the person under suspicion was making from his business.

Comparing this with the amount he expended, they would be able to confront him with the deficit and demand an explanation. To meet this peril, the fixed agent had only to produce these form letters, showing precisely where his excess funds came from and by what right he was entitled to the remittances.

Sometimes these form letters were so constructed that, in addition to the uses mentioned, they also carried secret instructions to the fixed agent. Take, for example, one form recently coming into conspicuous attention in France:

My dear George:

I send you the interest on your loan.

We can never cease to acknowledge the importance of the service you have rendered to us in coming to our assistance as you have done.

(Continued on Page 32)

THE LIGHT TO LEEWARD

Her Master Shouted That He Had Lost His Rudder and Was Driving Onto the Beach

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THE lumber schooner Corona Vance, like a factory child, was old before her time. Although an honest craft from keel to truck, the strain of her heavy deckloads, the stress of many storms and the relentless hammering of the seas had left her weak and ineffectual as she fought for her life in the tumbling green billows of the North Pacific. Ten days before her youthful skipper, Jim Medford, had seen the sun at noon and ascertained that he was sixty miles off Cape Flattery. Now he did not know where he was, although down in the cabin of the Corona Vance he was doing his best to acquire this knowledge by dead reckoning.

Across the cabin his wife, a girl in her early twenties, sat in an old-fashioned rocking-chair, her body swaying gently to and fro with each roll of the schooner. As she swayed she smiled; as she smiled she stitched diligently on a fine woolen undershirt, the miniature proportions of which gave indubitable evidence of an impending addition to the crew of the Corona Vance.

Captain Medford's countenance, unlike his wife's, bore a hint of worry. He checked and rechecked his figures. At the conclusion of each computation he glanced swiftly, covertly, withal anxiously, at his wife, and then resumed his calculations. Serene, confident, enthralled with her vision, his wife stitched on, not noting the haggard lines about his big, square jaw and the mental suffering in his heavy-lidded eyes. For his wife's calm faith could not instill in Captain Jim Medford the comfort he desired. His computations by dead reckoning had convinced him that the schooner was far off her course. For three weeks he had bucked a succession of southerly gales in an effort to win past Cape Flattery, only to be beaten steadily back; until now, with ice forming on the forward rigging, he knew he must be somewhere to the westward of Vancouver Island, although whether fifty miles or five hundred he did not know. The southerly gale had chopped off suddenly that morning, and under a leaden sky the Corona Vance had once more commenced her southing before a breeze from the west. During the day the wind had hauled steadily round into the northwest and the weather turned suddenly cold. There were frequent hail squalls, and as the wind freshened the cold increased.

At sunset the vessel was scudding before the wind under storm jib and reefed fore and mainsail; at eight o'clock the mate, coming below for a cup of coffee, reported the vessel down by the head with the weight of the ice and beginning to get logy.

For the tenth time Captain Medford glanced from his wife back to the tiny circle he had drawn on the chart, as indicating his approximate position. For the tenth time he wondered how many miles of spume-tossed sea really separated the Corona Vance from the nearest port. He was bound for San Diego from Puget Sound; he was out twenty-seven days, and to-night he was at least a hundred miles north and west of the point at which he had been cast off by the tug that towed him out of the Sound. But he no longer thought of making San Diego with his wife aboard. He had lost too much time, and his sole hope now lay in standing in to the coast and making the nearest port in Washington or Oregon. When he should come up to Flattery again he might signal a Puget Sound tug, although he knew that since the installation of wireless stations which report a tow in the offing the tugs no longer range, seeking the incoming vessels. Moreover, the Corona Vance was lumber-laden; hence the people at the wireless station, observing her deckload, would know she was southbound and would not report her. Therefore, his only hope lay south of Grays Harbor, where two rival tugboat companies waged war, trusting not in the neutrality of the wireless stations but ranging as far south as Columbia River seeking business. He must stand in to the coast, signal one of these vessels and get his wife ashore—in time.

His wife glanced up and surprised him with a troubled look in his drawn face. Her gaze followed him, with sympathy and understanding, as he put away his chart, pencil-compasses and the logbook and slipped on a heavy woolen watchcoat. Oppressed with the shadow of what impended he started in silence for the deck.

"Jim!" she called.

He turned. She was holding out her hand toward him. He stepped to her side, seized the little, outstretched hand and permitted her to draw him to her. For several seconds she held his rough, wind-bitten cheek to hers, as if in that sweet contact she would imbue him with hope and strength and comfort. Then she let him go.

The long northern twilight was gone now. He made his way aft and peered into the binnacle.

"I've never known a cold snap like this before, sir," the mate complained, "and I've been running coastwise for twenty years. I've seen plenty of snow and some ice in the rigging off Flattery from time to time, but nothing like this. I've had the men hammer it off and throw it overboard; but every bit of spray that comes in over the knightheads freezes immediately, and I've given up. It's too hard on the men keeping her clear. She's a little sulky, but she'll handle all right, and we'll have run out of this cold snap by morning."

The captain faced into the cutting blast, gauging the velocity of it.

"She isn't young any more," he complained presently, "and I can't drive her under a double reef. Call all hands aft, and I'll have the cook bring up coffee. Then we'll take a tuck in her."

He went below and ordered the cook on deck with the coffee.

"We're in for a snorter to-night," he explained to his wife, "and I'm going to take another reef in the fore and main."

He followed the cook on deck, and when the men had gulped down the hot, stimulating coffee he ordered the cook to go forward and help with the rest. Also he took the wheel himself and sent the helmsman to aid with the reefing.

Down in the cabin the captain's wife finished stitching the tiny undershirt and laid it away, neatly folded, in her work basket. Her husband's words, "We're in for a snorter to-night," recurred to her, and she rose, made her way to the companion and stood listening. The angry voice of the storm was pitched perceptibly higher. As it ripped through the rigging her practiced ear detected a whining, querulous note. The Corona Vance, too, seemed to sense this new aggression, for now she commenced to groan ominously, protesting in every one of her ancient bones at this renewal of the battle with the Storm King. Cranky and top-heavy with her deckload of lumber fresh from the saws, she seemed to stagger like a drunken old woman through the icy seas that had lumped up before the gale.

Presently the captain's wife felt the schooner wallow as the captain brought her up into the wind to permit the booms to be drawn in; then came the slat of the slackened canvas, cracking like pistol shots, and the indistinct, wind-wafted calls of the men as they knotted the reef-points and snugged the vessel down for the night. The clamor on deck had ceased and she had turned to make her way back to the rocker, when the Corona Vance heeled deeply and she heard her husband's shrieking command rising above the gale:

"Fores'l halyards! Let go! Let go!"

Quickly she climbed to the head of the companion and looked out on the poop. In the dim light of the binnacle she could see her husband's big figure as he bent and spun the wheel. The sails slatted furiously; the schooner swung, as if reluctant to obey her master. From out of the confusion forward somebody shouted hoarsely: "Watch out!" Then the Corona Vance lay over again, deeper this time, and presently through the coronach of the gale the sharp blows of axes sounded.

For fully a minute the blows continued, while the old schooner hung helplessly on her beam ends. Again the captain's wife heard her husband shout a warning from the wheel; another voice answered from up forward. The Corona Vance shivered, and the rudder blocks grated harshly as Jim Medford ground the wheel over once more. But the Corona Vance only shook her head as if appealing to the master not to expect her to come up when the deckload was bearing her down. Toppling over the lee bulkheads it was, where the men were working desperately to cut the lashings; working inboard from the weather side with each breaking wave, it threatened to turn the schooner bottom up at any moment.

Again the captain shouted "Hang on!" and put his wheel over. The Corona Vance shook her head, swung frantically as if uncertain of her bearings, and rounded to, a second too late. A huge sea boiled in over her counter and a splintering crash started from her forward deckhouse and swept aft. Ripping and tearing along the lee bulwarks it culminated in a terrific smash abaft the mainmast, and the Corona Vance rose jerkily as she slipped the burden of her deckload, heeled again deeply before the

"Are You All There?"

blow of her ancient enemy, and then came up bravely on an even keel with her decks awash.

To the woman standing at the head of the companion, listening and waiting, there came then for the first time that most tragic query of the seas. Faintly above the snarl of the elements she heard her husband ask the question:

"Are you all there?"

She bent her head and listened for the answering hail, but no sound came from up forward save the suck and the sob of the water cascading through the rent bulwarks. Again she heard the captain call, and this time there was in his voice something of that same hint of disaster she had detected in the voice of the storm a few minutes before.

"Are you all there?"

Silence. Then: "Randall!" No answer. "Jorgensen!" No answer. He had called to his mates. Now in turn he called each of his four seamen and the cook, but none replied, for the crew had gone by the board with the deckload, and save for the whine of the wind through the rigging silence reigned aboard the Corona Vance. To the master of the schooner the tempest seemed to shriek triumphantly: "I have you now, Jim Medford. You're alone on the Vance with your wife and your unborn child! You would listen to her pleadings, and take her with you just one more trip, wouldn't you? And you thought you could beat down to the Washington coast and signal a Grays Harbor tug before the baby came. Fool! Fool! I've taken your men. Ha! Ha! Ha! Poor fool, I've taken your bully boys and you'll freeze at the wheel to-night."

"Why doesn't he call for me?" the girl asked herself. "He needs me now."

She stepped out on deck, and as she made her way aft to the wheel a faint cry came from up forward. The captain heard it too. He answered lustily and started forward, but remembered the wheel and backed instantly to steady it. Wrung with desperation and the horror of their predicament, he stood there, one powerful arm controlling the wheel, the other thrust outward as if he would fain pluck the sailor from the wreckage on the main deck. "O God!" she heard him moan. "Whatshall I do?"

She reached his side and took the wheel. "I'll steer," she said. "Go forward, Jim, and get that man."

"Eh, what? Yes, yes, I'll get him. Lay her close to the wind and watch out for the kick. Lean all your weight on the wheel and hug it."

He was gone into the darkness forward. The kick of the rudder came promptly, but the girl's weight held it steady and the Corona Vance, steadying on her course, plunged on. Backward and forward the demon rudder whipped her, and once it lifted her from the deck. So terrific was her task that she was almost exhausted when her husband's strong right arm lifted her away, while with his left he held the wheel in leash.

"Steady, sweetheart!" he warned her. "Get your breath and your strength back before you start below. You mustn't stumble on the deck or slip down the companion now.

"Jorgensen is the only one left—and I'm afraid there isn't much left of him. He went overboard with the others, but when I swung the schooner into the wind another wave lifted him aboard again. He caught the trailing fores'l halyard and bent it round him."

"Is he badly hurt, Jim?"

"He has a cut on the head and one of his feet is badly crushed. You might look him over, little mother. That big, game Norwegian is hard to kill, and he may be of use yet."

Little mother! It was the first time he had called her that, and it showed the trend of his thoughts. She cried a little as he held her to his heart with that long, sinewy left arm. Sailor's wife that she was, bred from generations of sailors, she realized the appalling horror of their plight, but for his sake she told herself she must not think of it. Hence, curiously enough, she did not find it hard to believe him when he said quite calmly:

"We'll get through this all right, my dear. The schooner will stand up, now that the deckload is gone, and running before the wind she'll not be so apt to strain and start a leak. Lucky for us we'd just finished close-reefing her when that big sea came aboard and shifted the deckload." He patted her back again. "Nothing to do now," he continued, "except hold her head up. We'll be lifting Flattery at daylight, and with our deckload gone, the lookout at the wireless station will think we're an empty vessel northbound, and he'll notify the tugboat company to send a boat out and tow us in."

He patted her in his clumsy man-fashion, whispering to her the little intimate words of endearment that seemed so foreign to him when he was on deck among his men; and presently her heart ceased its wild pounding and she left him and went below.

Jorgensen was lying in his berth where the captain had hurriedly placed him. While he was struggling in the water a scantling had cut a deep gash in his scalp; but the freezing weather had quickly congealed the blood and stanched the flow. He gazed at her in mute sympathy as she bent over him to examine his cut head, and presently, forgetful of his crushed foot and half-frozen body, he said:

"If you never saw two men put up a fight before you're going to see it soon."

The captain had already removed Jorgensen's wet clothing and piled the blankets from the first mate's berth on the chilled survivor.

The girl now mixed him a glass of hot grog and, as a brisk fire was still burning in the galley range, she wrapped a couple of warm stove lids in an old magazine and tucked them in under the blankets; and presently the second mate's teeth ceased to chatter and he lay looking at her, saying with his eyes:

"God help you! The Corona Vance may live to take on another cargo, but you ——"

At midnight she brewed a pot of fresh coffee and took it to her husband.

"You'll have to be on watch all night," she told him. "Jorgensen tried to get up a little while ago to relieve you, but he was so dizzy and weak from that blow on the head I made him stay in bed. You couldn't trust him with the wheel to-night, even if he did manage to crawl on deck."

He smiled wanly.

"That was right," he said. "This is a strong man's job to-night. And you mustn't come up on deck again. It's too risky, with the Corona jumping like a buck. You must go to bed and sleep. I won't really need your strength until to-morrow, but I'll need it then."

She was sailor enough to understand and obey, and as she turned and made her heavy way across the poop to the cabin scuttle he reviled himself for having permitted her to take this voyage. But then who had ever heard of such a succession of gales in December? Who had ever heard of a schooner battling a month to win past Cape Flattery? It was monstrous, unheard of! He should have been in San Diego two weeks ago. If he had encountered those gales in February or early in March, he would not have been surprised; but in December! Why, winter has scarcely set in on the Pacific Coast in December. And then she had pleaded so to be permitted to accompany him—he was all she had in the world—and the doctor in Bellingham had said there was time, adding further that if Mrs. Medford could possibly accompany her husband on the voyage it would be better than leaving her in Bellingham to worry over him at sea.

Worry she must not have at this time—and so they had taken the risk.

Now with his deckload gone, and one crippled man for a crew, he was running by dead reckoning. His only hope now was that the wind would hold from the north or northwest, thus enabling him to run before it, and perhaps when he came up to Flattery again he might signal a bar tug, and arrive in time! But even as he planned he knew the utter hopelessness of his planning.

The Men in the Lifeboat Suddenly Shot in Under the Wide-Hanging Boom

The thought of his lost men, too, stabbed him with poignant grief. The Corona Vance had been his first command, and from the day he hung his framed license as master on the cabin wall, eighteen months before, he had had the same crew. He had fed them well and treated them fairly; and now that they had gone to Davy Jones' locker he realized that for him they had entertained a certain affection and appreciation. Had he been promoted to a larger vessel they might have followed him.

As the night wore on his physical suffering subdued his mental agony. Salt spray came over the quarter, whipping his cheeks and the back of his neck like a myriad of tiny lashes. His numbed hands could scarcely grasp the spokes of the wheel. He was so cold he was drowsy, and when he looked into the brightly lighted binnacle his eyes seemed to close automatically. The rudder was kicking furiously now, and once the wheel got away from him. Before he could recover it a flying spoke had laid open his cheek. Then the salt spray bit into the wound, and when at four o'clock, in defiance of his orders, his wife came up with some stimulant for his tortured body, he covered that side of his face with his sou'wester so she couldn't see the blood.

The wheel got away from him again. He did not feel the cruel blow it dealt him, and he was vaguely surprised when he found his nose bleeding. He sprawled over the wheel, talking to it, to his wife, to his lost men. From time to time he shook his head slowly as if in doubt that he lived. It was all so monstrous.

Just after daylight his wife came to him with another cup of coffee. Again he could not take it from her hand, for the task of concealing his bloody cheek and holding the wheel at the same time proved a problem, so she held the cup to his blue lips and he gulped the coffee down slowly. And when she left him, to his horror he saw her start to climb down off the poop.

"Come back," he cried hoarsely; "you mustn't go on the main deck. The lee bulwarks are gone and she's taking them as they come. You'll get swept overboard."

"I've got to go to the fo'castle and get dry clothing for Jorgensen," she called back. "Mr. Randall's clothing will not begin to fit him, and neither will yours, while his own clothing is all wet. He's going to dress and relieve you. It's for the Old Man's sake," she pleaded.

The hot tears blinded him and then froze on his eyelashes. The Old Man! That was the loving cognomen his child-hungry heart had prompted him to apply to his unborn son—he wanted a boy—through all the long months of loving anticipation. And now she was going down on the main deck, with its shattered bulwarks sticking

up along the lee rail, like fangs in the mouth of a hag, to fight for the Old Man! Well, he was worth fighting for—aye, worth dying for, if it came to that; and a thrill that started in the young skipper's breast swept through him and warmed his frozen body. He would let her go, for the Old Man's sake; only he would watch her, and if she went through one of those gaps in the bulwarks he would follow. They should not be separated, those three.

The Corona Vance was on an even keel as she sped into the south; but the guiding hand at her helm was uncertain now, and she was rolling considerably. Along her shattered sides the life-lines trailed like serpentines in the water as the girl advanced slowly along the weather rail. The spray stung her and drenched her. The seas, sweeping along the deck and cascading overboard through the rents in the lee bulwarks, surged to her knees, and Jim Medford prayed as never man prayed before that she might not be thrown to the deck and swept overboard. By clinging to the weather rail, however, she managed to retain her footing, and eventually won to the forecastle. When she reappeared she carried on her left arm a bundle of clothing wrapped in a yellow oil-skin coat. Her husband rallied his failing strength and held the vessel on a more even keel, and presently she climbed up the companion to the poop and disappeared down the cabin scuttle.

Half an hour later the Norwegian second mate came crawling up. Over the poop deck he crept, dragging his shattered foot after him. He looked like some great, stricken animal, down there on all fours. He reached the wheel, grasped it, dragged himself erect on his one sound foot, swung round and sat down on the wheel box.

"I'll take the wheel, sir," he said. "I think I can hold her now. My head is clear, and I'm all right except my foot."

The captain glanced down at the member in question and discovered that it was thrust into his wife's fur muff—a muff he had given her and that had cost him half a month's pay. Jorgensen's glance followed his:

"The foot is cut and swollen," he explained. "I didn't want the muff, but she said you couldn't afford to have me catch cold in my smashed foot."

The captain nodded stupidly. "Crazy, crazy!" he muttered. "The world is out of order. The idea of Jorgensen's big foot in my wife's muff!" He wagged his head again and staggered below, to be undressed by his wife and thawed out with hot grog and warm stove covers.

He had five hours of sleep before his wife awakened him. She had dried out his clothing before the galley range and prepared a meal. Jorgensen was very weak when the master relieved him at the wheel; so weak, in fact, that the girl had to take the wheel temporarily while Medford carried the mate below and put him to bed again.

The day wore on, the gale still shrieking doom and disaster out of the north, driving the Corona Vance closer and closer toward land. Nevertheless, Captain Medford had not yet sighted it, and he was afraid to plunge on after dark. The weather still continued cold, ice still clung to the forward rigging, and he knew he could not stand another night on watch. Also, though Jorgensen's grit was equal to another four hours at the wheel his strength was not, so the captain resolved to heave to until daylight.

Accordingly Jorgensen crawled up on deck again and took the wheel. He luffed her into the wind and the captain hauled the mainsail in close. Then he went forward and with a marlinespike knocked the ice off the staysail block in order that the rope might run through it freely. Again Jorgensen gave the schooner a wipe into the wind, and exerting all his strength the skipper, with the aid of a watch-tackle, hauled the staysail to windward and made fast the sheet. The backthrust of the smaller sail thus counteracted the driving power of the mainsail, and with her helm lashed amidships the Corona Vance lay hove to. After lighting her side and riding lamps her exhausted crew went below.

The alarm clock awakened the captain at three o'clock the following morning. As he thrust his head out the cabin scuttle he noted that the gale had moderated into a stiff breeze, still out of the northwest; but if anything the weather was colder than ever. Quickly he prepared breakfast for Jorgensen and himself, and at four o'clock, with the crippled mate at the wheel, the captain felt his way forward through the inky darkness and slacked off the staysail sheet.

Then he eased off the mainsheet and the schooner once more began to drive ahead, while Jorgensen crawled below until he should be needed again on deck.

It would not be light enough to sight land, should it be in sight, until nearly seven o'clock, but in the meantime Captain Medford's glance was bent steadily to leeward, striving to pierce the blackness for the first faint glimmer of a beacon to the east. The sea was still running frightfully high, and every resource of his skill and strength was necessary to keep the schooner on the haphazard course upon which he had decided. She would yaw widely, and when he had brought her back she would get out of hand and strive to sweep away to leeward, while all the time the waves swept over her main deck and soughed and swished through the jagged bulwarks. An icy rain commenced to fall, and a series of squalls shook the vessel as a terrier shakes a rat, but ever Jim Medford's glance wandered from the compass out through the murk and rift of the rain squalls in search of that light to leeward, and presently he saw it. It was just a blink of light—once, twice, thrice—and then the dark.

A three-flash light! That puzzled him. He knew every light on the coast, and he searched his numbed brain to recall one that flashed thrice at seven or eight second intervals. He could not. Staring into the darkness he watched and waited until the squall broke and he saw it again. This time it was a single flash, just above the rim of what, an hour hence, would be the horizon. It rose and fell unsteadily, and then high above it there rose a bright parabola of blue fire, followed in quick succession by two more—and then he knew.

Off there to leeward a ship in distress had seen the lights of the Corona Vance, poor, crippled fledgling of the seas; and that ship was now burning the blue light, pleading for the help Jim Medford could not give—and dared not give if he could!

Instinctively the skipper of the Corona Vance ground down his helm, and the schooner came up on the wind. Then as instinctively he reversed his helm and the schooner payed off again, for Jim Medford had remembered, and he wanted time to think now, for the hand of the Lord was on him. A sailor every inch of him, like his wife a descendant of sailors, the traditions of the sea were strong in him. The generosity of his nature, the ethics of his calling, forbade that he should run from a ship in distress. As a boy at school his favorite Friday afternoon declamation had been Skipper Ireson's Ride. With what fervor had he intoned that tale of the dastard who sailed away from a sinking ship. Oddly enough the old familiar lines flashed through his mind now:

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart,
By the women of Marblehead.

The salt spray beat into his face, forcing him to avert it to leeward, and again he saw the blue lights burning. On the instant he made his decision.

"I can't do anything for them, and I'm not going to stand by to pick up their crew. They stand as good a chance as I do, and let them make the best of it. I can't lose any time to-day. I hove to last night; I've got to get to the coast or my wife will die. By seven o'clock we'll be out of sight and nobody will ever know ——"

He turned his face resolutely to windward, and the Corona Vance leaped on into the wild green seas. "Those lights I saw first were her riding lights, but I thought I saw several lights in a row last time," he muttered, and once more glanced to leeward. Yes, without doubt some of those lights were in a row; and now he knew the vessel in distress was a steamer.

"Bah!" he solaced himself. "She's lost her rudder or kicked off her wheel, that's all. Why doesn't the fool get out a sea anchor and lie head on until he's picked up? He can use his wireless. I haven't any wireless. I haven't a chance except to run for it and pray for a tug down off Flattery or round Blanco. Why, what help could I be to them? The Corona's hold is filled with water now. With anything else below except lumber she wouldn't even be afloat now!"

Nevertheless, as the Corona Vance drove onward, those blue lights to leeward held for him a horrible fascination. This was a terrible thing he was doing, running from women and children in danger on a disabled steamer; for surely she must be rolling inert, like a log, in the trough of that terrific sea. Of course if she was new and stanch she could stand it; but the wind—ah, he had forgotten the wind. It was driving her ashore—perhaps she would be breaking her back over a reef before her wireless would bring the tug to her relief.

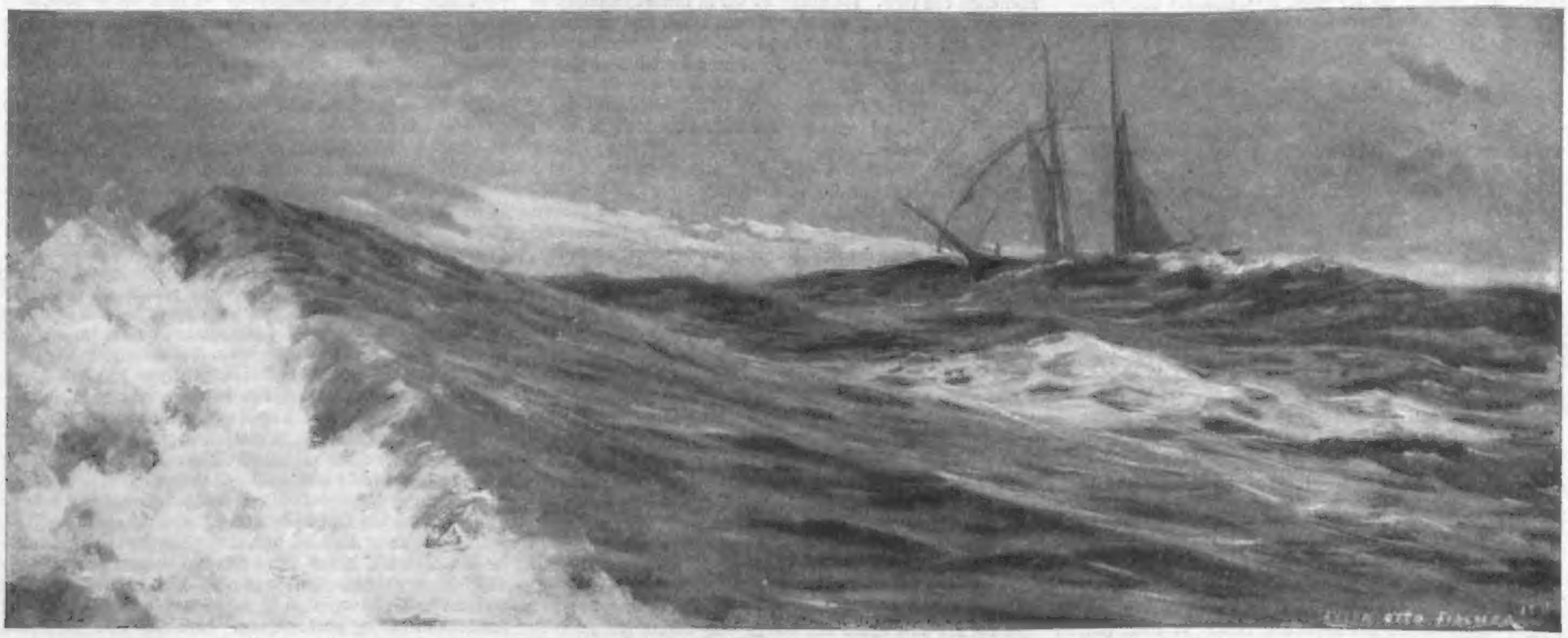
He turned his face, hot now despite the chill of that winter dawn, to the cold spray that flew in over the weather quarter. Off there to leeward, beset by wind and wave, men, women and children called to him to come and save them—and he was running away! But the thought of his wife down in the Corona's cabin drove him onward; and as the full horror of his predicament dawned upon him he bowed his head, while the tears froze on his eyelashes and hung there, a veritable weight of woe. He turned his face again to leeward. Again the blue lights flared against the black sky.

"I'm a seaman," he whispered. "I can't run from them. It's murder; but she wouldn't respect me ——"

He spun the wheel, and again the Corona Vance came up on the wind. There was the rattle of blocks and the jar as the big main boom swung over, and the schooner was headed for the blue lights!

"I thought you'd be true to both of us, Jim," a voice called out of the darkness; and from the cabin scuttle of the Corona Vance there broke a splutter of light that burst into a blinding flare, arching gracefully into the sky high above the schooner's topmast. At the base of that light Jim Medford saw his wife standing, holding

(Continued on Page 52)



The Lumber Schooner Corona Vance Fought for Her Life in the Tumbling Green Billows of the North Pacific

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

"Wipers"—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

PHOTO FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Digging Trenches in Belgium

PHOTO BY BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A British Trench. See Where the Men Are

FROM MY JOURNAL:

AN AËROPLANE man at the next table starts to-night on a dangerous scouting expedition over the German lines. In case he does not return he has given a letter for his mother to Captain Tournay.

It now appears quite certain that I am to be sent along the French and English lines. I shall be the first correspondent, I am told, to see the British front, as "Eye-witness," who writes for the English papers, is supposed to be a British officer.

I have had word also that I am to see Mr. Winston Churchill, the First Lord of the British Admiralty. But to-day I am going to Ypres. The Tommies call it "Wipers."

Before I went abroad I had two ambitions among others: One was to be able to pronounce Ypres; the other was to bring home and exhibit to my admiring friends the pronunciation of Przemysl. To a moderate extent I have succeeded with the first. I have discovered that the second one must be born to.

Two or three towns have stood out as conspicuous points of activity in the western field. Ypres is one of these towns. Day by day it figures in the reports from the front. The French are there, and just to the east the English line commences. The line of trenches lies beyond the town, forming a semicircle round it.

A few days later I saw this semicircle, the flat and muddy battlefield of Ypres. But on this visit I was to see only the town, which, although completely destroyed, is still being shelled.

War Heroes on the Morning After

THE curve round the town gave the invading army a great advantage in its destruction. It enabled them to shell it from three directions, so that it was raked by cross fire. For that reason the town of Ypres presents one of the most hideous pictures of desolation of the present war.

General M—— had agreed to take me to Ypres. But as he was a Belgian general, and the town of Ypres is held by the French, it was a part of the etiquette of war that we should secure the escort of a French officer at the town of Poperinghe.

For war has its etiquette, and of a most exacting kind. And yet in the end it simplifies things. It is to war what rules are to bridge—something to lead by! Frequently I was armed with passes to visit, for instance, certain batteries. My escort was generally a member of the Headquarters' Staff of that particular army. But it was always necessary to visit first the officer in command of that battery, who in his turn either accompanied us to the battlefield or deputized one of his own staff. The result was an imposing number of uniforms of various sorts, and the conviction doubtless among the gunners that some visiting royalty was on an excursion to the front.

It was a cold winter day in February, a gray day with a fine snow that melted as soon as it touched the ground. Inside the car we were swathed in rugs. The chauffeur slapped his hands at every break in the journey, and sentries along the road hugged such shelter as they could find.

As we left Poperinghe the French officer, Commandant Delannoy, pointed to a file of men plodding wearily through the mud.

"The heroes of last night's attack," he said. "They are very tired, as you see."

We stopped the car and let the men file past. They did not look like heroes; they looked tired and dirty and depressed. Although our automobile generally attracted much attention, scarcely a man lifted his head to glance at us. They went on drearily through the mud under the pelting sleet, drooping from fatigue and evidently suffering from keen reaction after the excitement of the night before.

I have heard the French soldier criticized for this reaction. It may certainly be forgiven him, in view of his splendid bravery. But part of the criticism is doubtless justified. The English Tommy fights as he does everything else. There is a certain sporting element in what he does. He puts into his fighting the same fairness he puts into sport, and it is a point of honor with him to keep cool. The English gunner will admire the enemy's marksmanship while he is ducking a shell.

The French soldier, on the other hand, fights under keen excitement. He is temperamental, imaginative; as he fights he remembers all the bitterness of the past, its wrongs, its cruelties. He sees blood. There is nothing that will hold him back. The result has made history, is making history to-day.

But he has the reaction of his temperament. Who shall say he is not entitled to it?

Something of this I mentioned to Monsieur le Commandant as the line filed past.

PHOTO FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Englishmen Fighting Ankle Deep in Water in Trenches in the Northern Part of France

Fighting That Gets Nowhere

"IT IS because it is fighting that gets nowhere," he replied. "If our men, after such an attack, could advance, could do anything but crawl back into holes full of water and mud, you would see them gay and smiling to-day."

After a time I discovered that the same situation holds to a certain extent in all the armies. If his fighting gets him anywhere the soldier is content. The line has made a gain. What matter wet trenches, discomfort, freezing cold? The line has made a gain. It is lack of movement that sends their spirits down, the fearful boredom of the trenches, varied only by the dropping shells, so that they term themselves, ironically, "Cannon food."

We left the victorious company behind, making their way toward whatever church bedded down with straw, or coach-house or drafty barn was to house them for their rest period.

"They have been fighting waist-deep in water," said the Commandant, "and last night was cold. The British soldier rubs his body with oil and grease before he dresses for the trenches. I hope that before long our men may do this also. It is a great protection."

I have in front of me now a German soldier's fatigue cap, taken by one of those men from a dead soldier who lay in front of the trench.

It is a pathetic cap, still bearing the crease which showed how he folded it to thrust it into his pocket. When his helmet irked him in the trenches he was allowed to take it off and put this on. He belonged to Bavarian Regiment Number Fifteen, and the cap was given him in October, 1914. There is a bloodstain on one side of it. Also it is spotted with mud inside and out. It is a pathetic little cap, because when its owner died, that night before, a thousand other Germans died with him, died to gain a trench two hundred yards from their own line, a trench to capture which would have gained them little but glory, and which, since they failed, lost them everything, even life itself.

We were out of the town by this time, and started on the road to Ypres. Between Poperinghe and Ypres were numerous small villages with narrow, twisting streets. They were filled with soldiers at rest, with tethered horses being reshod by army blacksmiths, with small fires in sheltered corners on which an anxious cook had balanced a kettle.

A French Trench Which Has Been Fitted With a Shower Bath Where the Soldiers Can Bathe Very Frequently

In each town a proclamation had been nailed to a wall and the townspeople stood about it, gaping.

"An inoculation proclamation," explained the Commandant. "There is typhoid here, so the civilians are to be inoculated. They are very much excited about it. It appears to them worse than a bombardment."

We passed a file of spahis, native Algerians who speak Arabic. They come from Tunis and Algeria, and, as may be imagined, they were suffering bitterly from the cold.

They peered at us with bright, black eyes from the encircling folds of the great cloaks with pointed hoods which they had drawn closely about them. They have French officers and interpreters, and during the spring fighting they will probably prove valuable. During the winter they gave me the impression of being out of place and rather forlorn. Like the Indian troops with the British, they were fighting a new warfare. For gallant charges over dry desert sands have been substituted mud and gray and bitter cold, and the stagnation of armies.

Taxing the Refugees

TERRIBLE tales have been told of the ferocity of these Arabs, and of the Turcos also. I am inclined to think they are exaggerated. But certainly, met with on a lonely road, these long files of men in their quaint costumes moving silently along with heads lowered against the wind were somber, impressive and rather alarming.

The car, going furiously, skidded, was pulled sharply round and righted itself. The conversation went on. No one appeared to notice that we had been on the edge of eternity, and it was not for me to mention it. But I made a jerky entry in my notebook:

"Very casual here about human life. Enlarge on this."

The general, who was a Belgian, continued his complaint. It was about the Belgian absentee tax.

The Germans now in control in Belgium had imposed an absentee tax of ten times the normal on all Belgians who had left the country and did not return by the fifteenth of March. The General snorted his rage and disgust.

"But," I said innocently, "I should think it would make very little difference to you. You are not there, so of course you cannot pay it."

"Not there!" he said. "Of course I am not there. But everything I own in the world is there, except this uniform that I have on my back."

"They would confiscate it?" I asked. "Not the uniform, of course; I mean your property."

He broke into a torrent of rapid French. I felt quite sure that he was saying that they would confiscate it; that they would annihilate it, reduce it to its atomic constituents; take it, acres and buildings and shade trees and vegetable garden, back to Germany. But as his French was of the ninety horse-power variety and mine travels afoot, like Bayard Taylor, and limps at that, I never caught up with him.

Later on, in a calmer moment, I had the thing explained to me.

It appears that the Germans have instituted a tax on all the Belgian refugees of ten times the normal tax; the purpose being to bring back into Belgium such refugees as wish to save the remnants of their property. This will mean bringing back people of the better class who have property to save. It will mean to the far-seeing German mind a return of the better class of Belgians to reorganize things, to put that prostrate country on its feet again, to get the poorer classes to work, to make it self-supporting.

"The real purpose, of course," said my informant, "is so that American sympathy, now so potent, will cease for both refugees and interned Belgians. If the factories start, and there is work for them, and the refugees still refuse to return, you can see what it means."

He may be right; I do not think so. I believe that at this moment Germany regards Belgium as a new but integral part of the German Empire, and that she wishes to see this new waste land of hers productive. Assuredly Germany has made a serious effort to reorganize and open again some of the great Belgian factories that are now idle.

In one instance that I know of a manufacturer was offered a large guarantee to come back and put his factory into operation again. He refused, although he knew that it spelled ruin. The Germans, unable themselves at this time to put skilled labor in the mill, sent its great machines by railroad back into Germany. I have been told that this has happened in a number of instances. Certainly it sounds entirely probable.

The factory owner in question is in America at the time I am writing this, obtaining credit and new machines against the time of the retirement of the German Army.

From the tax the conversation went on to the finances of Belgium. I learned that the British Government, through the Bank of England, is guaranteeing the payment of the Belgian war indemnity to Germany! The war indemnity is over nineteen million pounds, or approximately ninety-six millions of dollars. Of this the Belgian authorities are instructed to pay over nine million dollars each month.

The Société Générale de Belgique has been obliged by the German Government to accept the power of issuing notes, on a strict understanding that it must guarantee the note issue on the gold reserve and foreign bill book, which is at present deposited in the Bank of England at London. If the Société Générale de Belgique had not done so, all notes of the Bank of Belgium would have been declared valueless by Germany.

The General told me a story about this gold reserve which is amusing enough to repeat, and which has a certain appearance of truth.

When the Germans took possession of Brussels, he said their first move was to send certain officers to the great Brussels Bank, in whose vaults the gold reserve was kept. The word had been sent ahead that they were coming, and demanding that certain high officials of the bank were to be present.

The officials went to the bank, and the German officers presented themselves promptly.

The conversation was brief.

"Take us to the vaults," said one of the German officers.

"To the vaults?" said the principal official of the bank.

"To the vaults," was the curt reply.

"I am not the vault keeper. We shall have to send for him."

The bank official was most courteous, quite bland indeed. The officer scowled, but there was nothing to do but wait.

The vault keeper was sent for. It took some time to find him.

The bank official commented on the weather, which was, he considered, extremely warm.

At last the vault keeper came. He was quite breathless. But it seemed that, not knowing why he came, he had neglected to bring his keys. The bank official regretted the delay. The officers stamped about.

"It looks like a shower," said the bank official. "Later in the day it may be cooler."

The officers muttered among themselves.

It took the vault keeper a long time to get his keys and return, but at last he arrived. They went down and down, through innumerable doors that must be unlocked before them, through gratings and more steel doors. And at last they stood in the vaults.

The German officers stared about and then turned to the Belgian official.

"The gold!" they said furiously. "Where is the gold?"

The Enemy's Battle Front in Plain View on the Distant Hills

War and Weather

"THE gold!" said the official, much surprised. "You wished to see the gold? I am sorry. You asked for the vaults and I have shown you the vaults. The gold, of course, is in England."

We sped on, the same flat country, the same gray fields, the same files of soldiers moving across those fields toward distant billets, the same transports and ambulances, and over all the same colorless sky.

Not very long ago some inquiring British scientist discovered that on foggy days in London the efficiency of the average clerk was cut down about fifty per cent. One begins to wonder how much of this winter *impasse* is due to the weather, and what the bright and active days of early spring will bring. Certainly the weather that day weighed on me. It was easier to look out through the window of the car than to get out and investigate. The penetrating cold dulled our spirits.

A great lorry had gone into the mud at the side of the road and was being dug out. A horse neatly disemboweled

A British Entrenchment in Northern France

lay on its back in the road, its four stark legs pointing upward.

"They have been firing at a German *Taube*," said the Commandant, "and naturally what goes up must come down."

On the way back we saw the same horse. It was dark by that time, and some peasants had gathered round the carcass with a lantern. The hide had been neatly cut away and lay at one side, and the peasants were carving the animal into steaks and roasts. For once fate had been good to them. They would dine that night.

Everywhere here and there along the road we had passed the small sheds that sentries built to protect themselves against the wind, little huts the size of an American patrol box, built of the branches of trees and thatched all about with straw.

Now we passed one larger than the others, a shed with the roof thatched and the sides plastered with mud to keep out the cold.

The Commandant halted the car. There was one bare little room with a wooden bench and a door. The bench and the door had just played their part in a tragedy.

I have been asked again and again whether it is true that on both sides of the line disheartened soldiers have committed suicide during this long winter of waiting. I have always replied that I do not know. On the Allied side it is thought that many Germans have done so; I daresay the Germans make the same contention. But this one instance is perfectly true. But it was the result of an accident, not of discouragement.

The sentry was alone in his hut, and he was cleaning his gun. For a certain length of time he would be alone. In some way the gun exploded and blew off his right hand. There was no one to call on for help. He waited quite a while. It was night. Nobody came; he was suffering frightfully.

Perhaps, sitting there alone, he tried to think out what life would be without a right hand. In the end he decided that it was not worth while. But he could not pull the trigger of his gun with his left hand. He tried it and failed. So at last he tied a stout cord to the trigger, fastened the end of it to the door, and sitting on the bench kicked the door to. They had just taken him away.

Just back of Ypres there is a group of buildings that had been a great lunatic asylum. It is now a hospital for civilians, although it is partially destroyed.

Lessons in the New Warfare

"DURING the evacuation of the town," said the Commandant, "it was decided that the lunatics must be taken out. The asylum had been hit once and shells were falling in every direction. So the nuns dressed their patients and started to march them back along the route to the nearest town. Shells were falling all about them; the nuns tried to hurry them, but as each shell fell or exploded close at hand the lunatics cheered and clapped their hands. They could hardly get them away at all; they wanted to stay and see the excitement."

That is a picture, if you like. It was a very large asylum, containing hundreds of patients. The nuns could not hurry them. They stood in the roads, faces upturned to the sky, where death was whining its shrill cry overhead. When a shell dropped into the road, or into the familiar fields about them, tearing great holes, flinging earth and rocks in every direction, they cheered. They blocked the roads, so that gunners with badly needed guns could not get by. And behind and all round them the nuns urged them on in vain. Some of them were killed, I believe. All about great holes in fields and road tell the story of the hell that beat about them.

Another View of the British in the Trenches

Here behind the town one sees fields of graves marked each with a simple wooden cross. Here and there a soldier's cap has been nailed to the cross.

The officers told me that in various places the French peasants had placed the dead soldier's number and identifying data in a bottle and placed it on the grave. But I did not see this myself.

Unlike American towns, there is no gradual approach to these cities of Northern France; no straggling line of suburbs. Many of them were laid out at a time when walled cities rose from the plain, and although the walls are gone the tradition of compactness for protection still holds good. So one moment we were riding through the shell-holed fields of Northern France and the next we were in the city of Ypres.

I believe few civilians have seen the city of Ypres since its destruction. I am not sure that any have been there. I have seen no description of it, and I have been asked frequently if it is really true that the beautiful Cloth Hall is gone—that most famous of all the famous buildings of Flanders.

Ypres!

What a tragedy! Not a city now; hardly a skeleton of a city. Rumor is correct, for the wonderful Cloth Hall is gone. There is a fragment left of the façade, but no repairing can ever restore it. It must all come down. Indeed any storm may finish its destruction. The massive square belfry, two hundred and thirty feet high and topped by its four turrets, is a shell swaying in every gust of wind.

The inimitable arcade at the end is quite gone. Nothing indeed is left of either the Cloth Hall, which, built in the year 1200, was the most remarkable edifice of Belgium, or of the Cathedral behind it, erected in 1300 to succeed an earlier edifice. General Melis stood by me as I stared at the ruins of these two great buildings. Something of the tragedy of Belgium was in his face.

"We were very proud of it," he said. "If we started now to build another it would take more than seven hundred years to give it history."

There were shells overhead. But they passed harmlessly, falling either into the open country or into distant parts of the town. We paid no attention to them, but my curiosity was roused.

"It seems absurd to continue shelling the town," I said. "There is nothing left."

Then and there I had a little lesson in the new warfare. That bombardment of the country behind the enemy's trenches is not necessarily to destroy towns. Its strategical purpose is to cut off communications, to prevent, if possible, the bringing up of reserve troops and transport wagons, to destroy ammunition trains. I was new to war, with everything to learn. This perfectly practical explanation had not occurred to me.

"But how do they know when an ammunition train is coming?" I asked.

"There are different methods. Spies, of course, always. And aëroplanes also."

"But an ammunition train moves."

It was necessary then to explain to me the various methods by which aëroplanes signal, giving ranges and locations. I have seen since that time the charts carried by aviators and airship crews, in which every hedge, every ditch, every small detail of the landscape is carefully marked. In the maps I have seen the region is divided into lettered squares, each square made up of four small squares, numbered. Thus B 3 means the third block of the B division, and so on. By wireless or in other ways the message is sent to the batteries, and B 3, along which an ammunition train is moving, suddenly finds itself under fire. Thus ended the second lesson!

The ammunition train, having safely escaped B 3 and all the other terrors that are spread for such as it, rumbled by, going through the Square. The very vibration of its wheels as they rattled over the stone set parts of the old building to shaking. Stones fell. It was not safe to stand near the belfry.

The Tragedy of the Cloth Hall of Ypres

UP TO this time I had found a certain philosophy among the French and Belgian officers as to the destruction of their towns. Not of Louvain, of course, or those earlier towns destroyed during the German invasion, but of the bombardment which is taking place now along the battle line. But here I encountered furious resentment.

There is nothing whatever left of the city for several blocks in each direction round the Cloth Hall. At the time it was destroyed the army of the Allies was five miles in advance of the town. The shells went over their heads for days, weeks.

It is a little difficult in America, where great structures are a matter of steel and stone erected in a year or so, to understand what its wonderful old buildings meant to Flanders. In a way they typified its history, certainly its art. The American likes to have his art in his home; he buys great paintings and puts them on the walls. He covers his floors with the entire art of a nomadic people. But on the Continent the method is different. They have built their art into their buildings; their great paintings are in churches or in structures like the Cloth Hall. Their homes

(Continued on Page 45)

Upside-Down Shooting at the Enemy's Trenches

A French Trench in Flanders

THE ANARCHIST—By Edith Orr

EVEN though she had begged him to save her from the rudeness of the mob, I do not wonder that she objected to the restaurant. It is a miserable place for the beginning of a romance—Madame on her perch benevolently smiling; Monsieur rubbing his fat hands and hoping we have been well served; Silvestre in his dirty white apron —— If it is on a smiling day in spring, in Paris itself, so much the worse.

It was on that day in April when King Paul, of Burania, was going, with military escort, from the Élysée to the Luxembourg. Having dramatically escaped assassination the day before, from one of the little kings so dear to Paris he had become a hero and an idol. Incomparable that gesture when he lighted a cigarette with the hand the assassin's knife had scratched! Delightful his words when he had been advised to stay in the house for a day or two: "One does not come to Paris to watch!" Half of Paris was out to see him drive by.

It seemed to my heroine that half of Paris was stepping on her feet. She had attempted to walk, with a queenly bearing, to the best place at the edge of the curb, and some middle-aged citizens of both sexes had indignantly protested. She had ignored their protests, and then they shook their fists at her and emitted outraged Ah-h-h's!—their faces very close to hers. That frightened her; and, before she knew what she was doing, she had appealed to the only well-dressed man in the crowd, a young fellow with a stick and a high hat.

As the door swung to behind them they felt a blessed relief from the hateful pressure of unknown human forms. The sound of military music, of huzzas, of the clatter of cavalry on the pavement, so annoying and insistent as they had fought their way to the door, grew faint and fainter until it was almost agreeable to hear, like the music off-stage that used to lend savor to the old-fashioned scene of sentiment.

She sent a wondering hand to investigate the condition of hat and hair; it returned, reporting nothing seriously wrong.

He felt secretly of his scarf.

"We'd better sit down, I think," he said.

Monsieur approached discreetly and snapped his fingers for Alphonse, who conducted them to a table. Monsieur seated the lady with her back to the street, commanding a view of Madame on the left and a dozen or so empty tables at the rear. Alphonse seated him facing the windows.

"It's a restaurant!" she exclaimed, quite indignant at Fate.

"Yes, it—it seems to be," he apologized, taking up the card; "in fact, it never pretended it wasn't. There is a sign outside—Café Restaurant. Tell me," he said, speaking French, "what I shall command for you."

"But, good heavens!" she cried, her indignation, as is the way with women, mounting as she expressed it, "I didn't come in here to eat! You have misunderstood me. I haven't time to waste in eating. I simply won't eat!"

He shrugged his shoulders, seeming to ask her, without words, how else, considering the resources of their retreat, she intended to entertain herself. She answered the gesture: "We shall be able to leave directly."

"Quite sure? Listen!"

She listened and heard the ceaseless, senseless clattering of hoofs.

"What idiots are making all that noise?"

"Troopers—still, troopers. I don't know the regiment. It will be ten minutes at least before the king's carriage passes."

"How do you know that?"

"I know."

She looked down and pouted. The danger that their glances might cross being thus temporarily averted, his eyes fell fascinated on the tips of her ears and her mouth. He wondered what perfume she used; it was not unlike chypre, adored of actresses and milliners, but not so flat and stale; something sweeter and livelier.

"Very well, then," she said suddenly, "I will eat an omelet. It is the nearest one can come to eating nothing at all."

"Savory, with rum or jelly?"

"Plain."

He ordered the omelet and added, on his own responsibility, a bottle of wine.

M. Vibert Found the Countess Lipska Extraordinarily, Almost Pathetically, Ignorant of the Things People Do to Prove to Themselves That They are in Paris

"Thank you," he said. "You will find this is much more prudent."

She toyed with her omelet and found it very good. Indeed, she ate it with such appetite that he was able to persuade her to have a vol-au-vent, a salad and coffee.

Meantime he studied her. He wondered whether, perhaps, this sketchy repast was not a treat; whether she was one of those Parisian women of whom he had heard—quite respectable, who live in some miserable hole in a cheap quarter in order that they may spend their few francs for pretty frocks and hats, the symbols of a luxury of which they know nothing. Her husband, in that case, would be a government employee earning his forty francs a week by sitting with his feet on a chair, reading endless newspapers while awaiting a summons from his chief.

And yet—she was elegant, very, very elegant, with an elegance that had cost something more than a few francs. It hung about her—an elegance that was not merely of her person and the clothes she happened at that moment to be wearing, but the ashes of dead fires in the way of vanished perfume, mysterious rites, robes once worn.

"Has that stupid King passed us yet?"

"He is not a stupid King, madame. He is a very clever one. They call him the Fox of the Balkans."

"So I have heard!" Her lips curled.

On the whole, he was not so sure she was French at all. To certain races, under favorable conditions, it is granted to attain Parisianism without first being French. Her a's were a little broader than would be quite the thing, supposing she was a Frenchwoman, and she spoke with a little lisp, which he struggled not to find too fascinating.

"Well?" she asked suddenly, looking up.

"Madame ——" he stammered.

"Have you made me out?" Her eyes, which were very dark, looked at him with what he regretfully characterized as a bold stare. It was a boldness, however, that stood him off—kept him out rather than invited him on.

"Madame!—to complete so charming and so inexhaustible a study in a few moments!"

Decidedly he was French!

"Of course you are wondering who I am?"

He put up his hand.

"Do not tell me—I find it charming to wonder ——"

"You thought it very queer of me to appeal to you in the street and ask you to get me into some quiet place?"

"Madame!—out of all that mob! Somebody had to rescue you."

"You wonder, perhaps, why I chose you?"

"Ah—perhaps!"

She did not believe he was French after all. A real Frenchman never wonders why, out of all the world, a lady chooses him. "And that King——"

She interrupted herself, putting down her coffee cup. "Is it time for him yet?"

"Madame, His Majesty, with the President of the French Republic, passed by quite five minutes ago."

"And you never told me!"

"No."

"Why not?"

He deliberated a moment before he answered coolly:

"You seemed so extraordinarily preoccupied with the King, madame. An intense interest in anything whatever nowadays attracts notice—even rouses suspicion. Here we were, peacefully eating and asking ourselves questions about each other. There he was, a harmless old man ——"

"Harmless!" she interjected from some store of indignation within her; "harmless!"

"Essentially harmless, in my opinion, my dear lady. It seemed to me wiser, for the present, to keep you apart."

"Wiser, indeed!" She tapped her foot and her dark eyes flashed fire.

"I hope you are not angry with me."

"Oh, no."

"So far I have performed well enough the service you were good enough to ask of me?"

"Oh, very well—very well indeed."

"May I, in return, ask a slight favor of you?"

"Anything—anything in reason—almost anything in reason. Almost anything in reason to which I don't happen to object."

"May I choose something to remember you by out of your pretty bag?"

She threw the bag across the table at him. Something hard within it fell with rather a thump on the wood. He picked up the elaborate trifle a little gingerly and opened it, while she looked at him curiously, a hint in her eyes of both disdain and defiance.

The something hard was a gold coin purse. Except for that and a handkerchief, the bag was, so to speak, empty.

"You seem disappointed."

"I am. Give me your muff."

He no longer asked as a favor; he was quite rudely demanding the muff. She gave him the muff, but with the air of one who does not take kindly to commands.

Within its depths there was another handkerchief—nothing more. Its hairy surface, punched all over, was quite soft and flabby. Again disappointed, he drew forth the handkerchief. It was beautifully fine, with something embroidered in the corner; and it smelled of that troubling perfume which was not chypre.

"I will keep this," he said, "especially since you have another in your bag."

"Very well," she agreed, smiling curiously.

He drew it toward him and was about to examine it, when a flash like lightning passed across her face.

"No!" she cried, "No! I have changed my mind. You cannot have it."

"Oh, but I have it already."

"You must give it back."

She snatched at a corner of it. He grimly retained two corners in his own grip. It was quite indecorous really. Both of them pulled and the bit of fine linen was torn across the middle. She glanced hastily at her half and saw that it contained the embroidered corner. Then she drew her bag back on the table, and sat smiling at him in relief and insolent triumph.

"You are afraid to have me know who you are," he said sternly. "You have reasons for being afraid."

"And what, monsieur," she asked, "is your theory in regard to my identity?"

"The theory, madame, amounts almost to a certainty." He leaned across the table and pronounced his next words in a low tone, meaning at least to protect her from the officious notice of the restaurant people. "My theory is that you are one of those abominable people they call anarchists, and that you carry somewhere about your person a bomb, with which you meant to kill this poor old King Paul of Burania."

She looked at him wide-eyed. There was annoyance rather than terror in her glance. And then she began to laugh wildly. She laughed and laughed until she became hysterical and had to rescue one of the incriminating handkerchiefs out of her bag to wipe away the tears.

"They are looking at you, madame," he said coldly. "You are a very good actress, but this display of your powers is quite unnecessary. These people are looking at you closely and will remember your face."

At that she hastily pulled down her veil. In earnest though he was, he could not help smiling at her innocence in supposing that so slight a protection could quite conceal beauty such as hers. She stopped laughing almost immediately, either by an effort of the will or from fright.

"And suppose what you say about me is true, monsieur—what are you going to do about it?"

"I shall have you watched. You shall be put under constant surveillance."

"Oh, you mustn't do that! Really, monsieur, you mustn't do that. Please don't! It will do me no good to be in Paris at all if I am to be watched." Her lip trembled.

"That is precisely my idea, madame. I do not mean that it shall do you any good to be in Paris."

"Oh, you don't know what you're saying! You don't know what you're spoiling!"

Her lips trembled like a child's. It was ridiculous in such a big, dark, beautiful woman, but a little alluring too.

"You are not a Parisian?"

"Oh, no, monsieur; I am of Bu—that is —— "

"A Buranian. Exactly! I thought so. A Buranian who has lived in Russia."

"Yes—I have lived in Russia; in fact, I was born there. And that is all I will tell you, monsieur—now or ever."

"It is all that will be necessary."

A sudden idea came to her.

"If you are of the secret police, monsieur, anything that I can do for you ——" She opened her bag with quivering fingers, took out her gold purse, opened it, and spilled the contents on the table. It made quite a flood of gold. She was carrying some five thousand francs about carelessly in her bag. No wonder there was a thud when it fell! "Take what you like, monsieur; put me into a cab and let me go."

He did not deny that he was of the police, but neither did he show any inclination toward the gold.

"I advise you to put that away, madame—and at once. For a lady of your profession, you are extraordinarily imprudent. One never knows who may be about."

She put the money back, sighing, and he called for *l'addition* and paid it.

She rose quite meekly; and Monsieur, bowing profoundly, let them out. The little flutter of the passing of a visiting King had long ago been forgotten and the normal life of the boulevard had been resumed. It was nearly five o'clock and growing dusk. Lights were springing up and the raucous-voiced venders of the Patrie and the Presse were pushing the papers into the faces of the peaceful drinkers of *apéritifs* in the cafés In short, it was that hour when Paris begins to be most itself. The lady looked on the scene as though she loved it, but sighed.

"If you will call me a taxi, monsieur, or even a cab ——"

"You forget that you are to be watched."

"Please don't have me watched! Oh, how can I persuade you that it is perfectly ridiculous to have me watched?"

"By telling me who you are."

"But I can't tell you who I am!"

"Then I must go with you to your hotel and communicate with the police from there."

There was no alternative. The taxi was called and she reluctantly gave him her address, one of those quiet but luxurious hotels in the Place Vendôme much favored by passing royalty. It was just as he expected. It was not, however—as he happened to know—the hotel that would receive King Paul after the French Republic got through with him.

She shrank in the taxi as far away from him as possible. Her embarrassment was quite pronounced. She acted exactly like a young girl out of a convent who had never before been alone with a man.

"As I am going with you to your hotel it seems to me most ridiculous that you should any longer withhold your name. The hotel people naturally will know it and will tell me."

She sighed again, and then laughed.

"I have chosen a difficult career, it seems. Very well, I will tell you: the Countess Lipska."

II

THE gentleman who had admitted the charge of being a secret agent was received by the management of the Countess Lipska's hotel with much more ceremony than was agreeable to him when he called late the next afternoon. The director of the hotel fluttered quite unnecessarily about him, though all he desired was to ask a question or two in regard to the Countess Lipska.

"Does M. le Directeur know the lady in question?"

He did—quite well.

"She has stopped here before?"

"Often, sir."

"Under the same name?"

The director smiled cunningly.

"Well—no, sir; to you I must tell the truth—not always under that name."

It was enough. He released himself from Monsieur's everlasting bowing and sent up to the Countess a card which, because it contained a mere description and not a name, was inclosed in a sealed envelope. Word was brought back that she would see him at once.

"Good! She is afraid not to see me!" he said to himself. The prospect of a little adventure was agreeable.

The so-called Countess, as was not surprising from the store of gold she carried about with her, had been tracked to a lair of some magnificence. The Secret Service gentleman waited for her in a salon much larger and more elegant than the audience chambers of many palaces he had seen. Its rococo surface had been more or less veiled by the disgorging of the Countess' own boxes; rugs, scarfs, photographs and wrought-silver trifles had been thrown about with a profusion and lack of design or coördination that suggested both the Orient and the junk shop.

The lady allowed him quite ten or fifteen minutes to look about and meditate; and when she entered he was standing before the fireplace examining a photograph on the onyx mantel.

The So-Called Countess, as Was Not Surprising From the Store of Gold She Carried About With Her, Had Been Tracked to a Lair of Some Magnificence

"I see," he said, "you carry about with you the photograph of that poor old King Paul, whom you are so anxious to destroy."

"It is necessary," she admitted with the utmost brazenness, "to know by heart the features of one's victims."

Her manner of this afternoon was changed from her manner of the day before. The agitation and timidity of discovered guilt were gone; she had meditated and recomposed herself, and was now the woman of the world—the adventuress—cool, clear-headed, full of tricks and wiles the existence of which she admits and the ends of which she defies you to fathom.

"It might interest you to know I have just come from an interview with that poor old man."

"You!" Her tone was as amused and frankly contemptuous as though he had been a servant.

"In my official capacity, madame, I meet many people of a rank superior to my own."

"Very well—not, you understand, that, with my beliefs, I admit King Paul to be your superior or anybody's."

"Oh, quite! Nevertheless, madame, even a sovereign is human and has not only weaknesses but pathetic weaknesses. King Paul is a tried old man. He has an extraordinarily disagreeable Parliament to deal with—he told me quite frankly he would like to cut off all their heads; he is always bothered by little wars that are of no account to the rest of Europe but that may at any time cost him his kingdom or his life. He has, besides, a turbulent family to regulate—in particular a daughter-in-law who nearly drives him mad."

"I have heard of her."

"All the world has heard of her. While her husband was alive they could keep her in order; but since his death and the death of the heir she has apparently ceased to value the feelings of others or her own life. She travels almost without a suite; she rides and hunts like a man; she visits the most extraordinary people incognito; she defies court etiquette—and it is said she has even furnished aid and comfort to the revolutionaries."

"Fancy!" said the Countess Lipska. "I am very glad to hear it. I am glad to hear of any troubles or annoyances that come to crowned heads. They are detestable people and I hate them all. The sooner they are blotted from the earth the happier the rest of us will be."

"Have you thought, my dear lady, that the blotting out of King Paul, for instance—in the way you have chosen—would be followed inevitably by your own?"

"I have considered the consequences of all my acts," she returned superbly. "If you have come here to work on my feelings, let me tell you, monsieur, you are throwing your time away. I am not interested in the private griefs of King Paul. I am interested in nothing in the world but myself and my mission. By the way, have you denounced me yet to the police?"

"That is what I came to discuss with you. The police of Paris do their work so admirably, madame, that your arrest would mean for him the removal of the slightest of menaces." She bowed ironically. "For you it would mean annoyance and also suffering. On certain conditions I am prepared to leave you in comparative peace."

The Countess bade him name them.

"You must permit me to exercise a certain surveillance of your actions, myself. You must submit to me every morning a *précis* of your program for the day. You must furnish me at this moment with an outline of your career, which I will give to the police in case, in a moment of enthusiasm, you exceed your official program."

"And if I refuse?"

"I shall communicate with M. B——."

"Very well! Listen, and I will tell you the story of my life—the story of a desperate woman reared in poverty, nursed on injustice, educated to hate."

He removed a notebook from his pocket and prepared to jot down her words with a golden pencil.

She paused and then went on, looking, as she spoke into the depths of the fire, like a prophetess, her voice growing deeper and more dramatic as she warmed to her story.

"I was born, as I have told you, in Burania. My father ——"

"Pardon me, madame; but you told me, as a matter of fact, that you were born in Russia."

She transfixed him with a look of scorn and continued:

"My father was a goatherd. Our little cottage—our hut—was in one of the most remote recesses of the wildest and most rugged district of our Buranian highlands.

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THE WAR BOOM—By A. C. Laut

PRESIDENT FARRELL, of the United States Steel Corporation, predicts good times after the war. He thinks the war has, for the first time, awakened the American public to the need for export trade as a basis of permanent prosperity. When the war broke out one of the very first signs of trade derangement was the abrupt shutdown of factories in the United States. More men were suddenly thrown out of work in the United States than in all the fighting countries combined. Why? Because the demand had slackened for implements, for railroad cars, for copper manufactures, for cotton, for wool, for machinery, for steel products, for mineral oils. The decrease in some of these exports totaled as much as three hundred million dollars. When the war terminates, not only will the ordinary demand for these be renewed but there will be an extraordinary demand, owing to the inability of the warring nations to supply these things for themselves; so President Farrell expects an era of extraordinarily good times.

Mr. Hill, of the Great Northern, does not. He regards war as an unmitigated, wanton waste. When the shot of one great gun burns up a thousand dollars' worth of powder—not to mention the human life destroyed—Mr. Hill regards war as all waste. The cities destroyed, the humans slaughtered, the money consumed in smoke, the leviathan vessels sunk—all occur without the return of a dime to commerce; so Mr. Hill expects an era of lowpriced levels, hard times, small buying power and enforced economy.

Irving T. Bush sees good times ahead for the United States, though interest rates may be higher on money, because this country will be financing an era of reconstruction; but he emphasizes one fine point about the financing of South America which should remove jealous fears that American capital will go to the Southern hemisphere when it is needed in the North: the seasons for the farmer in South America are just the reverse of the seasons for the farmer in North America. Money is needed here to finance the farmer from springtime, when he seeds, to the fall, when he moves his crop. Money is needed in South America for seeding in what we call the fall, to the crop movement in what we call the spring. So Mr. Bush has no fears of tight money here because capital is being drained away to finance foreign projects.

Good Times That Have Followed Big Wars

ON THE other hand, Theodore Price, the cotton financier, agrees with Mr. Farrell and goes him one better. He sees good times ahead. He sees nothing possible ahead but the best of good times; and he draws his proofs for that belief from the past. True, he says, there were panics in 1873, in 1893, in 1900 and in 1907; but those panics were caused rather by rotten finance than by war. They were due. We were tottering anyway, and the jar of unsettlement from war simply smashed flat our house of cards built on paper inflation.

And the greatest financial thinkers of the world agree with Mr. Price. Only Mr. Price adds this explanation to the amazing fact that every big war has been followed by a big boom: It is not trickery and it is not magic. It is the dauntlessness of the human spirit. When the shock of war comes the human spirit collectively braces itself and stiffens up its flabby backbone. In times of peace we use more jawbone than backbone; but war puts an instant stop to hot-air prosperity. We stop all frivols; we tighten all slackness; we cut off all unnecessary expenditure, and we speed up human effort to the *n*th degree.

Who is right? What is going to come after the present war—prosperity or depression? Are we going to have an era of high-price levels and full-time factories and good wages and plenty of money? Or are we going to have an era of falling values, hard times, tight money and slack work? If anybody could guess the true answer there would be a fortune in it. The Rothschild fortune dated from a correct forecast of what would happen after the Napoleonic Wars; and half of the biggest fortunes in the United States date from a correct guess of what would happen after the Civil War—a correct guess and the daring to act.

Anyway, the country has forever passed the stage of the truculent congressman who demanded, in Civil War times: "What have we got to do with abroad?" We all know now we have a great deal to do with abroad. We know, as Mr. Farrell says, that the war has wakened us up.

Before taking up the facts of the past, let us get the facts of the present:

I went into one of the largest importing houses on Fifth Avenue, New York, in March, to try to match a garment bought soon after the war broke out.

"You can't match that in all the United States," the saleswoman said to me.

"Why?"

"Because it is an imported color."

"And are you not buying abroad any more?"

"The public isn't buying," she said; "so what is the use of our buying? We are buying only enough things to keep our shelves from looking empty."

"Why?"

"Because the public is not buying readily. People are doing without; and we must run off what we have on hand before we load up with another thing. When the war closes all the styles will change. We cannot afford to be loaded up with what the public will not buy."

A recent paper from Paris reports the costume dealers at their wit's end. The public has suddenly stopped fripperies. Paris will not frivol. Paris will not throw money away on fooleries. Neither will New York. Set down, then, as your first line of fireproof definite facts: We are going into the new era with depleted stocks of everything, from imported costumes to farm implements—no glut of overproduction at factories. For one year, everything has been understocked.

When the war is over, and the prevailing fear is removed, there will be a sudden jump to buy. Get the black shadow of fear from our path, and there will be a sudden jump to buy, whether we can pay or not.

With the war off the world's back the world will pay, all right; but buy it must, for it has gone without buying for almost a year. Women must have clothes. Farmers must have implements. Ruined countries must have rails and bridges. Homeless people must have lumber and bricks and cement to rebuild, though they mortgage the future for a generation to do it.

Set down as your fourth fact, then, that when we go into the new era the wheels are going to fly. Factories are going to work full time, and lumber mills and copper mines and coal mines and steel mills will make overtime.

How about the money? Will that fly too? Or shall we have the paper inflation and after-collapse of the Civil War? Take another look at facts:

Since the war broke out money has not been drawn out of the bank and hidden in family socks and tea canisters and cellar jars; on the contrary, deposits have been three times greater in the Bank of England than at any time in its history. Deposits have been three times greater in the United States than at any time in its history. Money is literally bulging in the banks. Capital is timorous and will not invest in time of war.

How the British Have Economized

A COTTON operator was trying to persuade a friend who had liquidated his securities when the war broke out and put several million dollars away in vaults, to buy cotton at six cents and play for a return to normal prices.

"No, sir! Nix!" declared the safe man. "I know I'd double and treble my money in cotton; but we are slipping right down to the bottom of the wave now. When we reach the trough you are going to see securities the cheapest they have ever been in this country—and after that the biggest boom ever! I am going to hold my cash ready until we touch the trough of the wave—then ride to the crest on the coming boom; and I am only one of hundreds."

Set down as the fifth fact that the banks are bulging with money.

This touches only the capitalist. How about the average earner? Will he have money to spend when the new era comes? He has not been earning much—if, indeed, he has not been forced into the ranks of the unemployed.

A financier of England, trying to account for the enormous savings deposited in British banks from the time the war broke out, figured that enforced economies of table and dress and luxuries represented ten pounds a head for each man, woman and child in the United Kingdom.

The United Kingdom spends eight hundred million dollars a year on alcoholic drinks, three hundred and fifty millions on nonalcoholic drinks, one hundred and seventy-five millions on tobacco, and three hundred and seventy-five millions on pleasure motors—in all, without economizing at all in food and dress, seventeen hundred million dollars; almost as much as England spent on the war in the first eight months. These represent some of the things eliminated by the general population of the United Kingdom to meet the extra expense of the war.

Figure American retrenchment on the same basis for the past year, and it would represent a saving of forty-five

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Spring House Cleaning at The Hague

Secrets of the Chain Store

LESSONS IN EFFICIENCY FOR THE SMALL RETAILERS

By Forrest Crissey

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

WHAT'S this I hear? Going to sell out over the counter and throw away the good will of a splendid business like this? John, you must be losing your mind! As your lawyer and an old family friend I feel it my duty to interfere—or at least to protest."

The speaker stood in a well-appointed drug store and addressed his explosive remarks to the proprietor, who shook his grizzled head, motioned his friend to take a seat at an ice-cream serving table, and said:

"No, Horace; I'm not crazy. I'm simply in the position of a man whose business establishment happens to be planted on a track over which an express train is approaching at full speed and under orders to stop for nothing. It is the Chain-Store Express, the fastest and strongest thing on wheels. I know it is coming and I'm going to get myself and my business off the track while the moving is good."

"But," his friend went on, "why make a wanton sacrifice of the splendid good will of this business you have built up by forty years of hard work and excellent service to the public? If you are bound to sell, why not sell to the chain store? You have absolutely the best location in this city and ——."

"That is exactly what I thought up to a few days ago. Then I had a talk with the manager of the chain-store system and he showed me that I was mistaken; that the corner diagonally across from here is the best business location in the city; that my stock and equipment would be practically useless to the chain store; and that the good will, on which you set so high a value, would be worth next to nothing to the chain organization."

"I don't believe it!" again exploded the lawyer.

"There," returned the druggist, "is where the chain store has the advantage of you. It doesn't believe—it knows! It takes nothing for granted and finds out everything that it needs to know in a thorough, definite and intelligent way. Take the matter of the desirability of this location. The chain has had its enumerators at work for weeks, keeping tab on the number of pedestrians passing this corner during every business hour of the day and night. Four other corners have been checked in the same way. The figures tell the story and show that my corner has dropped down one notch in popularity."

Nothing Disturbs the Atmosphere of a Store So Effectively as Bickerings Between Employees or Bawling Reprimands From a Person in Authority

The Precision of Chain-Store Methods

"BUT there's the good will of the business," interposed the lawyer. "Your chain-store wizard certainly could not produce figures to show that you haven't the confidence of practically the whole of this community. Why, nearly all the best families in the entire city are your personal friends! And they would stand by you with splendid loyalty if this bogy of the chain store had not thrown a big scare into you. I haven't noticed that any of your competitors have hauled down their colors and beat a retreat."

"No," came the quiet reply; "they don't appear to be aware in the least that the serenity of our quiet, competitive life is about to be disturbed. However, you have done me the credit to infer that I have been able to get and hold the business confidence of this community. In short, you admit that I have shown rather superior business sense and have built up the best drug trade in this city. The very fact that I have had perception enough to keep a little edge of advantage over my competitors may explain why I am sounding the retreat while they are as serene and self-contented as ever. If it wouldn't seem too egotistical, Horace, I'd put it this way: I know enough to be scared—and they don't. That is really the whole situation in a nutshell, and it will take less than a year of competition with the chain to prove the correctness of this diagnosis.

"When I was in Boston, trying to unload my business on the manager of the chain, I encouraged him in every way possible to reveal the inside operations of the system. He responded to an extent that astonished me. Even the confidential reports that came to his desk were freely submitted to my examination; and I was taken from one store to another by the general manager, so that he might explain to me in person the deadly precision with which modern service and economy have made the chain store the most crushing of competitors.

"I returned home with a clearly developed determination to clean out my stock and close up my business before the opening of the chain store here. In this business I have made a surplus of a hundred thousand dollars and I do not propose to waste a cent of it in testing the efficiency of chain-store competition. My other independent competitors are quite welcome to all the excitement along that line. I have no desire to see a business that has always been healthy and active drag through a painful decline to a certain death. Why not sell out to one of my old competitors? In the first place, I have a friendly feeling toward all of them; next, none of them is in a position to pay cash; finally, they are going to have more and heavier burdens on their backs than they can carry, without taking on the additional weight of my business.

"No, Horace; I know the nature of the animal with which we shall have to deal here, beginning the first of next month, and I'm going to get out of the way just as quietly and expeditiously as possible. If I were a younger man I should be mightily tempted to take the opposite course, and make this store the nucleus of a chain that would reach out to smaller cities and towns than the big chain seems inclined to go into.

"If I were going to do that I should make the most detailed study possible of the methods of the very chain that is coming in here. In my opinion the most wonderful schoolmaster in retail merchandising to-day is the man who manages the operations of the chain of stores that is pushing me out of business.

"The small-town retailer in this line who is awake to the big trade changes that are sweeping over the country will find his best and practically his only protection in studying the methods of the leaders of chain-store management. There is the place for him to go to school; and his only real hope of keeping out the chain invaders is to 'beat 'em to it' by adopting, as far as possible, chain methods. If he is a mighty apt pupil, and applies chain methods with courage and accuracy, he may succeed in making a showing that will preëmpt the territory and discourage and delay invasion; but, with the best he can do, they will still have certain advantages over him.

"Of course this will be partially offset by his local standing, his personal hold on the people. That is an asset of some considerable value if maintained and developed to anything like its possibilities; but altogether too often it becomes an unconscious excuse for poor service and for slack methods, instead of an advantage.

"If the independent and individual retailers of this country wish to spot the competitor that threatens their peace and continuance, they will take their eyes off the hated catalogue of the mail-order house for a while and devote a little study to the movement of the chain store.

"Simply because the drug business happens to be the favorite field, at the present moment, for the chain form of commercial activity, the grocer, the furniture dealer, the hardware merchant and the keepers of coal and lumber yards have no cause to flatter themselves that the chain store will not insinuate itself into their lines in due time; in fact, chain lumberyards have already become so fashionable in certain sections of the Middle West that they are about as common as creameries or county agricultural experts."

"John," earnestly exclaimed the lawyer, "you need a vacation! You're seeing things! 'A month in the mountains would make everything look different to you."

Studies in Modern Merchandizing

"OH, I'M going to take a vacation, all right, Horace," was the response. "And a good long one too; in fact, I'm going to take it easy from now on, and you are entirely right as to the fact that things are going to look different round here. Just you keep close watch on the new chain store and on my old competitors, and see what happens. At the end of six months or a year the alterations in the landscape will make you feel lost; but you will not feel half so lost as the surviving competitors of the chain store.

"I'm not making this prophecy because I'm a friend of the chain idea; I'm not. Frankly, I hate it. In spite of the fact that I have always kept the most up-to-date drug store in this city, I really belong to the old school of storekeeping—the one-man brand of merchandising of the independent, personal sort. I resent much that is the very essence of the chain-store success. I would really prefer to remain in business for several years longer; and it goes against my grain decidedly to be pushed out of this old familiar place before I am ready to go out on my own initiative.

"All my sympathies are with the independent small storekeeper and everything I have said that might be construed as complimentary to the chain store is unwilling praise. However, the only thing to do with facts is to look them squarely in the face and then make the most of the lessons you can learn from them. If somebody will rouse the small independent retailers of this country to focus their attention on the result of chain-store merchandising he will be doing the whole retailing fraternity the biggest kind of a favor and service.

"But don't forget this: After I have closed up shop and gone out West to visit my relatives and friends, see what happens to my comrades here who courageously remain to fight the demon of chain-store competition. And also notice, if you can, just how it happens. The study ought to be very interesting to a man of practical and legal mind."

This shrewd storekeeper carried out his plans as quickly as possible, held a series of special sales, and sold all the stock he possibly could at retail, disposing of the remainder of it in a lump to bargain hunters in the drug business from smaller towns. Then he made his threatened visit to the

West, took a trip to Europe, and made a leisurely tour of the South. When he returned his old friend Horace met him with the remark:

"You were right, John. The chain store has got 'em."

Here is precisely what happened, the figures being furnished by the manager of the chain: The year preceding the chain invasion, the three drug stores that stood their ground and accepted the gage of competition had done a combined business of about sixty-eight thousand dollars. The official business forecaster of the chain system, after a searching and elaborate preliminary survey, notified the manager of the new store that he was expected to do a business of a hundred thousand dollars in the first twelve months. He exceeded the stint set for him by eleven thousand dollars. The next year the sales were pushed up to a hundred and forty thousand dollars and all competition was crowded out of the city.

"A New Clerk Seemed Fascinated by the Business of the Soda Fountain"

There was nothing left in the form of a drug store in that city of twenty-seven thousand inhabitants that could be called, in any live and active sense, competitive. This city was the smallest to which the chain had been extended and it was invaded only because of especially inviting conditions. It was inhabited almost wholly by wealthy or well-to-do people.

These conditions naturally attracted the attention of the chain-store management. A searching investigation forced the conclusion that here was a field in which the total volume of drug sales was far less than one store should sell, and that the undeveloped volume of trade in the town was fully equal to the existing total of actual trade.

The former general manager of a chain of drug stores—practically all in the best locations of the largest cities of the country—says the retreating druggist who fled at the first appearance of chain-store competition did not have an exaggerated idea of the effectiveness of chain-store competition.

"No," replied the executive of the big chain. "To my notion he is about the shrewdest and most farseeing man who ever kept a retail drug store of the old type. He had the situation sized up right, both as to the peril, from the viewpoint of the independent retailer, and the possible remedy. So far as sympathies are concerned, my own are with the independent storekeeper and have always been with him, even when I was directing the strongest line of competition with which he ever came in contact."

Learning Chain-Store Methods

"THE small retailers of America do not yet realize that the chain store is the most efficient merchandising machine ever invented. It is the real competitor of the whole retailing field and has the mail-order house beaten. It possesses all the on-the-ground and personal-contact advantages of the Simon-pure local store, coupled with the immense buying power and the great advertising organization and economizing advantages of the mail-order house.

"My earliest business years were spent in one of the biggest mail-order houses of this country, and I am consequently in a position to know something about that business and its methods as compared with the workings of a highly developed chain-store system. Only about six per cent of the retail business of this country is done by the mail-order houses, and that percentage is too small to make it the monster peril to individual retailing that it is commonly thought to constitute. In any territory where the chain-store system has intrenched itself its percentage of business in its line is many times greater than that. Generally speaking, it soon contrives to do the biggest part of that business.

"Fight the chain store with its own methods. This is altogether the best advice that can be given to the small retailer who is beginning to wake up to the real danger that is threatening him and wishes to fortify himself against its approach. He must understand exactly what the chain store is doing and then do it to his own community first, before the chain gets a look-in. There is no other way given whereby he may be saved, provided he is in a town large enough to be attractive to chain-store managers. And on this point he should constantly remember that the chain store is driving irresistibly countryward and that the town which is considered immune from invasion to-day may be penetrated to-morrow. Only the merchants in the smallest towns in the country are entitled to feel any security from this kind of competition.

"The only real protection to a retailer in a town that is worth while must come from his own efforts. Chain-store management is always looking for an opportunity to move along the line of least resistance, to find a community of large trade possibilities that is poorly served. Here, of course, is where high-class service will shine most brilliantly by reason of contrast with its competition. There are exceptions to this rule, but the fact remains that an intelligently managed chain system is not inclined to go into a territory which is ably occupied and efficiently served.

"A country utterly unprepared for war, and with its defenses down, offers a shining mark for aggression; and the same principle prevails in the war of competition. For the present, at least, there is more than enough tempting territory that is inadequately held to afford the chain all the room it needs for expansion. It is plain, therefore, that when the independent merchant of a community puts up so good an imitation of chain methods that only the expert can distinguish between them, the invader is going to look elsewhere for an opportunity to crowd in and establish a footing.

"Of course it should be understood that a management is not necessarily efficient simply because it operates several stores instead of one; it may be and often is decidedly inefficient. In that case it is short-lived, because its very size and the fact that it is in several places instead of one will naturally contribute to the speed of its collapse. On the other hand, the average of efficiency among chain stores is far higher than among independent retail merchants. Consequently it is not out of line with the facts, as a general rule, to regard chain management as synonymous with efficient management. I think any student of chain-store management will agree with me that it has reached its highest point of efficiency in the operation of drug stores. Perhaps the chain lumber or coal yard is a close second; and the third rank must be given to the ten-cent notion store.

"Certainly there can be no question that the retailer who wishes to absorb the essence of chain-store efficiency will make no mistake in investigating the chain drug store. It is the most useful school he can attend, and a mastery of its methods is the shrewdest use to which he can put a reasonable amount of his time. The one line along which the independent retailer may most improve and protect himself, by studying and applying the methods of the chain store, is that of service. This is the greatest element of all in trade building. It is the most expensive thing the merchant sells and, at the same time, that for which the customer pays most cheerfully. It is never perfect and always offers opportunity for improvement and expansion.

"Though the management of the big chain has distinct advantages in nourishing and fostering service to the highest kind of efficiency, it cannot obtain a monopoly of this wonderful business builder; and the talent and intelligence of the independent storekeeper will always have an opportunity to make themselves felt along the line of improved service. My own definition of service is a broad one: Everything that helps to secure and keep the good will of the customer. In its narrower sense it means whatever contributes to the convenience of the customer.

"Equipment plays an important part in service, but in the main the character and training of the employees are the chief elements in the problem of service. If I had a son who wished to enter business life as an independent retailer I should urge him to enter the employ of the largest chain of drug stores and to put in about nine-tenths of his time, especially for the first year, in specializing on service."

Service and Constructive Salesmanship

"CONSTRUCTIVE salesmanship is another line along which chain-store management has made wonderful strides, and practically all the knowledge of this art a young man can acquire may be applied as effectively in an independent store as in one belonging to a chain. There is only one place in a chain-store system where the student may obtain an insight into buying—that feature of store management which the chain system has developed into one of its most powerful weapons. All purchasing is done at the central office, where the sales are made—not by salesmen, but by the goods themselves.

"Systematic waste-saving is a subject that has a most intimate relation to profits in any store; the average retailer and his employees are proverbially wasteful, while the management of the kind of chain stores I am acquainted with has raised resistance to waste to a point of efficiency that is little short of marvelous.

He Gets a Substitute to Talk for Him and He "Listens In" on the Conversation

"The commercial value of cleanliness is another thing the student of chain-store management will be forced to realize most keenly; and he will take it with him into independent retailing as an asset that will go far toward helping him create a store atmosphere calculated to ward off the encroachment of any chain system.

"The art of window and store dressing is another important feature of store operation in which the chain management excels, and in which the independent retailer needs to develop his talent to the highest pitch. As a rule, window dressing, as seen in the country store, is a sad and depressing performance; there is large room

for expansion along this line in even the most up-to-date country stores, and the skill the storekeeper acquires in this art has no mean relation to the profits of the establishment. If the scout sent out into a certain territory to spy out the land for an ambitious chain were to encounter well-dressed windows that would compare favorably with those of a store belonging to the chain, this would be taken as a strong surface indication that the territory was too well occupied to be invaded.

"Before the independent retailers of this country are really roused to an intelligent understanding of what the chain store will do when once it gets a good headway, under skillful management, in any line of trade or in any locality, it will be necessary for them not merely to take into consideration the points of chain-store practice that may be readily adapted to independent retailing but also to face squarely certain big economic facts. Without doing this, the imminence of the chain-store peril will not be appreciated.

"One of these important considerations is the fact that the independent retailer cannot approach the buying power of the big chain. One chain of drug stores, for example, manufactures twenty-five per cent of its goods—that is to say, twenty-five per cent of the money taken in over its counters is in payment for goods of its own manufacture. A very large share of the remaining seventy-five per cent of goods is bought direct from the big manufacturers at prices that the ordinary jobber could not command."

Links in the Chain

"HERE is an economic condition that is well calculated to make the teeth of the independent retailer chatter; for, of course, it means an almost unlimited power in cutting prices under the strain of competitive warfare. If any constructive commercial thinker has devised a plan for overcoming this heavy advantage on the part of the chain, and giving the independent retailer a fair fighting chance on the score of price making, he has not yet taken the public into his confidence.

"That some plan which will meet or modify to a material degree the huge advantage of the great chain management as a manufacturing buyer will finally be devised, I do not doubt; and I am ready to hazard the guess that when it comes it will involve certain features of commercial coöperation which we are inclined to shun and distrust until driven to them by the stern lash of necessity. We do things when we are forced to them, and not before.

"When the chain store squeezes the independent retailers of this country hard enough they will get together and find a remedy for their situation. This I firmly believe; but meantime they will pass under the rod of discipline, and their punishment will be mitigated just about to the extent that they study and adopt the methods and practices of the chain store. Their immediate hope, as I emphasized earlier in our talk, lies in fighting the chain store with its own fire."

Taking the largest chain of drug stores in the country as a type of chain-store management and efficiency—a selection amply justified by the facts—let the question be raised as to what revelations, on the score of service, you would meet with if you were to enter its employ and be assigned to one of its fifty stores. Because the quality of service is so dependent on the personality of the employees—and the chain management spares no pains where the quality of its service is involved—you would probably be interviewed as to your fitness by the general manager of the chain or by one of his assistants.

The general manager of a chain of this size draws a large salary—perhaps twenty thousand dollars a year—but he considers half a day of his time well spent in selecting a telephone operator for a store. No service feature is more important than that of the telephone. The operator who gets a position in one of these stores must have a mentality far above the ordinary. She is not thrust into the work until she has been thoroughly trained, not only in respect to all she is to do and how she is to do it, but as to what she is not to do. She must be permeated with the policy of the house and the spirit of its service until she becomes an ardent enthusiast for the interests of the store.

The general manager's favorite pastime, as he goes from one city to another where the stores of the chain are located, is that of impersonating a phone customer. If the operator responds to his call with a curt, "Well, what is it?" or, "Yes, —— Drug Store!" she is sure to hear the quiet voice of the general manager reminding her she has been taught that there is only one proper response for her to make in answer to an incoming call: "Good morning! This is the Service Store at Blank and Home Streets. How may we serve you?"

When an operator becomes so thoroughly familiar with the general manager's voice that he can no longer disguise it successfully and carry on a conversation with her without being identified, he gets a substitute to talk for him and he "listens in" on the conversation. In a word, the pressure to keep the telephone service up to a point approaching perfection is never relaxed for an instant. The very inflection with which an operator speaks is carefully considered. The local manager himself is not better posted on the policy of the store than is the telephone operator. Not only is the manner in which she upholds the service standard of the store under careful surveillance by the general manager and all his assistants from the executive offices, but a special telephone instructor is constantly on the road drilling the new operators and others who are weak in their art.

"I Should Urge Him to Enter the Employ of the Largest Chain of Drug Stores and to Put in About Nine-Tenths of His Time in Specializing on Service"

Perhaps the most difficult thing the chain-store telephone operator learns to do is to put "the condenser" on a conversation and still leave a pleasant and satisfied impression with the person at the other end of the wire; in fact, that impression must be left at all hazards.

Much the same pressure to secure perfection of service is placed on every employee, from the package-delivery boy to the local manager. Definite and detailed instruction always precedes an assignment to any position in a chain store. And preceding this comes a care in selection that the average retailer would consider foolish and finicky.

Take the case of the package-delivery boy: How many storekeepers would consider it necessary to explain the policy of the store to the errand boy? The chain-store management, however, regards it as imperative that its package boy, who personally enters the homes of its customers and, therefore, becomes its outside representative, should understand the policy of the house just as clearly as the telephone operator, for example, who enters the homes of customers with her voice only. No delivery boy is permitted to go on duty until he has been taught how to ring a doorbell in the proper way, how to go up and down stairs, and how to enter an apartment and leave it.

The value of teaching him the policy of the house is illustrated many times a day in the experience of every chain store and of every messenger in the employ of the chain.

If the delivered article is not strictly up to the expectations of the customer the boy who has been drilled in the policy of the store speaks up and says: "Please let me go back and bring you the other kind. The store doesn't wish me to leave anything that is not exactly what the customer wants. It will be no trouble at all to make the exchange."

In general the chain store is a stickler for instruction beforehand instead of afterward; it believes in locking the barn door before the horse is stolen, and in teaching every employee how to perform his part of the service in such a way that dissatisfaction on the part of the customer will be prevented and avoided—instead of waiting for blunders in service to bring out reprimands and apologies, while alienating customers.

Chain-store discipline in regard to courtesy—at least with the management of this chain of fifty drug stores—is severe; and it starts with the local manager of each store. He is not permitted to speak of any employee as working for or under him, but with him. The typical chain-store voice is quiet and subdued, for loud talking among any members of the organization, no matter what their position or the provocation under which they may be laboring, is strictly prohibited.

According to the code of the general manager, nothing disturbs the atmosphere of a store or public place of any sort so effectively as bickerings between employees or bawling reprimands from a person in authority. On the other hand, he constantly urges on his employees the fact that the finest compliment the service ever received from the lips of a customer was the statement of a white-haired woman, who said:

"I like to trade here because I have never heard one of you use a hard word or a harsh tone."

Customers Always Right

NO SERVICE point in chain-store policy is considered more important than that regarding disputes; this is fully covered by the terse words: "There are none—the customer is always right!" The management finds greater difficulty in impressing the clerks and local managers with the conviction that this statement is to be taken as literally true and acted on in all cases without question or hesitation. About the shortest cut a clerk can take to separate himself from the chain-store pay roll is to persist in arguing with a customer on any point whatever, but particularly with regard to the condition of goods when sent from the store.

On one occasion, when an officer of the company from the chain headquarters was inspecting a certain store, a woman entered, asked for the local manager and handed him an expensive hot-and-cold-water bottle, a portion of which was in fragments. In tones that defied contradiction she made the statement that it was in the broken condition when she received it.

"If you don't mind allowing me to finish with this gentleman, who has come from outside the city," explained the local manager, "I shall be very glad to adjust this matter for you."

As he stepped behind the prescription case with the visiting executive, the latter shook his head and said:

"I know what you are going to say: that of your own personal knowledge you know the bottle was in perfect condition when the customer took it away from the store. But there are no exceptions to this rule; for, right or wrong, the customer is always right, and your answer should have been unhesitating and decided: 'Certainly; we shall be glad to make the exchange, and we are sorry you were unwittingly put to all this trouble.' That answer, given without an instant's delay, would have scored heavily for the service of the store. But, anyhow, when she goes out with another bottle under her arm she will become a permanent advertisement for this store. The more her conscience troubles her, the harder she will boost for us.

(Continued on Page 57)

THE PHŒNIX

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

MADE OF STEEL

"I Have Reached a Decision," Said He. "And It Becomes My Duty to State It to You, Mr. Dame, and to This Young Woman"

ONE of the vestiges of bygone days in Bodbank, Illinois—one of the figures who is left from the old time, before agriculture and industry had lifted the town to the dignity of a young city, flourishing beside the broad, brown expanse of the Mississippi—is Calvin Juniper, the traveling piano tuner.

He is still welcomed into the ancient circle of Bodbank's foremost citizens, who set up and tear down philosophies in the back room of the Phœnix Hotel just before suppertime. When Calvin, stoop-shouldered and smelling of pianos, comes in semi-annually the old fool yellow dog of Rufe P. Holland rises, gurps—not gapes—and walks through the tobacco smoke, his claws clicking on the spots worn through the linoleum, to welcome the tuner once more. And the old human marks—Judge Antrim, and the president of the Trust Company, and Michael Lynch, and Malachi Sturgis, the Stove Trust King, and Hibberd Shirley, the officeless politician—all grunt together like a council of chiefs.

They are glad. They are glad to see Juniper, with that old, green-black coat, worn shiny where, as he leans, it touches keyboards. They are glad that one of their own kind—the mellow American kind—has come, to whom little of the news and several of the old tales of Bodbank are unknown. Calvin is an unfilled receptacle for narrative. For an ordinary cigar he will sit as though listening; for a good cigar he will make an honest attempt to hear. He is almost deaf.

Into the Phœnix back room he came one afternoon in early April, a sprig of pussy willow in his buttonhole. Its vegetable fur typified spring and prospect, just as Calvin's own thin hair suggested fall and retrospect. Both were of one color.

"I've been noticin' the difference in people," said he.

"Only on the outside, my friend," said Dame, the Apple Raiser, hurrying to thrust a cigar, with a red-and-gold band, into the newcomer's fingers. "You needn't look at that cigar; it's not a Bodbank Guard. . . . No; people are alike. Like apples, the outsides vary; but the cores are surprisingly the same."

"That makes me think of Martin Whitney," said Judge Antrim. "Well, go ahead, Dame. You spoke first."

"Huh?" said the piano tuner, putting his ear in the Apple Raiser's face.

"Martin Whitney," repeated Dame.

Calvin nodded.

"Wait till I get this cigar lit," he explained craftily. "I always can hear better when I get to smokin'."

Therefore, Dame, thrusting his mouth toward the extended ear but also keeping his eyes free to sweep about and hold the attention of the others, went on:

I guess one of the strangest love stories Bodbank ever heard could have been told by Martin Whitney. And there you are!

Old Joe Whitney made his money in Michigan land deals. In the year of the Centennial his wife died, and some years later he was married a second time, to a girl named Lucille Marguerite Vernier. Here in Bodbank the folks expected to see a foreign actress, with hair like a raven's wing, wicked eyes, and designs on ministers' sons.

She turned out to be a bit of bric-à-brac, about as tall as a cotton umbrella, with red-brown hair wound round in coils as thick as your wrist, and no opinion of her own except that everybody was kind and good; and that opinion, if not mistaken, was incautious. She was the daughter of a landscape painter who had been forced by hard times into portrait work, and had been stranded in Indianapolis because a rich brewer couldn't recognize himself.

Old Joe built her a brick house outside of town on the North Road, just this side of where, later, I cleared the corn and wheat, planted my first big apple orchard and built my own home—in 1887. He put up a square mansion without any frills on it—so it looked like a county courthouse; and then he planted pine trees on the square lot—the way you would go about setting out a bed of cabbages. They've grown up now and they are the only grove of evergreens round Bodbank; but they certainly look like the work of a careful surveyor.

He had two sons by his first wife. One of 'em was Martin, and the younger was named Christian by some guiding spirit with a profane sense of humor. Stepmothers aren't a movement to be fostered, and Lucille was too young and too little and too dazed with life to come up to the average success—which is low. She was as good as gold to the two boys, who were almost men; and that only made 'em recall how good their own mother—with her fat, waddling body and heart disease, and the darndest fondness for rhubarb sauce I have ever seen in a woman—had been to 'em. And there you are!

I can remember, in spite of the dislike of the new mother, which he shared in silence with his brother, that Martin was a healthy, happy specimen as a boy. He was the kind of boy that whistled as he kicked up the dust; when he was twenty he was full of fun, and there was hardly a girl in Bodbank who didn't want his picture or hanker to have a valentine from him to paste in her diary. He had been off to some school where they taught engineering and other accurate things, like that and plumbing. He was as happy and light-hearted as any bird that sings in a mock-orange hedge; and I've seen him look at Christian, his younger brother, as though he couldn't understand why that rascal was moping, whenever he wasn't planning how to avoid getting an education or how to do even the most innocent things without being caught.

Christian, as I have said, must have been named by the same man who called Binghamton, New York, the Parlor City.

Christian was a believer in will power; he was using will power to overcome all his good habits.

Some years passed. And when I sat down, the way I do on New Year's Day, and thought of what has happened in Bodbank in bygone years, I remembered, on one January first, that the Whitney family had scattered. Christian had gone off to Chicago, and then nobody knew where. It was safe to say he was trading horses, or drilling for oil, or planting gold mines in out-of-the-way places, or selling somebody a mile or two of the Santa Fé Railroad. He had scattered a long way from the Whitney family, and I guess the only thing he kept of the Whitney tradition was good manners.

The Whitneys certainly were gentlemen, and could talk to you in the anteroom of a livery stable in a way to make you feel that you were at an ambassador's ball. The men in that family got more pneumonia from taking off their hats, and more flat feet from standing in the presence of ladies, than all the rest in Bodbank combined; so it was a good guess that Christian would keep his manners even after he had lost his head and what little money his father left him.

Old Joe had been killed, along with his wife, Lucille, in the old Peoria Railroad accident. He had been standing on the steps of the car when the crash came, and somebody had just handed him one of those thick china cups, full of coffee; and when they picked him up the china ring of the handle was still on his forefinger.

But he left most of his money and the homestead to Martin, his first-born.

Martin had gone to South America. What he was doing there was a good deal of a mystery to Bodbank folks, but everybody said it was hunting crocodiles in Brazil. That's like Bodbank. He was building railroads in Ecuador; and after a time somebody saw in the Chicago papers that he was considered a great engineer and very rich, and was going about with kings and pretenders, and heirs to the presidency of republics, and fine ladies who wore mantillas and whispered soft nothings through grated windows. And there you are!

So the Whitney family had scattered, and the only member of it left in Bodbank stood on the lawn, in the grove of pines that Old Joe had set out in a simple design, so that each was no nearer the other than each. The surviving member stood on the lawn, taking all the weather—covered with snow and icicles in the winter, struck by lightning once in the summer, and showing rust spots in places, with a nose raised, proud and noble and defiant. He was an iron dog. Barring one iron deer, set out by Hibberd Shirley's father, it was the only iron mastiff in the whole city.

I used to go sometimes and peek in the windows of the old house, under the shutters, and see yellow bedsheets thrown over the mahogany furniture and turning into lace from dry rot; and I had to shake my head. Martin wouldn't sell it. When Jamieson sent down word to South America in 1895 that he had a purchaser—which he didn't—a letter came back after six months, with a foreign postage stamp on it. It was shown all round, and all it said was:

No. With kind regards, I am,
Very sincerely yours,
M. WHITNEY.

And Goldman, who keeps the cigar store, said: "That don't sound much like the boy who left Bodbank. I leave it to you—frank, free and aboveboard?" But I didn't know then what tragedies and comedies were coming to that old home!

The grass grew up in the yard and the pines grew taller too; and people going out along the North Road at night could hear the rustle of 'em, like the voices of human beings. Most of the low picket fence first lost its white paint and then rotted down. And children used to say that you could see lights moving round in the rooms downstairs; that if you listened you could hear chains clanking, and that it was Old Joe Whitney trying to get the handle of the thick china coffee cup off his forefinger.

The grass and weeds grew up, and wrens built a nest in the mail box beside the front door; and stories were told saying that somebody had once got the key to the house from Barlow, the executor, and had gone in and found Whitney's old meerschaum pipe just where he had put it down when he started off the day he was killed. The two beds in the big room upstairs were just as Old Joe and Lucille had got out of them, and as the hired girl had left them when the news came. There were hollows in the pillows where heads had pressed in. And there was a dish of oatmeal on the dining-room table. And lots of folks believed the story that the oatmeal had turned to stone. And there you are!

For eighteen years it went on. The taxes were assessed on the Whitney place as regular as clockwork, and paid by Martin Whitney through some Chicago banking house, just as regular. The city changed. People died. Old faces everybody knew were gone. New folks and a good many foreigners came in. Our congressman got a new post-office building and Judge Antrim had buried two dogs. Electric light was put into the town. The river traffic fell off and one more branch railroad came in.

The cost of living went up; and while it was going up the same kind of people who in the old days did their own housework, and wore clothes until they were worn out, and ate simple food, learned to have hired help in the kitchen, and watch the styles, and buy canned mushrooms. Buildings on Main Street began to get thick and tall. The first elevator was put in. And Bodbank got mad because the United States census figures were not so high as those of the Chamber of Commerce.

Then, one day, Martin Whitney came back.

He came back without a word to anybody—all alone. Nobody knew him; and even those who might wouldn't have recognized him. He got off the W. L. & N. train

from Chicago, took a hack and drove out through the section on the North Road, where mists used to hang and the frogs trill in the spring before the real-estate company filled it in and began to build cottages and call 'em bungalows—to take the sting off.

He drove out the North Road, got down from the hack, paid the driver, and then walked up through the long grass and weeds, put his key in the door, went in, and closed it after him. I've often wondered what things were in his mind as he stood there inside. But he was back—back to stay!

I guess the first story about him which flew round Bodbank was that he had been disappointed in love by some woman. Then it grew to be a woman of ravishing beauty. Then they had her a Spanish señorita, tall and queenly and carrying a fine lace handkerchief. Finally she was royalty—and that prevented the marriage. And there you are!

When I say the story went round that Martin had been disappointed in love I've already given a pretty good idea of the kind of man who came back, after nearly twenty years, to Bodbank. I remember that Bucknam, the glucose manufacturer, said:

"What's it mean to say that Whitney is disappointed in love? Everybody is, ain't they? He might have been disappointed worse if he'd got her. He's nearly forty; and if he's never tasted the joys of marriage he's been pampered by Fate—and ought to feel as young as a boy!"

Just the same, however, something had happened to Martin Whitney. You could see that at first, and you could see it after the old, deaf, mute Spanish servant had come, and boxes and boxes of strange books and curios and engineers' instruments had been taken into the house, and after the new fence was up, and the weeds were cut, and chairs were on the porch, and lights were in the windows of the old place at night, and Martin had settled down to live out his life here.

He had gone away a rosy boy; he came back as hard as granite. His hair had grown gray—the color of galvanized metal. He wore a beard, too, that made his square chin seem squarer and more stern; and, after the brown he had brought back on his skin from the tropics had worn off in our Bodbank winters, there was a coldness about his face that made you think of a thing chipped out of marble.

Doctor Reeve said that sometimes, when he had attacks of some curious mountain fever which he had picked up in Ecuador, among strange people and strange beasts and things, he suffered terribly. But you'd never see it in his face. That never moved. It was like a mask, which spoke to you of a life that was done—a combination of grit and sadness; it looked the way you feel when an old-fashioned play is all through and the curtain has gone down.

Hugo Schwimmer, who has done calcimining and wall papering and odd jobs in Bodbank as long as I can remember, washed the windows in the old house for Martin. He said to me:

"Mr. Dame, there's a man who is the most inside himself I ever see. He gets up as early as I do and saws wood. Then he takes a cold bath—when there's hot water right in the house! He reads and reads all the time; and instead of taking any regular newspaper he has a newspaper sent him once a week from London—and there aren't any pictures in it.

"Along about sundown he sits on a porch chair and stretches out his long legs, and looks down the hill at the river, and seems to be thinking. He never speaks a word from sunrise to night, and yet he is the politest man I ever come against. He's so polite to common folks that it looks like to me that he's afraid they might be politer than he is! But he's like that dog on the lawn—he's a man made of steel!"

Made of steel! Made of metal, like the iron dog on the lawn! That's what folks said about him. He was scarcely human; judging from the outside he was a machine; except when I'd see him from my own house feeding birds after a snowstorm; or except when I'd find out that in the summer he'd let the wrens stay in the mail box, and in the R. F. D. box too—for no letters ever came; and except when he'd get up and bow like an ambassador to folks who were passing, and who dared to look up at the porch—I never had any idea that he had a thought for anything else that lived.

He spent his time with books or making things in the carpenter shop, which he had fitted up in the old back room—a man with a military figure and a body of youth, and a face like a mask, with its beard and sadness and sternness and doneness! And there you are!

The house was like him too. For seven years I lived not two hundred yards away, and I wasn't in it but twice. And I guess I never saw him downtown in Bodbank but half a dozen times. Goldman, the tobacconist, said that Martin could go ten years on a dime and still have the dime left at the end. He paid everything by sending the bills to Chicago, and then a check would come back, signed by somebody named Couch, as attorney. But, as I say, the house was like him.

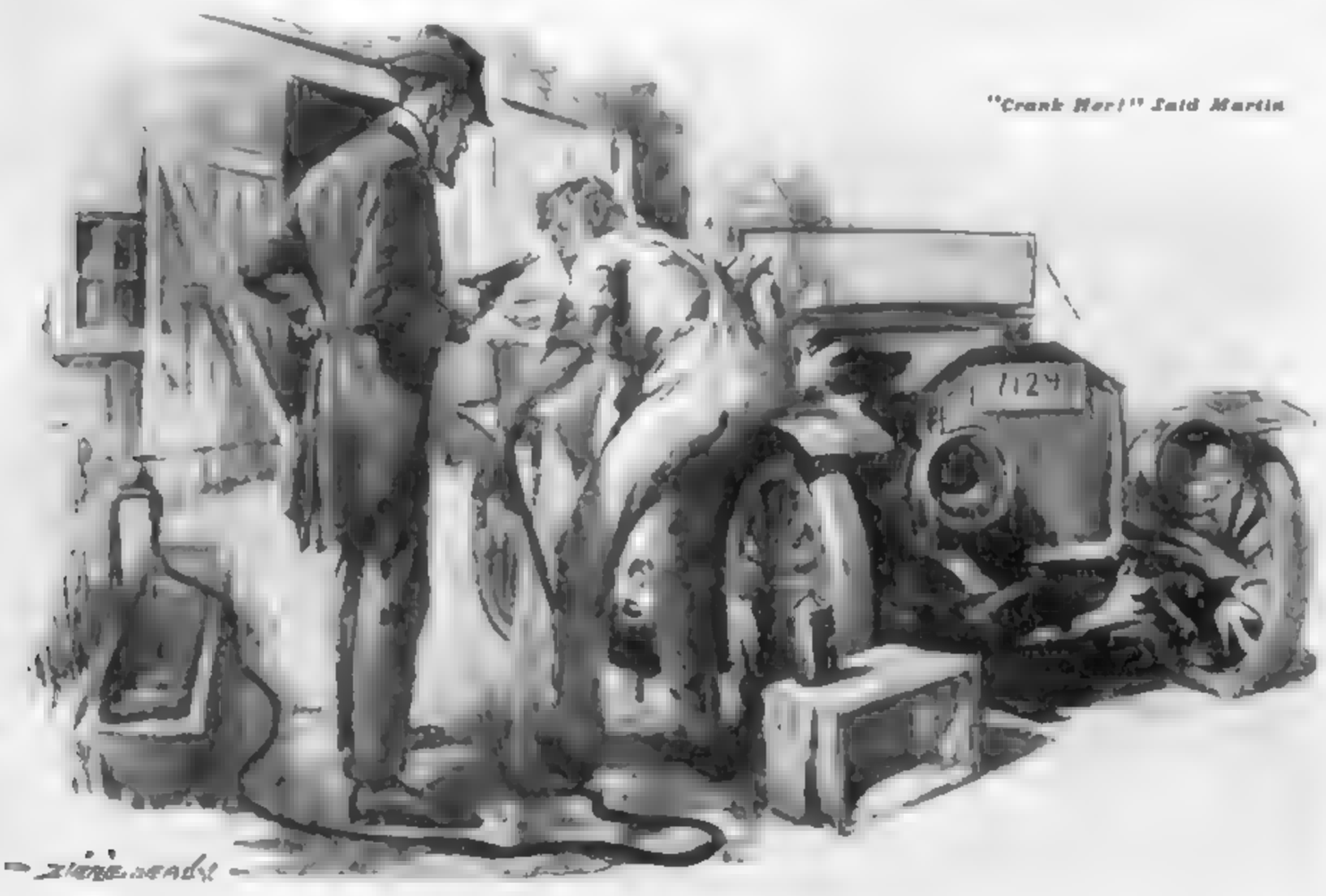
Everything in it was in order, but it was as stiff and cold and silent as a receiving vault. When a woman isn't round things have to look one of two ways: they look as though either a tornado had been there or a professor of mathematics. The latter was so of the Whitney place. The old mahogany chairs, with their dark red seats, were lined up against the wall as though there was going to be a funeral; there weren't any draperies anywhere. And summer and winter the old oil paintings were hung in the middle of the spaces, with mosquito netting stretched across the front, so you couldn't tell a portrait from a sunset on the Susquehanna.

And after seven years there came a fortnight or so of days that did about what a volcano would do to that house and that man who was made of steel!

A spring day the first was—one of those spring days that make a long jump from some place where there is sunshine and land with both feet here in the Corn Belt. The day had come up from the tropics, perhaps, just as the woman who existed in the minds of Bodbank folks might have come up from the tropics, with her ravishing beauty, and her smile, and her lace handkerchief, and her royal blood. It seems to me on a day like that I can count the leaves as they come out on the trees. On a day like that we begin to think so much of corn weather that my wife slides out onto the piazza with a cloth and polishes the top end of the old thermometer.

About eleven o'clock, as the station master tells me, the W. L. & N. Number Thirty-nine set down a man and a woman at the depot on the Levee. The woman had a baby in her arms—a fat and hefty little thing, mostly eyes—like the spring sky; but some hair—like the spring sunlight.

The woman looked as though her clothes were bought after a good deal of figuring; the man had a suit that



"Crank Her!" Said Martin

The Girl Looked at Him a Long While. "My, But You're Dusty!" She Said

wasn't noisy and vociferous—but, just the same, it looked regardless. The man was clean-shaved and worried, and there were dark rings round his eyes. He left the girl at the station, after whispering to her, and started up the hill from the Levee, looking about him as though everything was strange to him.

Half an hour later he got down out of a hired runabout in front of the Whitney gate, hitched the horse and looked at the iron dog on the lawn as though he had seen it before, with its rusty nose held so proud and defiant. Then he measured the height of the pine trees with his eye, looked at the house, and walked up toward it a good deal the way he would have gone up the path if it had been midnight instead of noon, and if he had planned to unscrew the doorknob to sell it for old brass.

Martin came out on the porch just as the stranger came up the wide stone steps. The owner of the house was dressed as he was 'most always dressed when he wasn't working in his carpenter shop. He had a black cutaway coat on and a high collar. Somehow the linen he wore always seemed a little whiter than linen usually comes; and even his old clothes were formal, like an ambassador's. He bowed to the out-of-town man that way, too, and for a moment the two looked at each other.

"I'm Christian," said the stranger.

"My brother?" Martin said. "My brother?" He couldn't seem to believe it.

"Don't you remember how I dropped your two-bit piece into the hole in the iron dog?" the stranger said.

Martin gasped then, put his hands on his brother's shoulders and said quietly:

"I'm glad I couldn't find out where you'd gone. I'm glad to see you."

"I guess you won't be glad," Christian said, pulling away, and with the old, moping, sullen look coming into his face. "I'm here because I thought you'd want to avoid disgrace to the family. That's why I'm here. I've got to have help—money."

Martin stiffened up and said:

"Go on, sir."

Christian stared down at the speckled light that fell between the pine boughs onto the big, flat stones; he peeped up at the sun, with one eye closed, and at last he looked at Martin. The old weasel expression was in Christian's face.

"I might as well tell the truth, brother," said he. "It's trouble—bad trouble. It may bring disgrace on the family. You won't like that, Martin. You always talked about the family and about the name and about honor. And I heard how you paid the taxes on the home, so you could keep it all these years, brother. And maybe you wanted me to come back and marry, so that the family wouldn't end with us, eh? Well, all that's a wreck now, Martin."

He stood there when he had finished, holding on to the bosom of his ice-cream-pink shirt with the palms of his hands, as though it hurt him to take a breath. He was always great on dramatics. And then his face, which was out of the same mold as his brother's, was a jelly face, on which expressions shook round; but Martin's face was like old concrete poured long ago—hard as stone. And there you are!

I had gone over to see how some Black Ben grafts I had put on Martin's trees were getting on; and when I stood

under one of the pines, overhearing that kind of talk, I didn't know whether to slide away or step out forward. Martin settled it for me. He caught sight of me and said, like the captain of a battleship:

"Sit down on the porch, my friend Dame. I'll be with you—*pronto*. . . . Go on, sir," he said to Christian with a voice as cold and hard and unreadable as his face. His stout hands were shut, though, and something in those two fists would tell a person that Martin had smelled some truth.

"Walk down here," the younger man said, looking sideways at me as though he didn't remember ever seeing me before; and Martin, knowing very well that Christian wanted to talk privately, sneered and went out under the pines.

His head was raised, and his eyes were looking out over the Mississippi, toward the Iowa shore. He scarcely seemed to be hearing what was said to him. Once he reached into his pocket for some of the barley he always carried, and tossed it to three redwings that had been picking at the pine needles. But if it had not been for the way he was opening and shutting his two fists as he walked I would have believed that, after all, he was a man of steel—that a person who could meet a brother after twenty years and find him in a desperate fix of some kind without moving a muscle of his face must have a heart that for years had been turning to metal.

The two walked together under the speckled light and the low boughs. Martin looked like a statesman, and Christian seemed to be an inferior creature whining up at him. They kept side by side; but you would have thought that one went with a measured tread, and that the other was half running all the time.

When they had gone nearly to the gate Martin stopped suddenly and turned on his brother.

"What woman?" he snarled.

I couldn't hear the answer; but I could see that Christian was going on with his story, but keeping away from his brother as though he feared the man of steel would spring at him. Every now and then I could hear the word "money." At last he seemed to have finished.

"So she knows?" said Martin through his teeth. "And so that is what you propose to do? And you come to me, eh? Then, listen, Christian Whitney: Look at that iron dog there! Look at it! I never knew why it stood there. It's my symbol for you! It's an empty pretense. It isn't even a beast—it's an imitation of a beast. It's your token! Hear that! And I'm going to soil my hands with you, Christian Whitney!"

The younger brother gave a cry almost like a rabbit as Martin rushed at him; and he sprang away. Looking from left to right for shelter, he flew to the iron dog. His idea was to keep the thing between himself and the man who now, by magic, had changed from tall, stiff dignity to an angry, heavy-shouldered animal, with a killing in its eyes.

And then, as the two brothers stopped, one on each side of the black mastiff, suddenly Martin straightened up again, and his face grew as cold as ice, and he was like an ambassador again; and he pointed to the gate.

"Go!" said he. "You and yours—I wipe my hands of you."

Christian saw his chance then. He ran to the fence, leaped over, snatched loose the rope on the livery-stable horse, jumped into the runabout and cut at the creature with the whip. The frightened mare jumped across the ruts in the sun-baked mud; but, before the flying wagon reached the place opposite the last row of the geometrical pines, Christian turned round, shaking both the reins and the whip in the air, as though suddenly he was a wild thing; he made the motions of an ape in a fury.

"Curse you!" he roared, still using his dramatics. "Curse you! And curse her!"

The day was still—the way a spring day is still at noon, when everything is sleepy. The words of the man in the runabout cut into it like the ripping slash of a pruning knife. We could hear the wagon rattling like mad down the road, round the turn; and finally you could not hear it any more.

Martin came up the steps, and even under his beard you could see that his mouth was set. He dropped down in the old rocking-chair and looked out across the wide space to the west, and his face was like a face carved over the door of the new post-office building.

And there he sat and sat, staring and staring, until at last, after a long time, he clapped his hands—the way they call for servants in South America; and then the old, half-petrified brown creature he had brought up with him from the tropics came, as though treading on eggs, out onto the porch.

Martin said something to him in Spanish, and the eyes of the old curio opened wider and wider, so that before he disappeared I thought those eyes would fall out and bound like marbles on the boards. Later I saw the servant going down the road.

Martin still stared out over the Mississippi; then he turned to me and used sharp, short words.

"A woman!" he said. "I've sent for her."

You should have heard him! There was sorrow and anger, loathing, hatred and fear in his voice. I got up and left. I didn't dare to be curious.

Folks said he was made of steel!

There's a croquet ground out on the lawn at my place. Late that afternoon there came a new sign of summer. The new sign was that I was measuring off and setting out the wickets for the children. You know how the sun slopes a full glare at you on those spring days—how it pours blinding light downhill at you. It was that glare of the sun which prevented my seeing right away who it was that stood in front of me when I heard the click of the gate and got on my feet, with the pencils and money and memorandum books falling out of my pockets all over the grass. Then I heard Martin Whitney again.

"Dame," said he, in his polished-granite voice, "this young woman and this child have been left in Bodbank by one who calls himself Christian Whitney. I have talked with the young woman. There are reasons why she should not remain in a hotel. There are adequate reasons why she should not remain at the Whitney homestead. There are reasons why no explanation should be made at the present concerning the conditions that have made it necessary for me to harbor her, sir. I desire that you and your wife, as a favor to a neighbor, rather than for the recompense I shall be able to make to you, will shelter her for a day or two."

I must say this request took my breath away. I couldn't seem to find an answer. There I stood, with a croquet wicket in each hand, looking at the girl and the pink sleeping thing that fell over the curve of her arm like a little bundle of oats.

She was a pretty young girl, though her eyes were red, as though she'd been crying; and her hair was in need of holding one of those feminine conventions in a mirror; and there was that hot and dusty look which a long trainride puts on a woman's face and neck. Her hair was brown and silky, and she wore a wedding ring on one of the fingers of her hands, which looked well-shaped and wholesome and healthy.

A man can tell a good deal by just looking at a woman, and I knew this one wasn't anybody in particular—just a girl who had been brought up in the country somewhere and probably stopped school too soon. There wasn't anything special about her except something that would have made anybody want to pat her on the back very gently, and say, "There, there!" the way folks do to a broken-legged bird. And there you are!

She didn't carry her head down—the way those do who are broken with grief; but there was a strange stare in her gray eyes, as though she did not see anything very clearly—as though nothing mattered much except the baby in her arms.

Now and then she'd pull the little thing close to her, so as to feel that it was still there and hadn't been taken away, or turned cold, or evaporated, or blown away in a powder. She just seemed dazed—the way a person would look who had been hauled out of a burning building.

"Whitney, I'll have to speak to Mrs. Dame, to make sure I can do what you ask," I says, turning toward Martin again; "but I don't believe there is a speck of doubt about it."

The man of steel looked down at the girl in her simple little brown dress and drew away from her. She might have been a snake—the way his body moved; but his face was as cold and hard as the bottom of a tin tray.

So Martin Went Away With Her in the Rain and the Mud—a Curious Pair, Picking Their Way Toward the Town

"I owe it to you to say, Dame, that for the first time in my life I am at a loss to know what to do. It may take me several days to decide," he said.

Then he walked over close to me, so that the girl could not hear. He spoke in his measured, careful way, and with no trace of any feeling in his voice.

"This girl is from Cedar Rapids," said he. "Eighteen months ago my brother married her. He left her for nearly six months; and she searched for him all that time, so far as her limited means would allow her. Last week she found him and, with him, the truth."

"Truth?" said I.

"Yes," said he, looking at his muscular fingers and at his thumbs, which were almost always stuck out at right angles to his hand. "Yes; the truth. Christian Whitney already had a wife."

Maybe the young woman heard the last word, for she put both arms round the baby girl as though some bird of prey was going to pounce on it.

Later on she did that again. It was when my wife asked her the name. She put her arms about it quickly and just shook her head. And there you are!

But none of that was her fault!

For some time the girl was in a daze—the same daze. She would move about like a machine and wanted to help my wife with the mending. When it was done she would go out on the porch in the late afternoon and sit staring at the Iowa shore across the river, with the little thing close to her, sleeping or gurgling or looking round with eyes as gray as the mother's eyes. She used to watch the old tops of trees and riffraff floating down the brown, muddy waters of the Mississippi; and I often wondered whether she thought she was like those floating things—adrift and carried along.

She wanted everything to be neat and clean. I used to imagine what sort of a home she came from—a photograph album and a Bible on the parlor table, and a melodeon, and plants in the sunny window.

Her name was Alice.

Once when I was passing the Whitney place—the fifth day she had been with us, and we had begun to wonder how long Bodbank folks would go on believing that she was just an ordinary visitor—Martin came down to the gate and motioned to me.

"Can't you stop her sitting out there on your porch in that rocking-chair?" said the man of steel. "I don't hear anything but that rocking!"

"Women ——" I began.

"That's it—women!" he said, closing his two fists. "They are all alike—rocking-chairs and all. They are helpless. They cling. I loathe them. I yield to no man in my sense of respect for them. For chivalrous conduct toward them I have admiration. In that I trust I'll never fail. But their clinging ways! Their clutches! Their fingers! The way they go humming round a house! Great grief!"

For a minute he was silent; then his face hardened cold again, like frosting put on a cake and set out in winter.

"I have lost my good sense, Dame," said he, with his ambassador's manner. "But I cannot bear to look over to your porch and see her there, with that thing in her lap, rocking away—rocking away—rocking away! I shall arrange to-morrow to send her somewhere. I shall provide for her. I shall turn her over to my attorney. I shall send her to Chicago."

He was not a man to argue with—especially there was no temptation to do so when his face was like a face carved over the door of a building.

And then, as I was moving away, he said again, as though to himself:

"The way they go humming round a house!"

The next day it rained. When it rained Alice would sit sewing by our front window and sometimes drop the things in her lap, and stay without a motion for maybe half an hour, staring out at the water dripping off the leaves until tears had filled her eyes; and then she'd pick up her sewing again and shake her head as though she didn't understand life, or understand being a woman.

It was Thursday, I remember, and cold; and I had built a wood fire in the front room so that the baby wouldn't catch cold while it slept in a corner of the old sofa.

I had just gone in to put on some more wood when I heard a little cry of fright from Alice; and, looking up, I saw her grip hold of the stocking in her hand as though it had been a lemon and she had wanted to squeeze all the juice out of it. Then I heard steps on the piazza and a knock on the front door.

It was Whitney. I don't believe I ever saw him looking more like the thing folks called him—a man of steel. His face was set; he was as cold as stone, and polite, and more than ever like an ambassador, with his high forehead and his formal, old-fashioned clothing. Even the umbrella he held didn't prevent his looking like somebody who has come to present the ultimatum of a great World Power.

He motioned to me to go with him into the front room. He looked at the clock. It was noon. He nodded. He looked at the girl, who was staring at him from the chair,

(Continued on Page 69)

THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

XXXIV

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

"Francis," She Whispered, "That Man Has Made Me a Little Uneasy"

NORGATE'S expression was almost one of stupefaction. He looked at the slim young man who had entered his sitting room a little diffidently, and for a moment he was speechless.

"Well, I'm hanged!" he murmured at last. "Hardy, you astonish me!"

"The clothes are a perfect fit, sir," the man observed, "and I think that we are exactly the same height."

Norgate took a cigarette from an open box, tapped it against the table and lit it. He was fascinated, however, by the appearance of the man, who stood respectfully in the background.

"Talk about clothes making the man!" he exclaimed. "Why, Hardy, do you realize your possibilities? You could go into my club and dine, order jewels from my jeweler, I am not at all sure that you couldn't take my place at a dinner party."

The man smiled deprecatingly.

"Not quite that, I am sure, sir. If I may be allowed to say so, though, when you were good enough to give me the blue serge suit a short time ago, and a few of your old straw hats, two or three gentlemen stopped me under the impression that I was you. I should not have mentioned it, sir, but for the present circumstances."

"And no wonder!" Norgate declared. "If this weren't really a serious affair, Hardy, I should be inclined to make a little humorous use of you. That isn't what I want now though. Listen: Put on one of my black overcoats and a silk hat, go downstairs and get the porter to call a taxi for you, and drive to Smith's Hotel. You will inquire for the suite of the Baroness von Haase. The Baroness will allow you to remain in her rooms for half an hour. At the end of that time you will return here, change your clothes and await any further orders."

"Very good, sir," the man replied.

"Help yourself to cigarettes," Norgate invited, passing the box across. "Do the thing properly, and sit well back in the taxicab, although I'm hanged if I think that my friend Boko stands an earthly chance. Have you plenty of money in your pocket?"

"Plenty, thank you, sir."

The man left the room, and Norgate, after a brief delay, followed his example. A glance up and down the courtyard convinced him that Boko had disappeared. He jumped into a taxi, gave an address in Belgrave Square, and within a quarter of an hour was ushered into the presence of Mr. Spencer Wyatt, who was seated at his writing table.

"Mr. Norgate, isn't it?" the latter remarked briskly. "I had Mr. Hebblethwaite's note and I am very glad to give you five minutes. Sit down, won't you, and fire away."

"Did Mr. Hebblethwaite give you any idea as to what I wanted?" Norgate asked.

"Better read his note," the other replied, pushing it across the table with a little smile.

Norgate took it up and read:

My dear Spencer Wyatt:

A young friend of mine, Francis Norgate, who has been in the Diplomatic Service for some years and is home just now from Berlin under circumstances that you may remember, has asked me to give him a line of introduction to you which will secure him an interview during to-day. Here is that line. Norgate is a young man for whom I have a great friendship. I consider him possessed of unusual intelligence and many delightful gifts, but, like many of the rest of us, he is a crank. You can listen with interest to anything he may have to say to you unless he speaks of Germany. That's his weak point. On any other subject he is as sane as the best of us.

Many thanks. Certainly I am coming to the review. We are all looking forward to it immensely.

Ever yours, JOHN W. HEBBLETHWAITE.

Norgate set down the letter.

"There are two points of view, Mr. Spencer Wyatt," he said, "as to Germany. Mr. Hebblethwaite believes that I am an alarmist. I know that I am not. This isn't any ordinary visit of mine. I have come to see you on the most urgent matter which anyone could possibly imagine. I have come to give you the chance to save our country from the worst disaster that has ever befallen her."

Mr. Spencer Wyatt looked at his visitor steadily. His eyebrows had drawn a little closer together.

"I talk about the things I know of," Norgate continued. "By chance I have been associated during the last few weeks with the head of the German spies who infest this country. I have joined his ranks. I have become a double traitor. I do his work, but every report I hand in is a false one."

"Do you realize quite what you are saying, Mr. Norgate?"

"Realize it?" Norgate repeated. "Do you think I come here to say these things to you for dramatic effect, or from a sense of humor? Every word I shall say to you is the truth. At the present moment there isn't a soul who seriously believes that England is going to be drawn into what the papers describe as a little Eastern trouble. But Germany is ready to strike at last, and this is her moment. Austria's insane demands are meant to drag Russia in. Russia must protest. She must mobilize. Germany is secretly mobilizing at this moment. She will declare war against Russia, strike at France through Belgium. She will appeal to us for our neutrality."

"These are wonderful things you are saying, Mr. Norgate!"

"I am telling you the simple truth," Norgate went on, "and the history of our country doesn't hold anything more serious or more wonderful. Shall I come straight to the point? I promised to reach it within five minutes."

"Take your own time," the other replied. "My work is unimportant enough by the side of the things you speak of. You honestly believe that Germany is provoking a war against Russia and France?"

"I know it," Norgate went on. "She believes—Germany believes—that Italy will come in. She also believes, from false information that she has gathered in this country, that under no circumstances will England fight. But it isn't about that I came to you. We've become a slothful, slack, pleasure-loving people, but I still believe that when the time comes we will fight. The point is that we shall be taken at a big disadvantage. We shall be open to a raid upon our fleet. Do you know that the entire German navy is at Kiel?"

Mr. Wyatt nodded.

"Maneuvers," he murmured.

"Their maneuver," Norgate continued earnestly, "is to strike one great blow at our scattered forces. Mr. Spencer Wyatt, I have come here to warn you. I don't understand the workings of your department; I don't know to whom you are responsible for any step you might take. But I have come to warn you that possibly within a few days, probably within a week, certainly within a fortnight, England will be at war."

Mr. Wyatt glanced down at Hebblethwaite's letter.

"You are rather taking my breath away, Mr. Norgate!"

"I can't help it, sir," Norgate said simply. "I know that what I am telling you must sound like a fairy tale, but I beg you to take it from me as the truth."

Mr. Wyatt sat for a moment without speaking.

"But," he finally remarked, "if you have come into all this information, Mr. Norgate, why didn't you go to your friend Hebblethwaite? Why haven't you communicated with the police and given this German spy of yours into charge?"

"I have been to Hebblethwaite and I have been to Scotland Yard," Norgate told him firmly; "and all that I got for my pains was a snub. They won't believe in German spies. Mr. Wyatt, you are a man of a little different temperament and caliber from those others. I tell you that all of them in the Cabinet have their heads thrust deep down into the sand. They won't listen to me. They wouldn't believe a word of what I am saying to you, but it's true."

Mr. Spencer Wyatt leaned back in his chair. He had folded his arms. He was looking over the top of his desk across the room. His eyebrows were knit, his thoughts had wandered away. For several moments there was silence. Then at last he rose to his feet, unlocked the safe that stood by his side, and took out a solid chart dotted in many places with little flags, each one of which bore the name of a ship. He looked at it for a moment attentively.

"That's the position of every ship we own at six o'clock this evening," he pointed out. "It's true we are scattered; but we are purposely scattered because of the review. On Monday morning I go down to the Admiralty and I give the word, and then every ship you see represented by those little flags will move toward a common point."

"In other words," Norgate remarked, "it is a mobilization."

"Exactly."

Norgate leaned forward in his chair.

"You're coming to what I want to suggest," he proceeded. "Listen: You can do it if you like. Go down to the Admiralty to-night. Give that order. Set the wireless going. Mobilize the fleet to-night!"

Mr. Wyatt looked steadfastly at his companion. His fingers were restlessly stroking his chin. His eyes seemed to be looking through his visitor.

"But it would be a week too soon," he muttered.

"Risk it," Norgate begged. "You have always the review to fall back upon. The mobilization, to be effective, should be unexpected. Mobilize to-morrow. I am telling you the truth, sir, and you'll know it before many days are past. Even if I have got hold of a mare's nest, you know there's trouble brewing. England will be in none the worse position to intervene for peace if her fleet is ready to strike."

Mr. Spencer Wyatt rose to his feet. He seemed somehow an altered man.

"Look here," he announced gravely: "I am going for the gamble. If I have been misled, this will probably mean the end of my career. I tell you frankly I believe in you. I believe in the truth of the things you talk about. I risked everything only a few weeks ago on my belief.

I'll risk my whole career again now. Keep your mouth shut. Don't say a word. Until to-morrow you will be the only man in England who knows it. I am going to mobilize the fleet to-night. Shake hands, Mr. Norgate; you're either the best friend or the worst foe I've ever had. Bring my coat and hat," he ordered the servant who answered his summons. "Tell your mistress, if she inquires, that I have gone down to the Admiralty on special business."

XXXV

ANNA passed her hand through Norgate's arm and led him forcibly away from the shop window before which they had been standing.

"My mind is absolutely made up," she declared firmly. "I adore shopping, I love Bond Street, and I rather like you, but I will have no more trifles, as you call them. If you do not obey I shall gaze into the next tobacconist's window, and go in and buy you all sorts of unsmokable and unusable things. And oh, dear, here is the Count! I feel like a child who has played truant from school. What will he do to me, Francis?"

"Don't worry, dear," Norgate laughed. "We're coming to the end of this tutelage, you know."

Count Lanyoki, who had stopped his motor car, came across the street toward them. He was, as usual, irreproachably attired. He wore white gaiters, patent-leather shoes, and a gray tall hat. His black hair, a little thin at the forehead, was brushed smoothly back. His mustache, streaked with gray, was twisted upward. He had, as always, the air of having just left the hands of his valet.

"Dear Baroness," he exclaimed as he accosted her, "London has been searched for you! At the Embassy my staff is reduced to despair. Telephones, notes, telegrams and personal calls have been in vain. Since lunch time yesterday it seemed to us that you must have found some other sphere on which to dwell."

"Perhaps I have," Anna laughed. "I am so sorry to have given you all this trouble, but yesterday—well, let me introduce, if I may, my husband, Mr. Francis Norgate. We were married by special license yesterday afternoon."

The Count's amazement was obvious. Diplomatist though he was, it was several seconds before he could collect himself and rise to the situation. He broke off, however, at last in the midst of a string of interjections, and realized his duties.

"My dear Baroness," he said, "let me wish you every happiness. And you, sir," he added, turning to Norgate, "you must have, without a doubt, my most hearty congratulations. There, that is said. And now to more serious matters. Baroness, have you not always considered yourself the ward of the Emperor?"

"His Majesty has been very kind to me," she admitted. "At the same time, I feel that I owe more to myself than I do to him. His first essay at interfering in my affairs was scarcely a happy one, was it?"

"Perhaps not," the Count replied. "And yet, think what you have done! You have married an Englishman!"

"I thought English people were quite popular in Vienna," Anna reminded him.

The Count hesitated.

"That," he declared, "is scarcely the question. What troubles me most is that forty-eight hours ago I brought you a dispatch from the Emperor."

"You brought," Anna pointed out, "what really amounted to an order for me to return at once to Vienna. Well, you see, I have disobeyed it."

They were standing at the corner of Clifford Street, and the Count, with a little gesture, led the way into the less crowded thoroughfare.

"Dear Baroness," he continued as they walked slowly along, "I am placed now in a most extraordinary position. The Emperor's telegram was of serious import. It cannot be that you mean to disobey his summons?"

"Well, I really couldn't put off being married, could I?" Anna protested; "especially when my husband had just got the special license. Besides, I do not wish to return to Vienna just now."

The Count glanced at Norgate and appeared to deliberate for a moment.

"The state of affairs in the East," he said, "is such that it is certainly wiser for every one just now to be within the borders of his own country."

"You believe that things are serious?" Anna inquired. "You believe, then, that real trouble is at hand?"

"I fear so," the Count acknowledged. "It appears to us that Servia has a secret understanding with Russia, or she would not have ventured to adopt her present attitude toward us. If that be so, the possibilities of trouble are immense, almost boundless. That is why, Baroness, the Emperor has sent for you. That is why I think you should not hesitate to obey his summons at once."

Anna looked up at her companion, her eyes wide open, a little smile parting her lips.

"But, Count," she exclaimed, "you seem to forget! A few days ago all that you say to me would have been reasonable enough; but to-day there is a great difference, is there not? I have married an Englishman. Henceforth this is my country."

He Had, as Always, the Air of Having Just Left the Hands of His Valet

There was a moment's silence. The Count seemed dumfounded. He stared at Anna as though unable to grasp the meaning of her words.

"Forgive me, Baroness!" he begged; "I cannot for the moment realize the significance of this thing. Do you mean me to understand that you consider yourself now an Englishwoman?"

"I do indeed," she assented. "There are many ties that still bind me to Austria—ties, Count," she proceeded, looking him in the face, "of which I shall be mindful. Yet I am not any longer the Baroness von Haase. I am Mrs. Francis Norgate, and I have promised to obey my husband in all manner of ridiculous things. At the same time, may I add something that will, perhaps, help you to accept the position with more philosophy? My husband is a friend of Herr Selingman's."

The Count glanced quickly toward Norgate. There was some relief in his face, but still a great deal of distrust.

"Baroness," he said, "my advice to you, for your own good entirely, is that you shorten your honeymoon and pay your respects to the Emperor. I think that you owe it to him. I think that you owe it to your country."

Anna for a moment was grave again.

"Just at present," she pronounced, "I realize one debt only, and that is to my husband. I will come to the Embassy to-morrow and discuss these matters with you, Count, but whether my husband accompanies me or not, I have now no secrets from him."

"The position then," the Count declared, "is intolerable. May I ask whether you altogether realize, Baroness, what this means? The Emperor is your guardian. All your estates are subject to his jurisdiction. It is his command that you return to Vienna."

Anna laughed again. She passed her fingers through Norgate's arm.

"You see," she explained as they stood for a moment at the corner of the street, "I have a new emperor now and he will not let me go."

Selingman frowned a little as he recognized his visitor. Nevertheless, he rose respectfully to his feet and himself placed a chair by the side of his desk. "My dear Count!" he exclaimed; "I am very glad to see you, but this is an unusual visit. I would have met you somewhere or come to the Embassy. Have we not agreed that it was well for Herr Selingman, the crockery manufacturer ——"

"That is all very well, Selingman," the Count interrupted, "but this morning I have had a shock. It was necessary for me to talk with you at once. In Bond Street I met the Baroness von Haase. For twenty-four hours London has been ransacked in vain for her. This you may not know, but I will now tell you—she has been our trusted agent, the trusted agent of the Emperor, in many recent instances. She has carried secrets in her brain, messages to different countries. There is little that she does not know. The last twenty-four hours, as I say, I have sought her. The Emperor requires her presence in Vienna. I meet her in Bond Street this morning and she introduces me to her husband—an English husband—Mr. Francis Norgate!"

He drew back a little with outstretched hands. Selingman's face, however, remained expressionless.

"Married already!" he commented. "Well, that is rather a surprise."

"A surprise? To be frank, it terrifies me!" the Count cried. "Heaven knows what that woman could tell an Englishman if she chose! And her manner—I did not like it. The only reassuring thing about it was that she told me that her husband was one of your men."

"Quite true," Selingman assented. "He is. It is only recently that he came to us, but I do not mind telling you that during the last few weeks no one has done such good work. He is the very man we needed."

"You have trusted him?"

"I either trust or I do not trust," Selingman replied. "That you know. I have employed this young man in very useful work. I cannot blindfold him. He knows."

"Then I fear treachery," the Count declared.

"Have you any reason for saying that?" Selingman asked.

The Count lit a cigarette with trembling fingers.

"Listen," he said: "Always, my friend, you undervalue a little the English race. You undervalue their intelligence, their patriotism, their attitude toward the serious matters of life. I know nothing of Mr. Francis Norgate save what I saw this morning; but I recognized in him one of that type of Englishmen, clean-bred, well-born, full of reserve, taciturn, yet, I would swear, honorable. I know the type, and I do not believe that such a man would be your servant."

A shadow of anxiety crossed Selingman's face.

"Have you any reason for saying this?" he repeated.

"No reason save the instinct that is above reason," the Count replied quickly. "I know that if the Baroness and he put their heads together, we may be under the shadow of catastrophe."

Selingman sat with folded arms for several moments.

"Count," he said at last, "I appreciate your point of view. You have, I confess, disturbed me. Yet of this young man I have little fear. I did not approach him by any vulgar means. I took, as they say here, the bull by the horns. I appealed to his patriotism."

"To what?" the Count demanded incredulously.

"To his patriotism," Selingman repeated. "I showed him the decadence of his country, decadence visible through all her institutions, through her political tendencies, through her young men of all classes. I convinced him that what the country needed was a bitter tonic, a kind but chastening hand. I convinced him of this, and he believes that he betrays his country for her ultimate good. As I told you before, he has brought me information that is simply invaluable. He has a position and connections that are unique."

The Count drew his chair a little nearer.

"You say that he has done you great service," he said. "Well, you must admit for yourself that the day is too near now for much more to be expected. Could you not somehow guard against his resolution's breaking down at the last moment? Think what it may mean to him—the sound of his national anthem at a critical moment, the clash of arms in the distance, the call of France across the Channel. A week's, even half a week's, extra preparation might make much difference."

Selingman sat for a short time deep in thought. Then he drew out a box of pale-looking German cigars and lit one.

"Count," he announced solemnly, "I take off my hat to you. Leave the matter in my hands."

XXXVI

NORGATE set down the telephone receiver and turned to Anna, who was seated in an easy-chair by his side.

"Selingman is downstairs," he announced. "I rather expected I should see something of him, as I didn't go to the club this afternoon. You won't mind if he comes up?"

"The man is a nuisance," Anna declared with a little grimace. "I was perfectly happy, Francis, sitting here before the open window and looking out at the lights in that cool, violet gulf of darkness. I believe that in another

minute I should have said something absolutely ravishing to you. Then your telephone rings and back one comes to earth again!"

Norgate smiled as he took her hand in his.

"We will get rid of him quickly, dearest," he promised.

There was a knock at the door. Selingman entered, his face wreathed in smiles. He was wearing a long dinner coat and a flowing black tie. He held out both his hands.

"So this is the great news that has kept you away from us!" he exclaimed. "My congratulations, Norgate; you can never say again that the luck has left you. Baroness, may I take advantage of my slight acquaintance to express my sincere wishes for your happiness?"

They wheeled up a chair for him and Norgate produced some cigars. The night was close; but they were on the seventh story, overlooking the river, and a pleasant breeze stole every now and then into the room.

"You are well placed here," Selingman declared. "I too like to be high up."

"These are really just my bachelor rooms," Norgate explained; "but under the circumstances we thought it wiser to wait before we settled down anywhere. Is there any news to-night?"

"There is great news," Selingman announced gravely. "There is news of wonderful import. In a few minutes you will hear the shouting of the boys in the Strand there. You shall hear it first from me. Germany has found herself compelled to declare war against Russia."

They were both speechless. Norgate was carried off his feet. The reality of the thing was stupendous.

"Russia has been mobilizing night and day on the frontiers of East Prussia," Selingman continued; "and Germany has chosen to strike the first blow. Now listen, both of you: I am going to speak in these few minutes to Norgate here very serious words. I take it that in the matters that lie between him and me, you, Baroness, are as one with him?"

"It is so," Norgate replied.

"To be frank, then," Selingman went on, "you, Norgate, during these momentous days have been the most useful of all my helpers here. The information that I have dispatched to Berlin, and which emanated from you, has been more than important: it has been vital. It has been so vital that I have a long dispatch to-night begging me to reaffirm my absolute conviction as to the truth of the information I have forwarded. Let us, for a moment, recapitulate. You remember your interview with Mr. Hebblethwaite on the subject of war?"

"Distinctly," Norgate assented.

"It was your impression," Selingman continued, "gathered from that conversation, that under no possible circumstances would Mr. Hebblethwaite himself, or the Cabinet as a whole, advocate war with Germany in support of France. Is that correct?"

"It is correct," Norgate admitted.

"Nothing has happened to change your opinion?"

"Nothing."

"To proceed, then," Selingman went on; "some little time ago you called upon Mr. Bullen at the House of Commons. You promised a large contribution to the funds of the Irish party, a sum that is to be paid over on the first of next month, on condition that no compromise in the Home Rule question shall be accepted by him, even in case of war. And further that, if England should find herself in a state of war, no Nationalists should volunteer to fight in her ranks. Is this correct?"

"Perfectly," Norgate replied.

"The information was of great interest in Berlin," Selingman pointed out. "They realize there that this means of necessity a civil war."

"Without a doubt."

"You believe," Selingman persisted, "that I did not take an exaggerated or distorted view of the situation, as discussed between you and Mr. Bullen, when I reported that civil war in Ireland was inevitable?"

"It is inevitable," Norgate agreed.

Selingman sat for several moments in portentous silence.

"We are on the threshold of great events," he announced. "The Cabinet opinion in Berlin has been swayed by the two factors we have discussed. It is the wish of Germany, and her policy, to end once for all the Eastern disquiet, to weaken Russia so that she can no longer call herself the champion of the Slav races and uphold their barbarism against our culture. France is to be dealt with only as the ally of Russia. We want little more from her than we have already. But our great desire is that England of necessity, and of her choice, should remain for the present neutral. Her time is to come later. Italy, Germany and Austria can deal with France and Russia to a mathematical certainty. What we desire to avoid is the possibility of unforeseen complications. I leave you to-night and I cable my absolute belief in the statements deduced from your work. You have nothing more to say?"

"Nothing," Norgate replied.

Selingman was apparently relieved. A little later he rose to his feet.

"My young friend," he concluded, "in the near future great rewards will find their way to this country. There is no one who has deserved more than you. There is no one who will profit more. And that reminds me: There was one little question I had to ask. A friend of mine has seen you on your way backward and forward to Camberwell three or four times lately. You lunched the other day with the colonel of one of your lancer regiments. How did you spend your time at Camberwell?"

For a moment Norgate made no reply. The moonlight was shining into the room and Anna had turned out all the lights with the exception of one heavily shaded lamp. Her eyes were shining as she leaned a little forward in her chair.

"Boko again, I suppose," Norgate grunted.

"Certainly Boko," Selingman acknowledged.

"I was in the yeomanry when I was younger," Norgate explained slowly; "and I had some thought of entering the army before I took up diplomacy. Colonel Chalmers is a friend of mine. I have been down to Camberwell to see if I could pick up a little of the new drill."

"For what reason?" Selingman demanded.

"Need I tell you that?" Norgate protested. "Whatever my feeling for England may be at the present moment, however bitterly I may regret the way she has let her opportunities slip, the slovenly political condition of the country, yet I cannot put away from me the fact that I am an Englishman. If trouble should come, even though I may have helped to bring it about, even though I may believe that it is a good thing for the country to have to meet trouble, I should still fight on her side."

"But there will be no war," Selingman reminded him. "You yourself have ascertained that the present Cabinet will decline war at any cost."

"The present government, without a doubt," Norgate assented. "I am thinking of later on, when your first task is over."

Selingman nodded gravely.

"When that day comes," he said, as he rose and took up his hat, "it will not be a war. If your people resist it will be a butchery. It would be better for you to find yourself in one of the Baroness' castles in Austria when that time comes! It is never worth while to draw a sword in a lost cause. I wish you good night, Baroness. I wish you good night, Norgate."

He shook hands with them both firmly. There was still something of reserve in his manner. Norgate rang for his servant to show him out. They took their places once more by the window.

"War!" Norgate murmured, his eyes fixed upon the distant lights.

Anna crept a little nearer to him.

"Francis," she whispered, "that man has made me a little uneasy. Supposing they should discover that you have deceived them before they are obliged to leave the country!"

Norgate laughed reassuringly.

"They will be much too busy," he replied, "to think about me."

Anna's face was still troubled.

"I did not like that man's look," she persisted, "when he asked you what you were doing at Camberwell. Perhaps he still believes that you have told the truth; but he might easily have it in his mind that you know too many of their secrets to be trusted when the great moment comes."

Norgate leaned over and drew her toward him.

"Selingman has gone," he murmured; "and it is only outside that war is throbbing. Dearest, I think that my great moment is now!"

"I Have Just Heard From the War Office That Germany Has Declared War Against Russia"

XXXVII

MR. HEBBLETHWAITE permitted himself a single moment of abstraction. He sat at the head of the table in his own remarkably well-appointed dining room. His guests there were eighteen or twenty of them in all—represented, in a single word, success: success social as well as political. His excellently cooked dinner was being served with faultless precision. His epigrams had never been more pungent. The very distinguished peeress who sat upon his right, and whose name was a household word in the enemy's camp, had listened to him with enchained and sympathetic interest. For a single second he permitted his thoughts to travel back to the humble beginnings of his political career. He had a brief, flashlight recollection of the suburban parlor of his early days, the hard fight, at first for a living, then for some small place in local politics, and then larger and more daring schemes as the boundaries of his ambitions became each year a little farther extended. Beyond him now was only one more step to be taken. The last goal was well within his reach.

The woman at his right recommenced their conversation, which had been for a moment interrupted.

"We were speaking of success," she said. "Success often comes to one covered by the tentacles and parasites of shame, and yet, even in its grosser forms, it has something splendid about it. But success that carries with it no apparent drawback whatever is, of course, the most amazing thing of all. I was reading that wonderful article of Professor Wilson's last month. He quotes you very extensively. His analysis of your character was, in its way, interesting. Directly I had read it, however, I felt that it lacked one thing—simplicity. I made up my mind that the next

(Continued on Page 73)

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 15, 1915

Farmers and Railroads

ASTONISHING arguments are addressed to farmers on the transportation question. Recently, for instance, we saw one urging that freight rates were too high because the capital invested in railroads earns, on an average, a higher return than capital invested in farming. Imagine the author of that argument saying to his banker: "I want to borrow a hundred dollars for sixty days; but I have figured out that the capital invested in my farm earns, after allowing for my labor and the depreciation of tools, only three and an eighth per cent a year; so three and an eighth per cent interest is all I will pay you for the use of your hundred dollars."

You know what the banker would say. Capital invested in agriculture probably does, on the average, yield a low return—partly because the investor generally expects to apply his own labor on the farm and partly because he usually expects the land to increase in value. Capital for railroad bonds cannot be had on those terms.

The fact is, higher rather than lower freight rates may, in given cases, be decidedly to the interest of farmers—especially of those who have perishable products to ship—such as fruit, vegetables, poultry and livestock. They want good service.

If they had to choose between a road that would get their products promptly to market in good condition and one the service of which was slow, uncertain and inefficient, but with freight charges ten per cent below those of the first road, they would take the line that gave them good service in preference to the one that gave a low rate, because deterioration of their products on that line would more than overcome the difference in freight.

That Invasion

THE notion that conquest of the United States by Germany would present about the same difficulties as a police raid on a newsboys' crap game naturally affords an engaging subject for journalistic speculation. Having decided on war, the Kaiser would simply blow up our fleet with submarines, land two hundred thousand veterans on Long Island, send them over to Manhattan by the Subway and sit down in the most convenient *Weinstube* to await ransom and surrender. The only opposition would come from a Broadway policeman, who would forbid the invading host to cross the street until he whistled—and who would be brained on the spot. Paralyzed by that assault on its most formidable symbol of authority, the city would hand over two million billion marks.

If any of these speculations have reached the German War Office it must be overwhelmed with humiliation, because in forty years of anxious military scheming it never happened to think of a feat so easy, safe and profitable. Or possibly the German War Office has other views as to the feasibility of the adventure.

With a fleet theoretically not far inferior to that of England and with military resources nearly equivalent to those of England at his back, Napoleon vainly bent his ambition for many months to getting across twenty miles of salt water to England. If invasion of the United States is so simple, his task was one that an infant in arms might have undertaken. Our only foreign war in more than a century was forced by us on Spain. In over a hundred years no nation has sought a quarrel with the United States, though on more than one occasion we have given a pretty fair opening for a quarrel—notably in the Venezuela affair.

If there existed abroad that readiness to pounce on the United States which weavers of invasion yarns assume, and the pouncing were achievable with such neatness and dispatch, it would be somewhat difficult to account for a hundred years of complete immunity from foreign aggression.

On the other hand, except that there had been a whole generation of bustling preparedness for war in Europe, with constant inciting of international jealousy and suspicion, and with perennial alarms by paper strategists over what this or that foe might do, it would be impossible to account for the present situation on the Continent.

Our own situation, with all its admitted unpreparedness, seems to us decidedly preferable. In spite of that unpreparedness the country undoubtedly holds the comforting assurance that the United States is the last nation which any other nation wants to fight—and fighting anybody at all is not a proposition that now rouses any particular enthusiasm in Europe.

Feeling Better

WE DO not care much about million-share days on the New York Stock Exchange, for they are largely a hothouse product; and, though our great exports are very important, we should not forget that much of them means destruction of the world's wealth instead of that increase of wealth which normal trade connotes. We should not forget, either, that domestic trade, as indicated by bank clearings and railroad receipts, is still only so-so; and domestic trade is finally more important by many hundredfold than foreign trade. The simple fact that normal bank clearings at Kansas City alone exceed our total foreign trade—both exports and imports—gives a line on the difference.

The country, however, is in a much more cheerful frame of mind, and that is the big thing in the business situation. The "bull points" on business are what receive first attention nowadays. People are looking for things to be happy over, whereas nine months ago they were seeking reasons for gloom. Everybody who follows business affairs catches the difference between the uplook and the downlook. Take it in a certain temper and facts from which the business community might otherwise derive comfort are slighted or ignored. In the opposite temper it inclines to focus its eyes on the bright spots.

We are feeling better; so we are better.

The Tax Muddle

JUDGMENT creditors of a Southern county sued for a writ of mandamus requiring the local authorities to assess property in the county for taxation at its full value, as the state law directs. It had been assessed at only half its value; and, as the tax rate was limited by law, the yield was not sufficient to pay the county's debts. But it was shown in the trial that property in other counties of the state was assessed at only half its value; so, if the writ was granted, property owners in that county would be paying twice as much state tax on the same actual value as property owners in other counties paid. The lower court, therefore, denied the writ; but the higher court reversed the judgment.

This is a common condition, growing naturally enough out of the common human desire to lessen taxes. Local assessors undervalue their neighbors' property; but as all of them undervalue it to about the same extent, property owners simply pay three per cent on an assessed valuation of fifty dollars instead of paying one and a half per cent on a true valuation of one hundred dollars. Each of them, however, sees that his assessment is low and fatuously congratulates himself on that, giving the obliging assessor his vote and perhaps a good cigar.

The underassessed community is set down as possessing only half or three-quarters of its true wealth, its credit is correspondingly restricted and nearly everybody finally pays just as much tax as though the assessments were true; but some exceptionally skillful taxdodgers may profit at the expense of their neighbors.

The remedy is to take assessments virtually out of the hands of local authorities, as Wisconsin has done. True assessments, made by a state board that is beyond local influence, are to the benefit of the average taxpayer.

The Jacksonian Ideal

WE TAKE a lawyer, a banker, a newspaper editor, a wholesale merchant, or a civil engineer and contractor. He may or may not have shown notable ability in managing his own affairs. At any rate, he has been known among men for some twenty or thirty years without raising a presumption anywhere that his mental capacity, when applied along the lines of his greatest experience, was miraculous. Competitors of ordinary ability have never feared to meet him on his own ground.

The President hands him a slip of paper, with a pat on the back, and forthwith he becomes endowed with the most remarkable and versatile talents. Without any previous training, study or experience in that line, he is capable of managing, say, the Government's fiscal machinery, with an annual turnover a third as big as the railroads'. He can participate in directing the country's banking system. Under the Shipping Bill he and two other Cabinet members of substantially the same antecedents can launch the Government in the rather complicated merchant-marine business.

If a Cabinet member retires the Government is not in the least embarrassed by the loss of such suddenly acquired and unusual talents. With only a couple of days' consideration it can pick out of civil life some other lawyer, merchant or editor and forthwith vest him with ability and experience to manage the post office, the navy, or any other great executive branch.

Evidently the talents and experience attach to the office—not to the man. It is about as though a railroad provided a handsome desk and chair, with the sign "General Manager" over it, and then picked up the first good, intelligent person who happened to come along to occupy the chair.

Of course this is the Jacksonian ideal—that public business is essentially so simple that one honest, sensible person can do it as well as another; but it is in odd contrast to the anxious search for specialized talent and experience that goes on in every other field of human endeavor.

An Unaccommodating Judge

FOR many years Illinois has said, by formal statute, that no saloon in the state should remain open on Sunday. For as many years Chicago has tacitly willed that saloons in that portion of Illinois under her municipal jurisdiction should remain open seven days in the week. This apparent conflict was settled on the agreeable basis that Frederick the Great adopted. "My subjects and I," he said, "get on finely. They say what they please and I do what I please." And this amiable arrangement was quite satisfactory to nearly everybody.

Illinois had her Sunday-observance statute. Chicago had her Sunday saloons. Occasionally reformers prosecuted individual saloon keepers for violating the state law. Trial juries promptly acquitted the defendants in the teeth of the law and the evidence. Thus, the reformers achieved a satisfying consciousness of having done their duty, while the saloon keepers presumably recouped the expenses of the trial by putting a little more foam in the glass—and everybody was happy.

Nobody surrendered a jot of his principles and nobody gave up a penny of his profits. If you preferred a dry Sunday you could read the statute of the sovereign state. If you preferred a wet one you could drop in at the next corner and order a stein.

Recently the failure of a brewery threw some eighty barrooms into the hands of a Federal judge. He should, of course, have accepted a situation that had worked so agreeably to all concerned for twenty years; but he took the harsh position that a court cannot run saloons on Sunday in defiance of a state law.

Thus, for once in twenty years, by the dual accident of a receivership and an unaccommodating judge, some eighty saloons out of seven thousand in Chicago obeyed the law.

The City Dwelling

ALL of San Francisco is rebuilt except Nob Hill. Blackened ruins still lie up there where the mansions of the local nobility once lorded it over the town. The local nobility has built itself other mansions, but mostly in the country.

If the swell residence district of any great American city should be wiped out by fire, probably it would never be rebuilt—that is, not as a swell residence district. The other day the grandson and heir of one of the richest men in the world rented a flat for his city residence. Other very rich men had preceded him in that residential preference.

As a matter of fact, the contemned flat is the most suitable and sensible of dwelling places in most big American cities. More and more, no doubt, men who have money to indulge their taste in homebuilding will do it in the country, housing themselves in flats when they live in town. Nobody would deliberately choose to live in any city at any time except for certain urban attractions that cannot be transported to the country. Pretty generally the flat gives easier access to the attractions. It is easier to manage and easier to leave.

We expect to see even upper Fifth Avenue housed in beetling structures of Romanesque architecture, with diamond-studded platinum tablets at the street entrances, on which awed tourists in the rubberneck wagon can read the names of the occupants and how many million dollars a year each of them pays for his flat.

THE BUSHER ABROAD

The Indian Ocean, Salome and Bargain Day on the Streets of Cairo

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

on the Ship bord. Jan. 16.

FRIEND AL: Well Al here it is pretty near 3 days since I been out on the porch and its so hot in my birth room and the dinning room that it feels like 1 of these here turkeys baths but a mans got his choise weather you want to get smuthered to deth or go out on the porch and get your head all pecked up by these here Thomas Hawks and just think Al we wont be threw with the indian Ocean where they fly a round at for pretty near a wk. more and may be by that time I will be rosted to deth like a Pnut or some thing but of coarse if it gets to hot I will half to go out on the porch and take a chanct of geting my head pecked up.

Well Al I found out today where wear on our way to and wear going to africa Al and wear do there a bout the last of the mo. but the languige they talk there is harder to lern then japan or china ether I because a hole lot of the words is pretty near like englich only they say them diffrunt and its geting on to how do they say them thats what makes it hard to lern so steve Evans has beggan all ready to lern me how to talk the languige so as I can get a long all right by my self if I hapened to get lost a way from the rest of the party. When you want to say I meaning your self you say Ah and supose you got lost and wanted to say I cant find my way back to the hotel youd say Ah caint fine mah way back to dat ole hotel and if you want to say your lost you say Ahm done lost it and if you want to tell them your hungery you say Boss Ah sho am ravvenashus only of coarse I dont know weather thats how you spell it or not. A mans got to keep saying it over to your self all the wile or your libel to forget what you lerned all ready and when I and Evans is to gather we keep talking it back and 4th. bet. us so as I will have it lerned pretty good and not forget it before we get to africa.

I guess Florrie will think Im a collige school teecher or some thing when I get home and spring all the diffrunt languige on her japan and china and africa and the rest of them that I lern before I get home. But whats the use of makeing a trip like this here if you dont lern some thing and a mans a sucker to go a round the world with your eyes and ears shut like a deef and dum moot. As long is we dont get no money for playing ball on the trip we better try and get some thing and I will try and lern evry thing I can and I bet some of these here collige willy boys that spends there old mans money at yale and Harlem dont lern ½ as much is a man that makes a trip a round the world if you keep your eyes oppen.

Well Al I wisht we was threw with the indian Ocean and out of the way of these here Thomas Hawks so as a man could get some fresh air but wishing wont do no good and a man cant get nothing by wishing and I supose Scott and Benz and them wishs they had my fast 1 but them wishing it wont fool no batters. Wishs is fishs as they say. Well old pal Im going to get my cloths off and lay on the bed and thats a bout the only way you can keep your self from smuthering to deth. Your old pal.

JACK.

on the Ship bord. Jan. 19.

AL: Well old Pal what do you supose wear up against now and wear going to cross acrost the eqater again tommorow and they say its a hole lot worse crosing acrost the way we got to cross it this time then the way we went acrost the other time because we was going south last time and now wear going north and when your going south your going down and the bump is easyer but when you cross acrost it going north you cross it up and its like you was driveing a horse & buggy over a R. R. track and the bump when you hit the rales is harder then when your acrost the track and slide off of the rales on to the ground and crosing the eqater going north is just like going up a step insted of comeing down and the crews of the boat all has to pull on a rope and lift the front end of the boat up so as to raze it up for the step. But some times they dont get the boat razed up at the right time and then theys a awfull bump and peopls libel to get hurt.

If your in your birth room your libel to get throwed against the sealing and get your head smashed or brake a arm and I guess theys a lot of ball players in the league that would be tickeled to deth if I got my old super broke but I aint going to take no chanct to please them and Evans says I better be out on the porch when the bump comes off and hold on to the fence and not crooped up in no birth room where theys a sealing and walls to bump against. So Im going out on the porch Al and take a chanct with them Thomas Hawks because a man better get his head pecked up a little then brake your arm when you got to pitch for a liveing.

Every Little Wile a Gus of Wind Would Blow the Sand in Your Eyes and 1/2 the Time I Didnt Know Was I Pitching to the Plate or Peging to 1st Base

Dutch Schaefer says if I broke my left arm it wouldent do no harm and if I broke my right arm I could lern to pitch with my left arm and be just as good but I aint going to make no left hander out of my self because all as they deppend on is there luck and if I dident have nothing but luck I would quite pitching and drive a dray or write for the news papers.

So I am going to take a chanct with them Hawks Al and if I get my head all sored up I guess the only thing I can do is lay a round til its all O. K. again and any way I cant stay crooped up much longer or Ill be rosted like a chicken or some thing and I havent dast set near a oppen window even on acct of these here Hawks might catch site of me and come in threw the window.

Well Al may be Ill need some of these left handers luck before Im threw but Id rather have my fast ball then all there luck hey Al. Your old pal. JACK.

on the Ship bord. Jan. 21.

FRIEND AL: Well Al here we are safe in sound and the old supers just as good is ever and my head aint no more sored up then a bran new base ball and theys a lot of pitchers that cant brake there curve with a new ball but it dont make no diffrunts to me Al if the balls just out of the rapper or all dirted up the old hook will brake just the same and make Cobb and the rest of them look like a sucker. Only when my arms good you might say I dont need nothing but my fast 1.

Well Al I and all the rest of the boys has been crooped up all this wile for nothing and they wasent no danger at all from them Thomas Hawks only we dident know no better til Mcgraw found it out and what do you think of this here indian Thorp for not telling us when he knowed all the wile only he says he dident know why we was all staying in doors off of the porch but thot we was sea sick or some thing.

Well Al the hole gang of us come out on the porch last night so as we would be O. K. when we crosed acrost the eqater and I wore my base ball cap on under my hat so as my head wouldent be so easy to get at and Bliss and Wingo and Slight and them wore there masts over there head but Evans says that wouldent of did them no good because these here Hawks has got big long bills and can reach clear down threw a catchers mast but it was a light night and pretty near like day light and we looked all over and couldent see no birds over the boat or no wheres else and evry body was wondring where could they of hid them self and finely Mcgraw hapened to say some thing to Thorp a bout it and come to find out Thorp was out on the porch the 1st. day we come in to the indian Ocean and they was a hole flock of these here birds waiting for some body to show up on the porch so they could peck there heads but when they seen Thorp they flide a way from the boat and they hasent been none of them near the boat ever since and Schaefer says its on acct of Thorp being a indian and knows how to handle Thomas Hawks.

Well Al I thot we would laugh our self to deth when we seen what suckers we was and no body thot a bout Thorp being on the Ship bord and of coarse we was O. K. wile he was on the bord and what a rummy we all was Al staying crooped up in doors when we might of been in joying the air.

Evans says Mcgraw should ought to find Thorp a $100.00 dollars fer him not telling us but Mcgraw says Thorp dident never know we was afrade of geting scalloped or he would of told us and the only thing we can do is take it like a joke and to not leave our friends at home lern a bout it or they would laugh them self sick but Im telling you Al because its to good to keep and I aint the man that wont never add mit when you been a sucker.

Well Al we was still laughing and jokeing a bout the Thomas Hawks when larry Doyle seen the capt of the boat and found out we was pretty near the eqater and the capt ast Doyle to get some of the strongist men in the crowd and help pull on the rope up to the front of the boat and lift it up over the eqater so I and Thorp and sam Crawford and Honest Lobert got a hold of the rope a long with some of the crews and dutch Schaefer and the capt of the boat stood up in the front of us and told us when to jerk and when they give us the word we give a pull and the rope must of bust it because I fell over on the porch and the boys all laughed but I guess they knowed it was my strenth that done most of the puling and Al we come up on that eqater just like they was nothing there and not no jar at all and the capt of the boat says it was the smothist hed ever went acrost the eqater and he wisht he could have a bunch of big stropping men like we evry time he has to cross acrost it. Of coarse Lobert aint no giant like I and Thorp and Crawford and Crawford and Thorps both of them smaller then me and I guess I done the puling that counted but as long is the capt thinks the rest of them done it to why let him think so.

Well Al I got to write an other of them pones of mine tonight and spring it tommorow and Schaefer told me a bout it this P. M. and all so a bout us going to land tommorow and be on the land all day only it aint africa where wear going to be but the Salome iland and we been invitted to eat our lunch with sir Thomas Lipton the sailer only he aint no reglar sailer like the crews on the boat but hes a boat racer and of coarse that aint his business but he runs a tea and coffee store in this here town where wear going to stop at on the iland and the towns Columbus only of coarse it aint the same Columbus thats in the american Assn.

I dident know what to write a bout in my pone but Schaefer says to stick some thing in a bout the tea and coffee store and may be he will come acrost and give us some to take a long with us and all so kid him a bout his boat races and Schaefer says he dont never win none of the races but he is O. K. and good naturd and likes to get kid it only of coarse I wont make it to raw.

Well Al I guess your wondring how we got a invatation out here on the Ship bord where they aint no P. O. and I will tell you how we got it Al we got it by a wirelest telegram and they have them on all the boats and they can wire telegrams all over the world and its some thing new and the man that owns it must be makeing a bbl. of money because they soke you good in plenty to wire the telegrams so I guess they aint no danger of me wireing no telegrams to Florrie on 1 of them because it would cost over $50.00 and of coarse I wouldent stop at no $50.00 if I was sick or killed or some thing but I aint a sucker enough to pay no $50.00 and tell her Im feeling grate and how is evry thing and so 4th.

Sir Thomas Liptons place aint far from where wear at and of coarse it dont cost no $50.00 for him to wire us a telegram from Columbus here but it costed him plenty or probily he sent it C. O. D. colleck on Comiskey.

Well Al I guess I better get busy on my little peace of poultry and see can I fix up some thing good but I guess

they aint no dought a bout that if I sit my mind on it hey Al. May be they will be a place at Columbus where I can male you the letters I all ready wrote.

Your old pal. JACK.

on the Ship bord. Jan. 24.

OLD PAL: Well old Pal now wear all threw with the Salome iland and the town where we stopped at Columbus and now wear on the Ray Bean Ocean and wear do in africa in 1 wk. Well Al I dident speak my pone for sir Thomas Lipton on acct of dutch Schaefer forgeting to call on me to speak it wile we was haveing dinner but I had a coppy of it wrote down and I give it to him when he says good by to us on the boat the night before last night and I will coppy it down here so as you can see what I give him.

The White Sox and N. Y. giants
Is makeing a trip a round the world.
Takeing in all the sites
all a round the world.

Wear glad to be in Columbus
For boys your town is a pippun
where they got the big tea and coffee store
Ran by sir Thomas Lipton.

If we had some of his coffee
We could our friends a bout it tell
And tell them how good we liked it
and help him it to sell.

So may be he will give us some
we will half to wait and see
But I hope he will give us coffee
And not no willy boy tea.

If he come acrost with some coffee
we would run his boat a race
With the boat on witch wear rideing on
And leave him win the race.

I read the pone to Schaefer right after Id wrote it and he run a way with it and showed it to Callahan and they both of them says it was grate and then Schaefer forgets his self and dont call on me to talk it off at the dinner and of coarse theys no harm done because I give sir Thomas Lipton a coppy of it but that aint like talking it off and it would of live end up the dinner.

Well Al sir Thomas Liptons a grate old scout and O. K. only he give us some tea and not no coffee to take a long with us and I got 5 lbs. in my sute case and I dont know what to do with it because I dont never drink it or nothing but coffee and may be a glass of beer onct in a grate wile but I never felt better in my life and no fat on me so I guess Callahan cant raze no holler if I want my beer but I guess he knows better then say nothing to me a bout it. Come to think you and Bertha likes tea dont you Al and may be I could send it to you from some wheres and give me what ever do you think its worth or else I would give it to you grant us because I was going to bring you and Bertha a present and as long is you like tea why not give you that and not nothing else.

Well Al Columbus is some town and its just like a side show or some thing and evry bodys trying to get a mans money a way from you with fakes and snake chalmers and so 4th. and some of the boys fell for it and spend a hole lot of there money and dident get nothing for it and I aint no cheap skate Al but will spend my money with the rest of them only I want to know what am I geting for it and not throw it a way like it was dirt and growed on trees and a mans a sucker to fall for all them graffs. A fool with your money and soon loose part of it as they say.

I thot Mcgraw would want I should pitch the ball game on acct of sir Thomas Lipton being there but it was a rotten day and raining and I guess probily Callahan wouldent leave Mcgraw use me on acct of may be I would catch cold or some thing but Mcgraw says he wouldent pitch me because they dident charge nothing to get in and he couldent a ford to be buying me presents for wining for him when they wasent nothing tooken in at the gait but any way they played the game and the giants got beat 4 to 1 and this here Leverenz worked for the White Sox and what chanct was they to beat him the left hand it horse shoes stiff. After the game we ett dinner and come back on the boat and sir Thomas Lipton come on the boat and set with us til it was time for the boat to leave and now wear bounding for africa and theys a bout a wk. for me to practice up on the languige before we get there and by that time I should ought to be able to talk it as good is the natives that was born there.

Your old Pal. JACK.

Sure Enough Al He Come Down to $7.50 and I Thot Evans Would Fall Over

on the Ship bord. Jan. 28.

FRIEND AL: Well Al dutch Schaefer must think Im a rummy and what do you think he was trying to tell me. The Ocean wear on now is name the red Sea and he was trying to tell me it was the place you read a bout in the bibble where moses and them wade it acrost it but they couldent no body wade acrost this Ocean Al because its way over your head and you cant see no bottun and if any body walked threw it they would half to be a bout twict as tall is this here Falkenberg and how he gets by with the stuff hes got is a misery to me. But of coarse if they was twict as tall is him they would be in a sircus or muzzeem or some thing and not fooling a round stumping each other to wade acrost the Ocean. So when Schaefer pulled it on me I says You must think Im ½ Whitted and he says No I dont never flatter no body and I says you better not try and flatter me. If hed of says some thing more to me I would of flattered him out with a punch on the jaw. You know me Al.

But he seen I was in ernest and shut up. That is he quite talking a bout flattering some body and kind a laughed and says I can see your to smart for me to put any thing over on you but I bet you cant tell me why is it they call it the red Sea when it aint no wheres near as red as your neck and I says I dident know and dident care a dam why do they call it the red Sea and they could call it the brown Sea if they had a mind and Schaefer says Yes but they wouldent be no sence in calling it the brown Sea but its all right to call it the red Sea because its the 1 evry bodys read a bout in the bibble and I says Tell that to the fish or some thing and he walked a way from me.

Well Al evry bodys packing there trunk and sute case and geting things to gather because wear pretty near do in africa and this P. M. we come passed mocha where they make the coffee at and I wisht we could of stopped there insted of the Salome iland and may be got some coffee gave to us insted of willy boy tea.

Your pal. JACK.

I Road on a Mule Because There Strong Enough to Carry a Big Stropping Man Like I With Out Getiag Hurt

on the Ship bord. Jan. 31.

AL: Just a note Al so as I can male it in africa and wear going to land there in a little wile and wear all packed up and ready and its lucky wear going to be in africa this time of yr. and not july or 1 of them mos. because Evans says the wild bests has most of them went south for the winter now and we wont be in much danger tho we got to keep our eyes oppen because some of the cold wether anamals like Polo bares and lepers is libel to be a round and if you get clost to 1 of them lepers they dont bite you or nothing but you catch a hold of the disease they got and get all spoted up and you bet I will be on the out look and keep a way from them.

Well Al it come like a supprise a bout us going to land today and we wasent figureing on geting off of the Ship bord til tommorow when we got to port Sad but the capt of the boat says insted of that we would get off of the boat today only they call it disunbark in africa and the place where wear going to land at is Sue S. and that sounds like as if it was a girls name only of coarse its a town and I would of wrote you a long letter only I thot we was going to be on the Ship bord an other day yet so this is just a note.

Yours in Haze.

JACK.

CAIRO. AFRICA.
Feb. 1.

FRIEND AL: Well Al Im seting up late to write this letter and I all ready a dressed a bout a ½ doz. post cards to Florrie and little Al and of coarse little Al cant read them or wont know what the pitchers is on them but I thot may be it would make Florrie laugh to see a post card come a dressed to little Al like he was a man or some thing.

Well Al this was some day and I dont know where to beggin at to tell you a bout it but I guess I better beggin at the begginning as they say. Well we come in to Cairo from Sue S. on the R. R. and then got on the bord of the st. car and road to the Hellopolis Hotel and its some Hotel Al and the dinning rooms so far from the kichen that Doyle says the waiters rides back and 4th. on campbells only of coarse they dont ride the campbells in to the dinning room but tie them out the side.

Well we ett our breakfast and it certunly felt good haveing your breakfast on dry land and not no ruff Ocean water under the Hotel or afrade to go out on the porch on acct of bugs and Thomas Hawks. And I dident see nothing of no Polo bares or lepers and I guess they dont dast hang a round a big town like Cairo. Well Al after we was threw our breakfast some automobiles come for us and took us out to the Pyrmids of Geezer and we seen the Pyrmids and Spinix and there a grate site Al and I wisht you could see them.

The Pyrmids is grate big 3 coroner tumes where peopl was burred in them 4 thousend yrs. a go and Evans says if you could oppen 1 of them up you could get enough skulls to start a hole new league and its a wonder the scouts for the big league clubs dont bust in to these here tumes when there looking for bone insted of a round threw the bush leagues. He was just jokeing because of coarse the dead skelton of a corps couldent play ball but what he ment was that some of these here bush ball players thats picked up dont know no more then a dead corps or some thing and should ought to be driveing a dray the lucky stiffs.

The Spinix is a grate big homily mans head build from concreet and Mcgraw says the only diffrunts bet. the Spinix and some ball players he knowed was that the Spinix dident spring no alley bys and dident have no arm to throw the ball to the wrong place with it. The Spinix is a bout 4 thousend yrs. old to like the Pyrmids and Evans says they aint no reason why I shouldent last 4 thousend yrs. on acct of me being made out of the same matteral and he ment Im hard like a rock and musseled up strong but of coarse I wont live no 4 thousend yrs. or even 10 times that long but will die a round 70 or 80 like evry body else but Im not worring a bout that yet and wont never leave it bother me thinking it a bout it but eat drink and be mary til I die as they say.

Well Al we fooled a round the Pyrmids all A. M. and some of the men and wommen road on them campbells and the boys wanted I should ride on 1 of them but not me Al and I dont believe in crulity to anamals and them big stiffs should ought to be a shamed of them self bareing there wait on a campbell thats all ready got them humps to carry extra and so skinny that you dont see how can

they carry them self led a lone there humps. So I stade off of them and I aint like some of these fellows that pulls a cats tale to hear them holler or picks on some dum best that cant do nothing to you back.

Well after a wile we come back to the Hellopolis Hotel and ett our lunch and then they was the ball game and it was a joke Al. I and Benz done the pitching but they made us play on grounds that was sand up to your neck and evry little wile a Gus of wind would blow the sand in your eyes and ½ the time I dident know was I pitching to the plate or peging to 1st base and the place we pitched from wore down from us standing in it and the last ½ of the game it was like standing in the bottun of a system and trying to pitch and how could a man get any thing on your fast ball. The game come out tie 3 and 3 and Benz was lucky we dident get a doz. runs because you would of had to take a magna fine glass to see the brake in his curve ball and they aint no more brake to his spiter then a 2d base man throwing to 1st base.

He couldent fool little Al with his stuff Al but as I say the grounds was so rotten that they wasent nothing to the game only luck and when its a ? of luck I dont never get nothing but the worst of it. Its just like Mcgraw says after the game he says Jack if you had some of these birds luck you wouldent never have a game tide up on you led a lone loose 1. I says Yes but where can I get a hold of some luck and he says it will come to you if you keep going and then they wont no body beat you. I wisht I could pitch for him all the wile Al insted of Callahan that dont appresiate all I done for him.

I wouldent of been ast to pitch on them rotten grounds only K. Dive the king of africa and all the rest of the roil tease was out to the game and Comiskey and Mcgraw thot they might may be not like it if we held out on them so I went in and done the best I could and of coarse they could pretty near tell from my motion that I aint 1 of these here 4 flushs that should ought to be driveing a landry waggon but I wisht the grounds had of been O. K. and no sand blowing in your eyes and Id of showed them some thing.

Well Al after the game we was interduced to some of the roil tease and Evans says I should ought to try some of my africa languige on them so I says to 1 of them How you all like dat ole game and he says he liked it fine only he says it in plane englich but it shows I got there talk down pretty good when they can under stand it with out no trouble. But when I seen he could talk englich as good is I and you they wasent no use me bothring a bout talking to him in africa so we talked back and 4th in englich and I pulled that gag on him a bout where would a man go to if you broke your nee and the anser is you would go to africa where the nees grow and we joked back and 4th a wile and then we come back to the Hotel and drest for supper and now most of the boys is out site seen and probily throwing there money a way on nothing and I will hold on to mine and when I see some thing worth buying I will buy it and some of them suckers must think dollars grows on trees only it aint dollars and scents over here but plasters.

Well Al I wisht I could of win that 1 today and Mcgraw would half to come threw with an other present and he should ought to give me some thing at that for pitching for him on them rotten grounds and I would of win hands down on a decent grounds but how is a man going to put any thing on the ball when your feets sliping out in under you all the wile and sand in your eyes.

Your pal. JACK.

CAIRO. AFRICA. Feb. 2.

FRIEND AL: Well Al they played an other joke game today and of coarse the giants had all the luck this time on acct of me not pitching and the White Sox got beat 6 to 3 and if the giants had of woke up and got me 6 runs yest. I would of win just as easy is Wiltse did today only of coarse I couldent have no left hand it luck like him. I dident even put a sute on but set and watched the game with some of the africa peopl and I sprung the languige on them and they under stood evry thing I says to them and 1 of them ast me if I come from the south part of the US probily on acct of me haveing black hare and moveing a round slow only I guess theyd see I can get a round fast enough if they seen me bunt 1 and beat it out like I done at Melbourne.

Well Old pal may be you will get a chanct to see for your self some of the stunts we been puling off over here because this A. M. we was out on the dessert and a big bldg. called the musk thats owned by L. A. Baster 1 of the roil tease and we was doing stunts for the moveing pitchers all the A. M. Our pitchers was tooken crosing acrost the dessert on campbells and mules and I road on a mule because there strong enough to carry a big stropping man like I with out geting hurt and no extra humps to lug a round with them. They took pitchers of the wommen to rideing on campbells and its bad enough for the men to be rideing on them but a wommans suposed to be soft hart it and they should ought to be a shamed of them self and I bet you wouldent never catch Florrie puling off stuff like that or I would tell her some thing but some wifes has got there husband Buffalo and dont dare say a word.

Well Al this here musk is a kind of church only they dont have no mass and dont pray to the Sts. or nothing but its a kind of sex like Dowwie in Chicago only the mans name is Mohammed Alley and he rents the musk from L. A. Baster. Evans says the musk coated 2 or 3 million dollars or a bout a hundred 1000 porus plasters in africa money.

The man thats runing the moveing pitchers made us all go in the musk and before they would leave us in they says we would ether half to take our shoes off or ware covvers over them and Schaefer says to me You better take your shoes off because if you put an other layyer on them ft. of yours they wont be no room for no body in the musk a long with you. I says the best thing you can do is shut your mouth or Ill put an other layyer on you and lay you out and he shut up.

Evans says the peopl that bellongs to the sex has to take a bath in the fountun out the side of the musk before they go in so they all do there worse shipping Sat. nights and its a grate site but we wont be here over Sat.

Well Al we went in the musk and we all had covvers on over our shoes and they rent the covvers to you to go in and then when we got in the side Callahan says that it was customery for 3 peopl in evry party to pay there respecks to Mohammed Alley and who would be the 3 because if you dont do it the sex gets sore at you. So Schaefer and Evans says they would be 2 of the 3 and they picked me out for the other 1 and I and Schaefer and Evans had to lay down on our stumick and wave our arms and kick our legs like we was swiming tho they wasent no more water in the musk then a rabbit or some thing but the sex pertends like they was. Hows that for bugs hey Al. Swiming on a stone floor. Callahan says the sex would probily all of them slide head 1st. if they was ball players on acct of them cralling on there stumick so much in the musk but he was jokeing.

Evans found out from 1 of the giuds that the place is usuly full of musk rats only they dont dast come out of there holes when theys strangers a round and there some thing like a mush rat only vissus. How would you like to be 1 of the sex Al and go in there and lay on your stumick and have them musk rats biteing at your bear ft. because the sex all ways takes there shoes and sox off and dont ware no covvers. It would make a man say your prairs all right hey Al.

Well Al we come out of the musk a bout noon and the sun was shinning and Schaefer ast me could I see my shaddow and I says yes of coarse and he says that means wear going to have 6 more wks. of winter because this is the 2 of Feb. and Evans says what do you mean Jack here aint no ground hog and then I seen what Schaefer was geting at so I says Your a hog your self you bum and I might of tooken a crack at him only on acct of the wommen in the party and when he seen he was going to far he shut his mouth. Some of these would be smart alex aint as smart is they think hey Al.

So we come back in the town and they was some time to kill yet before the ball game and I and some of the boys went a round to the diffrunt shops and stores and buzzards and Speaker bought me a cap like the peopl wares a round here and most of the boys in the party is wareing them and they call them a fezz and Speaker says he knowed I wouldent never buy 1 for my self tho I look good with it on and he ment I dont care a bout my looks and aint swelled up like a poison pup like some of these would be lady kilers and if I was most of them I wouldent never look in no looking glass on acct of the glass might brake and some of them blowed there money on sweet perfum and I got a lot of it throwed on me and I smell like Martins green house or some thing and if I had to keep primping my self up and soked in perfum to make a hit with the girls Id lay down and die some wheres, but I guess I wouldent have no trouble makeing the girls look at me if they wasent no such a thing like sweet perfum to douse on you.

Well old pal I might may be write you 1 more letter from here tommorrow but I dont know because theys going to be a party up to the america Council 8 and I got to write 1 of them pones of mine to spring at the party but they wont be no ball game tommorrow but wear libel to be pretty busy because we leave africa the day after tommorrow and I thot of coarse we was going to stay here a wile longer or go to egypt and them other places but no so I will write if I can and if I dont write you will know wear busy. A little more then a mo. now Al and we will be home and I guess Florrie and little A will hate to see the old boy come in that door. Hey Al. Yout pal. JACK.

The Dining Rooms So Far From the Kichen That Doyle Says the Waiters Rides Back and 4th. on Campbells

CAIRO. AFRICA. Feb. 3.

AL: Well Al here I am writeing you an other letter today and I dident know weather I would have time or not and I realy aint got much time but I got some good news and I cant wait til tommorow on the Ship bord but will write to you a bout it now and male the letter before we leave.

Well old Pal it looks like my bad lucks over and I wont have no more bad luck but good luck from now on and thats what Im going to tell you a bout it.

When we was comeing a way from the party this P. M. I and steve Evans was to gather and he says well what have you boughten here in Cairo to take home to the family and I says I havent boughten nothing because I havent saw nothing that was worth a plaster and he says well if you aint boughten nothing for your family what did you buy for your self and I says I dident buy nothing and he says Your a sucker to not buy nothing here where evry

(Continued on Page 77)

THE BLUE TATTOOING

By Kenneth B. Clarke

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

BILL PITT emerged from the cool gloom of the K. C. store into the heat and glare of the deserted street. He clutched in one hand a can of peaches, the beloved air-tights with which the puncher, wearied of regular chuck, celebrates his return to city life.

With the prodding lurch of legs in hair pants he sauntered along the line of warped pine fronts which rear up the notched sky line of Piru, halting at regular intervals to fish from the can one of the dripping, slickery pieces of fruit. He averaged about one peach to each pine front. With each advance hordes of drowsing flies rose before him, circled dizzily and dropped again to the hot plank walk in the rear. His disposal of the last peach and the tilting down of several swallows of the juice coincided with his arrival before King's Saloon and Dance Hall.

Hurling the can in a long arc down the street, he wiped his hands in two strong rubs down the sides of his chaps, and as the empty tin struck the ground it was propelled in a wild, staggering leap by a crash of lead from his gun. Another shot followed, and again the tumbling thing rocketed away in a spurt of dust. Then with a high tenor yell Bill emptied his gun aloft.

While He Was Wondering Why Nothing Happened, It Was Over

The sounds of the shots whacked flatly on the motionless, burnt-out atmosphere. No head craned forth to see. No voice questioned the outbreak. Not even any listening hush was there to follow. Piru—except an unseen dog inhabitant—was wholly unaffected. The dog gave vent to several woeful, whining yelps, possibly stirred to some anguishing memory by the clatter of the bounding can.

It was three o'clock and the first Saturday after pay day. The prevailing peace was incredible. Pitt tipped his hat up behind, and from under the slanted brim viewed the long line of tie rails—vacant, save for his own cayuse, from end to end. Then cocking his hat up in front he spread his elbows, with knuckles on hips, and grinned. The ways of these Southern ranges were often passing strange. Ah, well—if there were no differences, wherein would be the interest of travel? And on the whole this Southern land had smiled on him and with him generously. He would suspend judgment. Enticed by the open doorway at hand Pitt entered, and with a grotesque exaggeration of tiptoeing went over to the bar, where King was laboring heavily with pencil and notebook. He motioned in pantomime toward a bottle and whispered, under a shielding hand:

"How soon'll the boys roll out for breakfast?"

King slid forward the bottle and a glass, making a quick analysis, habitual in his profession, of the stranger within his gates. He noted perfunctorily those certain variances of dress and speech that proclaimed the man as coming from the North; but more particularly he searched the face to establish either insult or mild humor in the question just passed. He found the creases round the eyes honestly acquired—the eyes themselves held nothing back; the lines of the wide, long-lipped mouth bespoke a rugged, overgrown boy's nature, reveling in the feel of a strong man's vigor under leash. The fellow was rife with blithesome vitality. King smiled.

"I reckon them hair pants has got you all het up and prickly. Considerin' the latitude and time of year, you sure run heavy to breeches. Here—give me back that bottle!"

King swept the drinking preparations from before his guest, selected mysteriously a medium-long glass from his small stock of crystal and a jug and two bottles from beneath the bar. Under cover of the counter he poured the three ingredients into the glass in carefully calculated proportions.

"Mixed ones," he said, "ain't served on call—leastways, not here they ain't; but there is occasions when this here drink"—he held it up to the light—"is drank on the house. Piru gets the point of your inquiry." He placed the glass on the bar and motioned toward it with a cigar that he selected for himself. "In the absence of better entertainment—drink hearty!"

After the first swallow Pitt slowly lowered the glass and looked at it with joyful, tender amazement. His brows rose in high arches and he exhaled a long, tremulous breath. His eyes swung in a sidelong glance at King, and the two men smiled at each other a smile of great understanding. Another long swallow was followed by ecstatic writhings of the massive shoulders. When the glass was drained he placed it reverently on the bar, flicked an imaginary fluff from his sleeve, shifted the weight of his gun belt, and eased his neck about within its gaudy scarf; then abruptly he extended a hand to King and smiled again—a smile of silent, marveling approbation.

"Answerin' your question," King resumed—"Piru is a night-bloomin' cereus. She's right apry after dark, present signs notwithstandin'. The boys'll come siftin' in along about sundown."

"That misguided break of mine is withdrew." Pitt was urgently apologetic. "The social action of this town is plumb festive. Cheyenne pullin' a rodeo don't grade up no higher. What—what did you say the name of that drink was?"

"Didn't say. That drink is a century plant; she blossoms once every hundred years or thereabout."

Pitt made motions of counting one hundred on his fingers; then with an air of hopeless dejection he turned away and idly sauntered over to read a sheriff's notice which was tacked beneath one of the wall lamps. The placard expressed the sheriff's need of a man named Jeff Hanchett and his utter indifference regarding the man's state of being when delivered. Followed the customary description of approximate height, weight and age, and sundry generalities regarding color scheme—all of which would fit two of every ten men west of 98°.

On coming within reading range of the notice Bill Pitt's pulse skipped a beat; but not by any outward sign did he express more than casual interest. He read the description slowly, and it was as though he stood looking into a mirror. The height, weight, hair, eyes, and the rest of it, were his to the inch, ounce and shade.

True it was that two men in ten might have seen themselves so reflected; but according to the handbill the man wanted by the sheriff would be known by "a small star tattooed in blue on right forearm, midway between wrist and elbow."

Pitt faced about and met King's eyes fixed full and steadily on him. The meaning of King's intentness was apparent. The eyes offered no challenge and brought no accusation; they sought, however, all that could be learned from watching the stranger's reading of that notice.

"Much of this here bad-man stuff in this town?" asked Pitt when the mutual scrutiny of the men had ebbed.

"Oh, occasional—occasional," King answered indifferently. Then, after a brief silence: "The last local ruckus was some months back. The remains was planted yonder, back of the post office, accordin' to longstandin' expectations."

"Vigilante or regular causes?"

"Regular. He was dropped across that table there under the lamp by a man called Lee—Immediate Lee."

Pitt involuntarily turned to look at the historic table.

"Why for," he asked—"why for is this here Lee's name so sudden?"

King had been toying with a cork as he talked, leaning across the bar on his elbows. To the question about Lee's name he replied by snapping the cork on his thumb at Pitt's chest and simultaneously making the motion of drawing and pointing a gun.

"'Cause he's quick—thataway," he said. "But let me tell you, my friend, somethin' about Immediate Lee," he continued. "He ain't a killer. He don't draw first—not ever. It ain't his way; and, aside from that, he don't have to. And 'cause he don't have to the draw don't get put up to him frequent.

"As you-all seem to be a stranger with an inquirin' turn of mind, I gives you another little tip which it is good sabe to remember: Don't spring no questions concernin' the scars you'll notice on Lee's face—it ain't lucky. Don't even look at 'em too long. He's plumb sensitive about his war marks."

"It appears from the outside like Lee was a sure-'nuff he-one in this camp."

"That's middlin' good guessin', son. He's range boss for the Circle C outfit by profession, and by nature he's got the quickest shootin' hand on any man in the Southwest."

There seemed to be some peculiar significance in the studied introduction of this man Lee into the conversation.

Pitt felt in this, as in the reading of that notice on the wall, that King expected some effect to be produced on him and was watching him intently to detect it. This surveillance, with its indirect note of suspicion, fixed his own misgivings. He looked at King steadily a moment, then said with a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder:

"Pardner, did you notice any resemblance between me and that?"

"Some," answered King, holding the other's eyes.

"Me, too."

After a short pause Pitt tried again.

"Well, judgin' by the evidence, what's your verdict?"

"Goin' by appearances and figurin' the locality you come from, and without havin' a look under your sleeve, I'd say you was him. When you-all come in here you looked like regular folks. I didn't think nothin' till after you had that there sniff of the century plant. You-all looks right straight now. I'm damned if I know. However—it'll go accordin' to how the boys think. My calculation is that the man who done the killin' don't have the nerve to wait round and meet that Circle C outfit to-night."

"You spreads it out about right," Pitt answered after short reflection. "Bein' as I'm playin' a lone hand in Piru, I might as well save my breath to use in runnin' as to tell you I ain't done no killin'; but to-night I sits at that table under that readin' notice and under that there lamp, where them Circle C punchers can take a fair look. I plays my fatal beauty again' the judgment of the herd—but there won't be no sleeve pullin' and lookin' for brands. Your friends will have to tell a man from a coyote without fingerin' the pelt."

Pitt's manner of speaking had been forceful but quiet. It had impressed King favorably. The situation put the stranger wholly on the defensive; and whether innocent or not it would be not unnatural to bear the appearance of guilt.

He had come through this first test with credit, when some impulse led him to say something which in a moment he regretted and gladly would have recalled. It overbalanced his case. He possibly was inspired to give further evidence by King's slightly taunting remark about nerve lacking in the hunted man.

He leaned over toward King and confidently added, tapping the bar with his hand in emphasis:

"And to-night I'll ask your war chief—Lee—how he come by his scars."

"Don't do that, son. Lee don't need no tamin'. He's square folks. And it was askin' that which led to the gent behind the post office bein' dead."

"I said it," Pitt answered brusquely; but at once he wished that he had not said it. "And now," he continued, "if you'll lead me to a bunk I'll take a sleep till evenin', seein' as I didn't camp last night."

Toward five o'clock the several dusty trails leading into Piru smoked with the scuttling approach of riding men. They came singly and in pairs, and each carried somewhere on his person a much-folded bit of paper, which was the last step of a toilsome thirty-day climb toward the crest of a toboggan down which they would go in one glorious, crashing slide in a single night. Nearly all the men stopped first at King's and there exchanged their bits of paper for small heaps of gold and silver—such little heaps for such large hands and open minds to spread over one whole night.

Several of the men were singled out by King for brief conversations in muffled tones. He said something to them that gave rise to mild amazement, much eager interest and a few smiles. These favored ones passed the word to others, until at last practically all but Immediate Lee shared an open secret regarding some impending entertainment. With much curiosity they awaited the reappearance of the stranger.

When Pitt had been shown to his bunk, it was not for sleep. He threw himself on the tousled blankets and stared unseeingly at the bottom boards of the bunk above.

To the risks he should run in carrying out his declared intentions he gave no thought; to the braggart act to which he had witlessly pledged himself, the public taunt to an unoffending man who was square folks, he looked forward with disgust and distress. Doing this thing would leave him without a decent friend in the town, whereas it blunderingly had been his idea to establish by this act added confidence and respect. He muttered to himself:

"I just natchelly butt into this here with my head, like a goat."

Immediate Lee—Lee! Some association of the name Lee suddenly put him back in the thick of squelching mud and the commotion of crowded, bellowing cattle at the Chicago Stockyards. He recalled a time when he had sprung at the stockade fence to avoid the rush of an excited steer; how he had missed his hold and slipped back, and then found a man's hand stretched down toward him, which hauled him to the planking above just in time. He had looked into the man's smiling face and had liked him, and had found himself liked.

They had formed the friendship of many years in the three or four days spent together there before separating and returning to their ranges. Tacitly they had entered into a defensive and offensive alliance on an exploration of discovery into the cañons and caves of the great city. Through that handgrip over the corral fence something had passed from each man to the other—the cohesion of native spirits in a foreign land—and something besides, born of knowledge of men, which had welded a link between them.

That man's name was Lee and he came from the South country—they had called him "Arizona." The remembrance brought Pitt up sitting. He started for King with a question; but, checking the impulse on reconsideration, he dropped back on the blankets and cursed softly.

"Like a damned goat!" he muttered finally.

Later, when the noises from the big room indicated that many men were assembled, Pitt quietly went through to the doorway. He stood back in the dusk, facing it, and looked out among the men to find one that he hoped would not be there. But—he was there.

It was the Lee of the Chicago days; the same tall, slender-hipped man of quiet movement and direct, confident bearing. The same Lee but for one striking difference. Even at the distance between them Pitt noted two tight-drawn seams, scarred deep about the mouth. One could not fail to ponder—even one who was not under contract to ask about it—what manner of thing could have so marred and changed a man's face. Viewed from one side the mouth was quirked into the constant expression of a smile gathered to the point of open laughter; but when the other profile was turned the face appeared as though drawn into grim, embittered sadness.

Lee stood reading a newspaper, with his back toward a lamp behind the bar. From time to time he glanced up to answer the hail of a new arrival or to drawl back some dry, pithy counter to a bit of good-natured banter directed at him from amid the general exchange of sagebrush wit. Pitt stood for some time watching from his cover the man who had given him his hand in time of need and who was to receive from him in the end a blackguardly return. The thought drew the muscles of his face tense and hard, and he grated a clenched fist over the short stubble on his chin.

Supper time came and the crowd in King's thinned down to a scant dozen. Lee spread his paper on the bar and leaned over it, intent on stalking the news from the difficult maze of printed words. It was then that Pitt came forward into the lighted room and unobtrusively made his way to a place beside the reader. Lee half raised his head, conscious of somebody's presence, and continued his reading; but at the end of his paragraph he looked up squarely into the face of the stranger.

"Jeff!" he exclaimed, and his voice came as a choked sort of whisper.

Pitt gave a signal for caution by drooping his eyelids in a quick, wincing frown. Slowly he reached into the dregs of a glass near by and wrote with his moistened finger on the counter top, "B-i-l-l P-i-t-t"; then erased the writing with his sleeve.

The reopening of the friendship was a matter that neither man quite knew how to handle. One was weighted by guilty consciousness of an untoward thing which he must do that night. Strangely enough, however, he was unembarrassed by the fact that this man who knew him rightly by the name of Jeff Hanchett could look across the room and read that name and a true description on the sheriff's notice offering a reward for his capture—either way.

The constraint put on Immediate Lee was the forced inaction of a man caught on a dead center. Repelled by the plainly authentic charges and the circumstantial evidence that condemned Hanchett, and yet, withal, drawn heart and mind almost to the point of faith by the same drag at his affections which had swept him to the man before, he stood and looked his wonder impassively.

Both men became aware at the same time that King was watching them covertly and both shifted uneasily. It was the man with the least reason for it that had the calmest presence of mind.

"I been waitin' to ask could I have next on that paper of yourn, pardner," he said.

"Sure! I'm done with her." And Lee handed over the bedraggled sheet.

As Pitt—that being his name of latest record—moved away to one of the tables King's eyes picked up those of Lee and directed them first to the printed notice under the lamp, then to the figure bending over the newspaper—and then with a significant lift of the brows they asked a question.

Lee half turned to look again at the stranger and stood so several moments, as though considering carefully; then he shook his head gently, shrugged a shoulder ever so slightly, and with a noncommittal toss of his hand went out in search of supper.

When the crowd straggled back into King's for the night's long session Pitt was seated at a table alone and absorbed in a game of solitaire. His was the table nearest the sheriff's placard and directly under the wall lamp.

Strangers in Piru did not ordinarily attract any special attention. Their business was their own; their pleasures were shared, if they so wished, on the impartial footing of old regulars. But this stranger was different. He was "the guy who's goin' to ask Immediate Lee what bit him." He had projected himself into the public consideration by a method calculated to rouse interest and to instill reserve among those who knew Lee.

The man playing solitaire was promptly noted by each man entering the door. His game was played in what seemed to be unconscious abstraction; but in all the room about him there was a feeling that some crouching, soft-footed thing watched and waited. The men exchanged glances, and for a while their talk and hilarity bore a subtle note of secret anticipation. It was Lee's coming that at last roused Pitt from his lone game.

"Here's your paper, pardner." He riffled the cards two or three times and then asked casually: "Can't we start a little stud or somethin'?"

Here was the same cool audacity which in those days of rampage at Chicago had led them into strange, wild mischief—and out of it. Here was the same boyish look of upright, fearless candor; and again that undefined tug of the spirit worked its effect on Lee. He drew out a chair opposite Pitt and sat down.

A game of draw was soon going, three others sitting in with the easy lack of ceremony that was the custom in such games. These three, with the possible exception of Prod Martin, of the Bayliss outfit, seemed to suggest by their play some understanding that the real action of the evening lay across the table, between Lee and Pitt.

Martin drank steadily and now and again showed signs of being disputatious in a surly way; but the others generally dropped their hands when both Pitt and Lee stayed. After several repetitions Lee noticed that they did this. He wondered why and eyed them suspiciously.

The men were taking an abnormal interest in a simple game of draw poker. Grouped about the table of the five players they waited also. They wove in and out to the bar and desultory talk passed back and forth; but there was in the air a feeling of hushed suspense which soon made Lee uncomfortable. He looked about him and questioned the blank faces of the watchers. He noted that they stood on each side and left clear the spaces behind his chair and Pitt's. And he wondered at that. He became unduly annoyed by the snarling bickerings of the whisky-heated Martin and he commenced to lose steadily by overbetting his hands. Tensely alert to the strained, unusual proceedings, convinced that they concerned him particularly, he groped in the dark for their meaning.

Bill Pitt played his game like a veteran. He smiled easily over his winnings, but he had smiled just as readily while losing. His was the only manner wholly pleasant, wholly unaffected and general in its intercourse. This was not the swaggering loud-mouth the men had looked for. King, attending to the bar business while keeping one eye on the play across the room, was stirred at last to silent amazement, in which was mingled some degree of admiration.

Stockings would bulge and crease, too, if they were buttoned up like gaiters.

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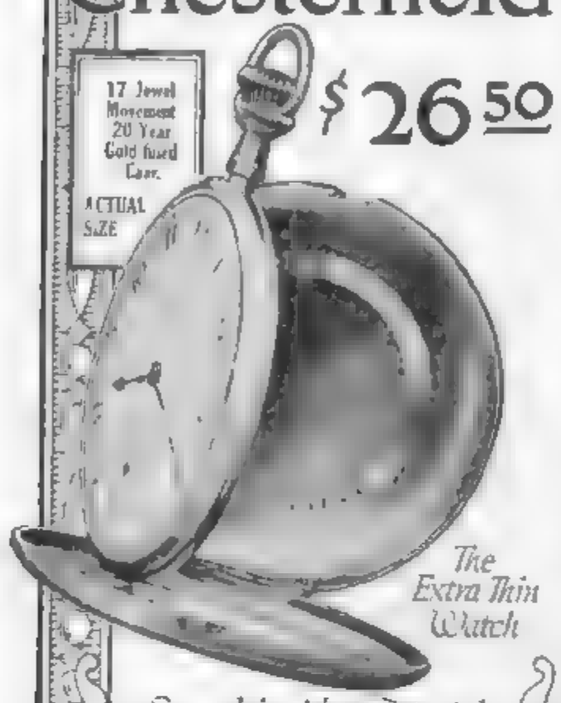

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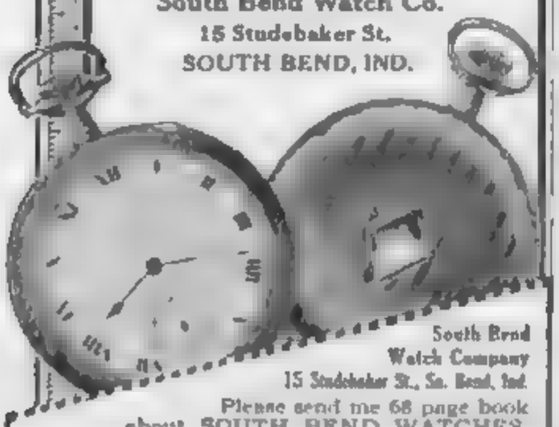

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"And," he pondered, "they ain't one of 'em has mixed him with that sheriff's sign yet!"

But just then Prod Martin lost to Pitt all but a remnant of his stack, and lost, also, what little temper remained to him. He snatched up his next hand without removing his look of hatred from Pitt. Then after a glance at his cards he picked up the last of his pile and slammed it down on the center of the table.

"I bet the lot again' a look fer blue tattooin' on yer right arm!" And he thrust a face of evil cunning across at Pitt.

The other players laid their cards down and pushed back their chairs in sudden astonishment. Dead silence fell on the room. The quicker wits soon perceived the allusion, and one by one the men's faces turned to the notice under the lamp and then back to an intent scrutiny of the stranger. A quick gleam of new intelligence was passed about. King stood motionless in the act of uncorking a bottle.

For neither too long nor too short a time Pitt returned Martin's red, leering gaze with a look of placid, puzzled inquiry; then suddenly his jaws corded. He pointed to the card on the wall and his voice cracked the silence.

"Meaning that?" he asked. "All right—I see you." Then pushing a pile of his own into the center of the table he added: "And I bets these again' some hell-fired pressin' business needin' you outside—sudden!"

As Pitt picked up his cards Martin laid down pairs of eights and queens, and said with a confident rock of the head:

"Let's see 'em!"

Pitt lightly tossed his cards forward, with three sixes on top.

"You lose!" he said. "Move out!"

Martin's high color turned to a blacker tone. He looked at the stranger to weigh the chances for further argument, but found none. The two men rose together and Pitt remained standing in a lithe, ready posture until the other slunk into the patch of cool night framed by the open door.

"All right—so far," muttered King, once more turning to his bottles.

Martin's drunken thrust, however, had started some sharp thinking; the description surely fitted and, after all, there might be a small blue star under that sleeve.

Enough concentrated observation to sear the flesh was turned on Pitt, but he resumed his seat with the air of dismissing a passing annoyance. If the spot was there, and this the mettle of the man, the promised clash with Lee probably would exceed all expectations.

The game went on four-handed, though it hardly could be said that Lee was playing. He felt with increasing irritation the furtive presence of that other game, in which he played a hand blindfolded; and his mind divided its attention unequally. Whatever it was they were waiting for might be but the springing of another of Jeff's little humorous deadfalls, were it not for the fact that Jeff himself sat within a trap of death—a trap which already had been sprung once and had barely missed. Besides, there was no twinkle of anticipated amusement about the men—just quiet, masked alertness.

Pitt, also, began to feel the strain. He knew the men knew what was coming and were waiting for it; whatever their belief regarding his identity, that matter would await the disposal of the other. There was little hope that the idling audience would thin out. A show had been promised and they were paying admission in time lost from other pursuits. Pitt glowered at them resentfully.

Presently a man seated in a chair tilted against the wall flung his arms wide and yawned loudly and significantly. Pitt caught the point and the crowd grinned.

Several hands were played with waning interest. Twice Pitt gathered himself to launch the pent-up words. Twice he looked at Lee, dropped his head and threw down a betting hand unnoticed. But the third attempt carried. His voice was clear and firm.

"You sure have a misleadin' face for poker, pardner." He paused a bit, then finished: "How come you to get them scars?"

The silence that followed was like the stillness of the desert at night—intense because of the loudness of little inconsequential sounds. A spur jingled here, a chair grated there, and up through the hush welled the quiet fury of a strong man shaken by his one weakness.

Immediate Lee was standing, drawing his gauntlets back and forth through clenched fingers.

"So—that was it!" he said; and in a flash he swung the leather fingers of his gloves across Pitt's mouth in a sharp blow that cut the lips and drew a trickle of blood.

Pitt winced under the sting of it, but he had raised no warding guard. He held his gaze straight into Lee's eyes without anger—without even resentment. For the first time he dropped the disguise of strangeness and gave way to that old feeling of inordinate attachment which had been reawakened. His look was an assurance, a retraction and a sign—all in quick succession.

Lee's capacity for faith already had been overtaxed and he was not in haste to accept conciliation. His mind worked quickly enough, but his decision came reluctantly. However, when it did come it was final and complete. For the benefit of those who watched, his face kept its hostility; but to Jeff, his friend, who had flagged him the sign of distress, he flashed an answering spark.

The code demanded of Pitt one thing more, however. He had been struck in the mouth with a glove. His hand went deliberately to his side and came up grasping his gun.

He counted on Lee's quickness to save him at the pinch and to put reality into the play. While he was wondering why nothing happened, it was over.

Lee's shot came simultaneously with a slight lurch of his shoulder. Pitt's gun dropped and his arm felt as though it had been blasted off at the elbow. Blood dripped from his tingling fingers, and his thought was that better aim and less speed would have served as well; for his hope had been to have the gun shot from his hand. But as he looked down he saw with sudden appreciation of Lee's purpose that the right forearm, midway between wrist and elbow, was plowed across with a deep obliterating furrow. He could have laughed aloud.

The sound of the single shot, followed by unusual silence, caught the attention of the sheriff as he was passing King's. He shouldered through the crowd and reached the center of it in time to hear Pitt addressing the men ringed about him:

"Now you wolves has had your smell of blood! The show is done. I made a raw bust with my mouth and it was a fool mistake. I got what was comin'—only I got it light. Now if you gents will quit us I'll eat my crow private with your quick-shootin' pard."

"It's all right, Ed!" Immediate Lee called to the sheriff. "The fire's out!" With a quick step he moved his tall bulk between Pitt and the officer.

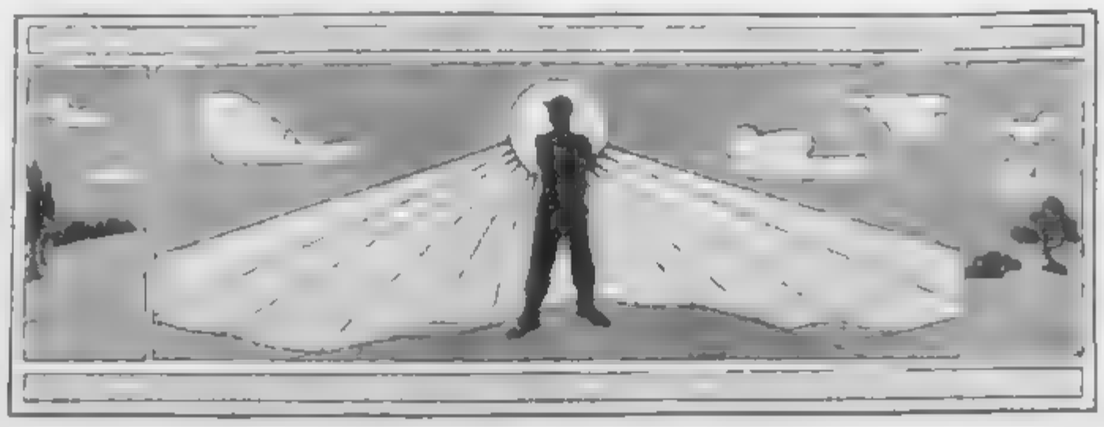
Pitt stripped back his sleeve and held out his arm to Lee, who was folding his scarf for a bandage.

Two or three heads curiously bent over to look at the bared arm before Lee tied it up and took Pitt away to find the doc. One of the Circle C men asked of another on the way to the dance room:

"What do you think?"

The other answered:

"I don't think nothin'; and, anyhow, Lee has went and tore up the evidence."



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Look at our values at $25

You will find what real economy means in clothes when you see the $25 suits we make; but don't buy them until you find our label; it's a small thing to look for, a big thing to find.

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The demand for Nashua Blankets is so enormous that we can't keep up with it. People want them because they are warm and strong—at ⅓ the price of wool blankets. Though all cotton, they have a soft, deep, permanent nap that isn't spoiled by washing. And their remarkable strength prevents their tearing out as do many inexpensive blankets.

Nashua Blankets are obtainable in all sizes, weights and colors, plaids or plain with borders, at leading shops. If you want to see the soft, rich quality of Nashua Blankets, *we'll send you a Blanket—Doll Size*—on receipt of 15c. It will give some little girl great pleasure.

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For Any Size Bed PURE COTTON $1.75 to $3.50 a pair retail

As we cannot be sure of supplying the demand for Nashua Woolnap Blankets

We Urge Merchants to Order Early

In spite of the fact that we have made a large increase in our manufacturing facilities this year, we are not sure of being able to satisfy the increasing demand. For we added to our production last year and the year before. Yet both seasons the same complaint reached us—inability to secure an adequate stock.

Therefore, we urge you merchants to order early, as the only sure means of securing an adequate supply. If you do not know where to secure Nashua Blankets, we shall be glad to refer you to wholesalers handling them. If they are not Nashua Blankets they are not Woolnap Blankets. Be sure they bear this label.

To show you what large attention our advertising is securing, during the single month of December, 1914, we received 31,530 inquires, each enclosing 15c for a doll blanket. This advertising is to be continued next Fall.

We gladly supply merchants direct with newspaper electros and other attractive advertising helps.

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New York Office, 62 Worth Street

Sole Distributors of famous "Indian Head" Cloth

SPY METHODS IN EUROPE

(Continued from Page 5)

Things are not going too badly; next year, perhaps, we may be able to increase your share of the profits a little.

You will understand we are very anxious to do so.

But write more often, giving us fuller news of yourself.

You are wrong in distrusting Uncle Charles; he is a very good man, whom you can trust implicitly.

At present we are all well here; as usual, we have had a very hard winter, but we got through it somehow.

My husband and the children join with me in embracing you, as do also Charles, Charlotte and Frederick.

Translated, this letter means:

I inclose your salary for the past month. We find your reports satisfactory. If you continue your work in this manner I think that at the next inspection you will receive an increase in salary. You are advised to make your reports more elaborate and at closer intervals. You are wrong in your impression about Charles; he is, in fact, one of our agents. You must bear in mind that the Chief of the Department is very exacting; however, we got through the last inspection without any serious difficulty. You are directed to maintain relations with our three correspondents, Charles, Charlotte and Frederick.

This form of letter, however, is an exception. As a rule, all instructions were given by the middle-aged women employed by the Secret Service, and the post was resorted to only for the transmission of salaries.

The inquiry naturally arises: What benefit does the German War Office derive from this vast system of espionage commensurate with the cost and labor necessary to maintain it?

The maintenance of thousands of fixed posts in France, with their corps of minor secret agents, runs into something like four million dollars a year. Information of vital importance must be obtained from these sources to justify such expenditures.

One or two recent cases will give some idea of the use Germany has made of these fixed posts.

The Government of France maintains a war college at Saint-Cyr, something like our institution at West Point. In spite of German efficiency, usually in advance of everybody, this college at Saint-Cyr is the greatest military institution in the world. General Joffre stepped out of this college to lead the armies of France.

In this college, under the direction of Joffre and others, all the tactical moves in a probable war with Germany have been for a long time the subject of lectures and instruction. The plans of fortifications, of mobilization and of defensive action against Germany have been the main subject for consideration in this military school. One can see how great a gain it would be to the German War Office to know precisely what plans are discussed at Saint-Cyr.

Tutoring Spies for a War College

In order to obtain this information for the headquarters at Berlin, secret agents in France resorted to a device of the greatest cunning.

They investigated very carefully the domestic affairs of every young French officer coming out of this institution. Finally they determined on one, a man of a first family of France, but whose father was involved in debt to the amount of some two hundred thousand francs.

This lieutenant, very shortly after taking his place on the staff of a prominent general, was approached one evening by an old gentleman wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honor and having every appearance of a person of wealth and distinction.

This gentleman presented to the lieutenant two letters of introduction from two men who were in the same class with the lieutenant at Saint-Cyr. He said they were old friends of his family, and that on their suggestion he had taken the liberty to present himself.

He explained that he had two sons and a nephew, all of whom would be eligible for admission to the war college within two years, and that he wished to engage a private tutor for them, so there might be no doubt of their admission.

The lieutenant replied that it was not possible for him to undertake such a commission. On account of special attention that he had given strategic subjects the general wished him to lecture to the associate officers. The old gentleman said that, if the whole matter were laid before the general, he felt certain the lieutenant would be released in order to undertake the tutorship of his two sons and nephew.

With great courtesy and in the most delicate manner he made it known that he was advised of the financial position of the lieutenant's father. He explained that he was very rich; that he had an income of at least five hundred thousand francs a year; and that, so anxious was he to have the young men enter the war college, he would very gladly undertake to liquidate the debts of the lieutenant's father in consideration of his services as tutor.

He added that he was aware the lieutenant would not undertake to give lessons like a tutor hired at the Sorbonne. The work would be, in fact, in the interest of France, since it would be fitting officers for her service. And, money meaning so little and this service so much, he felt that he ought to be permitted to discharge the debts of the family in return for the conspicuous kindness.

An Old Soldier With a New Trick

So plausible and persuasive was this distinguished gentleman wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honor that he finally induced the lieutenant to go with this proposition to his general. The general was a man of consideration and heart. When the whole matter was laid before him he consented to the plan. Thus it happened that for two years prior to the great German advance on the second of August, three spies, posing as possible future cadets in the war college at Saint-Cyr, were tutored in the strategic secrets of France.

The German War Office wished to know in advance of hostilities the strength and personnel of a certain garrison along the frontier. It had a fixed agent at this post. He was in the position of proprietor of a café; but, in spite of every effort, this clever agent was unable to do more than establish himself on friendly terms with a lieutenant of armament.

This officer was a careless person, indolent, and not enamored of a life of discipline; but he was true to his country and incorruptible along any line the fixed agent could discover. It was, therefore, necessary for the German War Office to resort to one of its admirable stratagems.

One afternoon the proprietor of the café introduced the lieutenant to a retired French soldier. This person was a man of some age, decorated with a military medal. The weather was bad; he had several hours to remain in the town and he suggested a game of piquet. The lieutenant was idling in the wine room and accepted the invitation. The retired soldier was not a good card player and the lieutenant won. Wine was ordered and the two came presently into a genial mood. Conversation moved round to the subject of how little one's pay is in the army.

The old soldier knew a great deal about this. He brought out his military certificate showing his twelve years' service in Algeria as a sergeant, spoke of the mention he had had in dispatches, of his wounds, and of the medal he had earned.

He said things were not so bad with him; he had his pension and the business in which he was engaged was fairly good. He traveled for a house that supplied soldiers with underclothing, socks, shirts, woolens, and the like. He said the commission allowed him was large; but he found it difficult to obtain an introduction to the men and officers in the garrison because his house was not so well established as the one usually supplying soldiers.

He then began to give illustrations of different prices. The lieutenant, who was familiar with the subject, presently saw that the garrison could be equipped for a very much smaller sum for each soldier than it was paying under the present system.

He expressed his surprise, and the traveler explained that this was not only the case, but also there was a very large commission. He offered to divide this commission with the lieutenant if he would enable him to get an introduction to the officers and men in the garrison. The result was that the lieutenant obtained for the traveling

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In a variety of tub-tested woven fabrics. Sleeveless and half sleeves; three-quarter and knee lengths. For men, $1.00 and up; for boys, 50c and up.

Look for the retailers who sell Wilson Bros. Underwear. They desire to give the greatest value for your money.

Other furnishings bearing the Wilson Bro's mark of quality include Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, Pajamas, Nightshirts, etc., each line measuring up to the exceptional standard which this house has ever maintained.

If your dealer does not carry them, write us and we will tell you how to get them.

Wilson Bro's—Chicago

Look for this Label

For Thorough Sanitation Refrigerators Need

salesman a list of all the officers of the regiment and their addresses, including foremen, overseers, head workmen—and, in fact, all the employees of the arsenal. In addition to this he gave him a warm letter of recommendation to the officers, speaking of the retired soldier as his brother-in-law.

Armed with this list and a letter of introduction the traveling salesman sold his goods on credit broadcast through the garrison. He went everywhere about it as a relative of the armament lieutenant. As a former noncommissioned officer of the French army, and decorated with a military medal, he had the entrée to the officers and the consideration of everybody.

The goods were never delivered; and an inquiry developed the fact that the commercial traveler's papers, medal and certificate had all been manufactured in Berlin. Meantime, however, the German War Office had on file in Berlin quite as accurate data of the garrison as the French authorities possessed in Paris.

These two cases give the methods by which the German Secret Service, with the aid of fixed posts in France, were able to obtain information along two lines, the value of which, in the war which broke out shortly afterward, simply could not be estimated.

The light thrown by these two incidents explains the confidence with which the great German Army began its march through Luxemburg and Belgium into France, and the assurance with which they prepared to meet the French defensive operations.

The Germans knew what General Joffre and the leading corps commanders had been teaching in the war college at Saint-Cyr. They knew, then, precisely what the French strategic intentions were in the event of a German invasion; what the general orders for French mobilization would be; where French divisions would be massed; and at what points they might expect general engagements. All this they had gotten by the methods indicated in the first incident.

The Achievements of Mlle. Lisson

By the methods indicated in the second incident they knew the equipment of the garrisons, the strength and location of guns, and all details. Thus, they were able in advance to take every step necessary to enable them to reduce these garrisons swiftly, and to have heavy artillery at the necessary points.

The method by which they obtained French naval secrets is illustrated in the case of Lieutenant Ullmo, who was tried at Toulon.

Ullmo was in charge of the war craft Carabine. He was a young man of the class constantly singled out by the German fixed agents in France—that is to say, he was what one may define best by the term "an easy-going person." He was an intelligent man of promise; but he was indolent and given over to a life of pleasure. It happened, therefore, that he fell into the clutches of a foreign spy at Toulon—Mlle. Lisson.

This spy, as shown in the proceedings of the French trial, seemed to be a creature of the melodrama. What she accomplished appears entirely incredible.

Not only was she able to gain a complete dominance over Ullmo, but in two years she obtained from him and squandered seventy-two thousand francs—the entire fortune he had inherited from his sisters. After that she drew the man into the use of drugs and practically set up an opium rendezvous in his house.

When his fortune was spent and his moral nature sufficiently debased, she induced him to undertake a sale of French naval secrets to the German authorities. She pointed out to him that, as his superior was absent on leave, it would be quite easy for him to get possession of the secret documents to which, as commanding officer, he would have access; and that he would be able to sell copies of these important papers to the Germans for a very large sum.

She caused him to insert a notice in a journal that would be brought to the attention of the agent of foreign affairs. This notice was an offer to sell certain "merchandise" for nine hundred and fifty thousand francs, and was addressed by "Pierre" to "Paul." It concluded with a request for a meeting to discuss the affair. This published notice was the ruin of Ullmo.

The French authorities happened to notice it. There came a response, published in the same journal, and finally a place of meeting was determined on. When Ullmo

Try this on your family

You'll find it makes a hit.

And a *lasting* hit, too. In fact you'll be surprised at the *staying* qualities of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It tones and strengthens the appetite. It nourishes the body. And it is good either for a dainty dinner-course or as a light meal in itself; because you can prepare it as light or as hearty as you choose.

Try it on your tired bread-winners when they come home fagged out with the day's work. Try it on your hungry youngsters and *yourself* for the midday meal—instead of a heavy meat meal that calls for a roasting fire.

Perhaps you know how good it is from past experience. But try it again *today*, and see if it doesn't taste better than ever.

21 kinds **10c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Don't Pass By Josh Slinger's Ten Dollars

Alert and debonair, Josh Slinger brandishes HIRES before your eyes at all soda fountains. You have doubtless seen him, playing with drought. Many people have found his line of talk as refreshing as the drink he serves, and have suggested new bits of jargon. Many of these have been so chock-full of the Josh Slinger spirit that the Charles E. Hires Co., makers of

Hires

Sold at fountains and in bottles at grocers', fruit stands, etc.

have decided to let the public have a hand in making Josh Slinger famous. They will, therefore, pay $10 each for the forty examples of Josh Slinger philosophy—sayings that, in the judgment of a disinterested committee, best fit the character and fit the drink.

Make a pilgrimage to Josh Slinger's nearest headquarters and read the cards on which he talks for publication. Here are some of them: "Thirsts gently suffocated by the HIRES System. 5 cents per 'suff.'" "Want a cool wave? Say HIRES and I'll make it blow up cold."

Then, under the inspiration of a glass of HIRES, dash off a few battle cries of your own against this archenemy, thirst. Can you think of an easier way of staking a claim on $10? The owner of the shop will tell you there is no red tape to bother with and will give you all the necessary information. In case HIRES is not sold near you, write for more information, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

If you know HIRES, you love it for its good taste. If you like milk drinks, ask for a milk shake or malted milk with HIRES for flavor. It's great.

To Dispensers of Soft Drinks

There is a big plum in this for you. In case you haven't learned the details of the plan from our salesmen, write us for information about this and HIRES 1915 special details.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES CO., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

went to this place of meeting he was arrested and the whole thing came out. He was tried, and was condemned to military degradation and imprisonment for life.

This fixed system enabled the German War Office to keep a card index of all the important military officials in France.

This list not only includes officers of rank, but it particularly includes a minute report of all military officers whose private affairs are in any sense involved. The corruption of Bazaine, at Metz, left Germany under the impression that French officers were not always beyond approach.

Thus, a particular report was required on fifty of the graduates each year from the war college of Saint-Cyr, these fifty being selected from men who came out with the highest grades.

When a report is sent in to the district inspector from a fixed post it is forwarded to the chancellor of police charged with the supervision of that district. He sends it to the Director-General of Police, who adds the information it contains to the personal card of the French official on whom the report is made.

This personal card is then sent to army headquarters, where it is classified and filed in its proper place among the names of the officials of the regiment or army corps to which the person belongs in France.

When this card reaches army headquarters at Berlin it ceases to be mentioned by name, and is thereafter indicated by a registered number, under which the first report furnished by the Secret Service was classified. From that time on, all information with respect to this person is sent in under the registered number.

It is the duty of the fixed agent who has charge of this case to keep this personal card posted up to date, so that at any hour the German War Office may have before it a complete report on any French officer or official it has under consideration.

In this manner it is able to follow not only every officer in active service, but also all first-class graduates from the war college, and to keep informed on all works, reconstructions of forts and barracks, and every new military undertaking by the French Government.

The counter-espionage undertaken by France was maintained with some success when confined to French territory. When it endeavored to extend its observations to German soil the thing failed.

The great difficulty was that the close German espionage in France enabled the Secret Service at Berlin to know in advance the efforts at counter-espionage attempted by the French War Office.

This was conspicuously demonstrated in the endeavor of the French Admiralty to obtain maps of certain parts of the German coast—especially of Helgoland, Cuxhaven, Bremerhaven, Kiel, Borkum, the mouth of the Eider and the Kiel Canal.

When Spies Thwart Spies

Two naval officers belonging to the headquarters staff were selected for this work. The greatest secrecy was maintained. The men, disguised as civilians, were to hire a yacht and undertake what seemed to be merely a pleasure cruise in the North Sea. The latter part of August was selected; and the two naval officers, after having made the most careful endeavors to hide their identity and the intent of their mission, set out on this cruise. When they arrived at Kiel they were promptly arrested by the German police and turned over to the Supreme Court at Leipsic for trial.

Though they had not carried out all the things they were directed to undertake, nevertheless the indictment against them charged them with having accomplished precisely what they were directed to accomplish by the French Admiralty. The two things were nearly parallel in terms.

The two officers were amazed to discover that not only were they known, but every detail of their undertaking was known, even to the fact that the officer Delguet had personally visited Germany in 1892 with the intention of making a plan of a coast fortification. The men were, of course, convicted and sentenced to four and six years' detention in a German fortress.

The extraordinary thing about this affair is that the whole plan of the adventure was laid before the German Secret Service before the two men left France.

This was brought out conclusively at the trial, and it demonstrated the amazing efficiency of the fixed agent established in France by the German Secret Service. It also demonstrated the celerity of the traveling agent and the rapidity with which information was assembled for the use of the German War Office.

It may be added here, as further evidence of the efficiency of this extraordinary fixed post system, that, after the French Government had taken every precaution in selecting a rifle to be used by its armies and guarding the secret of its construction, the very first rifle turned out of the factory at St.-Étienne was delivered to the German War Office.

The counter-espionage of the Triple Entente against Germany has not been generally successful. Each one of the countries in this alliance maintained its counter-system and exerted itself to the limit of its powers to spy on the German people. The intention and effort of the Triple Entente were precisely the same as the intention of the German Empire, but the methods of the Entente were less efficient and their espionage was not the equal of the German system.

A further instance of how effectively the German Secret Service is able to bring counter-espionage to nothing will be illustrative of the whole method.

A French captain undertook to visit Berlin before the war opened on a mission of this counter-espionage. He had a brother who was an engineer attached to the Department of Railroads. As an officer of the French Army he would naturally be under surveillance in Germany; so he conceived the idea of obtaining a passport in the name of his brother, the engineer. Armed with this he took a through train from Paris to Berlin.

The Danger of Being Too Gallant

On his arrival in the German capital he went at once to the best hotel. After dinner, as he came out of the dining room he met a young woman in evening dress who seemed to be in the greatest distress. She was quite evidently not only a respectable young person but also of family and distinction. To a man of the experience of the French captain these facts were established by every appearance.

Gallantly, and with the perfect manners of a Parisian officer, he inquired whether he could be of any service to the young woman.

She explained that by some mistake her family, who had been dining with her, had returned home, and that she did not know how she should be able to get from the hotel to the house.

This helplessness, so unlikely in America, is precisely what one might expect in a young girl of Continental training, left behind by inadvertence.

The French captain naturally offered any service he could render, and as a result he got a carriage and took the young girl to her home. It was some distance away and in the most pretentious part of Berlin. The adventure occupied scarcely more than an hour.

When he returned to the hotel he was met by a gentleman who spoke to him with great courtesy and asked him to step into a private salon. When they were alone the gentleman explained to the French captain that he was the Commissioner of Police. The French captain replied with courtesy and presented his passport. The Commissioner of Police merely smiled.

"It is useless to attempt to deceive me, monsieur," he said; "this is your brother's passport, though it contains your photograph."

Then swiftly he named the regiment and station of the French captain, the year in which he went through the war college, every position he had held since he came out, precisely where he was stationed at different dates—and every detail of his life, almost to the hour he set foot in Berlin.

As he spoke he took from his pocket a handkerchief that bore the initials of the captain, and also his identity certificate as an officer of the French Army.

"This evidence," he said, "we have just taken from the false bottom of your portmanteau while you were so courteously engaged in restoring one of our agents to the bosom of her family. I have ordered your portmanteau brought down from your room, and I will do myself the honor of seeing you on the train that leaves Berlin within the hour.

"We have thoughtfully engaged a first-class compartment for you."

Author's Note—See the cases assembled in France by Paul Lanoir.

Come Sup With Us

One Supper Free
With Every Breakfast This Week

Our Annual 10 Meal Treat

Again we make this offer, to introduce to your home the ideal summer supper, the best-liked dairy dish.

The offer is this: Buy from your grocer a package of Puffed Rice, to serve for breakfast with cream and sugar or mixed with any fruit.

Take this coupon with you. Your grocer will give you for it, at our cost, a 12-cent package of Puffed Wheat. Serve that as a supper or luncheon dish, floating in bowls of milk.

That means ten breakfasts and ten suppers, all for 15 cents. The suppers are our treat.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

Bubbles of Whole Wheat

Compare Puffed Wheat with bread or crackers, served in bowls of milk. Here are toasted kernels of whole wheat puffed to eight times normal size. They are crisper than crackers—four times as porous as bread.

The morsels are airy and flaky and thin. They crush at a touch of the teeth. They have a fascinating flavor, much like toasted nuts. And they supply the whole-wheat nutriment in the daintiest form that's known.

Nothing else that you serve in milk compares in taste or form or fitness with Puffed Wheat.

What Steam Explosion Does

Then Puffed Grains are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods. The process creates in every grain a hundred million steam explosions. Every food granule is blasted to pieces so digestion can easily act. No other process does that.

So, besides their enticements, there are other reasons for Puffed Grains. In this form every atom feeds, and there is no tax on digestion. When these grains are served between meals or at bedtime they should always be served in this way.

Here's a 12¢ Coupon

We want you to know the wider uses of Puffed Grains. They are not mere breakfast cereals, not mere dainties to be mixed with fruit. They are superlative foods, the best-cooked foods in existence. There are daily uses in every home where nothing else serves as well.

To let folks know this we are making this offer to millions of homes this week, and we urge you to accept it.

Buy from your grocer for 15 cents a package of Puffed Rice. Then we will buy a package of Puffed Wheat. Present this coupon and you'll get them both. You pay for one, we for the other. Do this so your folks may know all the delights of Puffed Grains. Cut out the coupon now.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(805

SIGN AND PRESENT TO YOUR GROCER 103 WR

Good in United States or Canada Only

This Certifies that I, this day, bought one package of Puffed Rice, and my grocer included free with it one package of Puffed Wheat.

Name

To the Grocer

We will remit you 12 cents for this coupon when mailed to us, properly signed by the customer, with your assurance that the stated terms were complied with.
THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY
Chicago

Address

Dated *1915.*

This coupon not good if presented after June 25, 1915. Grocers must send all redeemed coupons to us by July 1.

NOTE: No family is entitled to present more than one coupon. If your grocer should be out of either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, hold the coupon until he gets new stock. As every jobber is well supplied, he can get more stock very quickly.

12-Cent Coupon Good Only When Puffed Rice is Purchased

Goodyear Laminated Tubes
These many thin layers of pure rubber are vulcanized
together into one solid, extra-heavy tube.

This Inner Tube Can't Leak

It Outlasts Any Tire

We make for Goodyear tire users a heavy Laminated Tube. It has helped us much in making Goodyear tires the most popular tires in the world.

Many a tire trouble is due to a leaky Tube. Our Tube construction, plus our extra thickness, makes inherent leaks impossible. And it gives a Tube which, by countless records, outwears any tire.

Now we invite users of rival tires to test this super-tube. That's a certain way, in our estimation, to win you to Goodyear Tires.

Built in Many Layers

Instead of making—by machinery—a solid rubber Tube, we roll the pure rubber into very thin sheets.

The reason is this: In thick rubber, flaws and foreign matter often go undetected. A consequent weakness may go clear through. In thin sheets, the slightest flaw shows up in inspection and is eliminated.

Goodyear Laminated Tubes are made by wrapping layer on layer of these thin, perfect sheets. Then we vulcanize these layers into a solid rubber Tube.

To prevent leaking in the valve patch we make it part of the Tube. Our valve patch is not stuck on.

Made Extra-Thick

For extra wear and protection we give you extra thickness. This is one of our extremes. This year, to our smaller tubes, we added 12½ per cent. To our larger tubes we added 16⅔ per cent—all pure rubber.

That's an average addition of 14 per cent, to Tubes already famous for thickness and endurance.

Prices Reduced 20 Per Cent

On February 1st we reduced our Tube prices by 20 per cent. Lower rubber and mammoth production made possible this saving, despite our added weight.

Now Goodyear Laminated Tubes, built as we describe, cost practically the same as others.

Get these Tubes, whatever tire you use. Let them reveal the Goodyear standards to you. Then remember that Goodyear Fortified Tires embody those standards too. They also have costly and exclusive features, which are bettered every year. And their prices have been thrice reduced—a total of 45 per cent—in two years.

Any dealer will supply you Goodyear Tires or Tubes.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

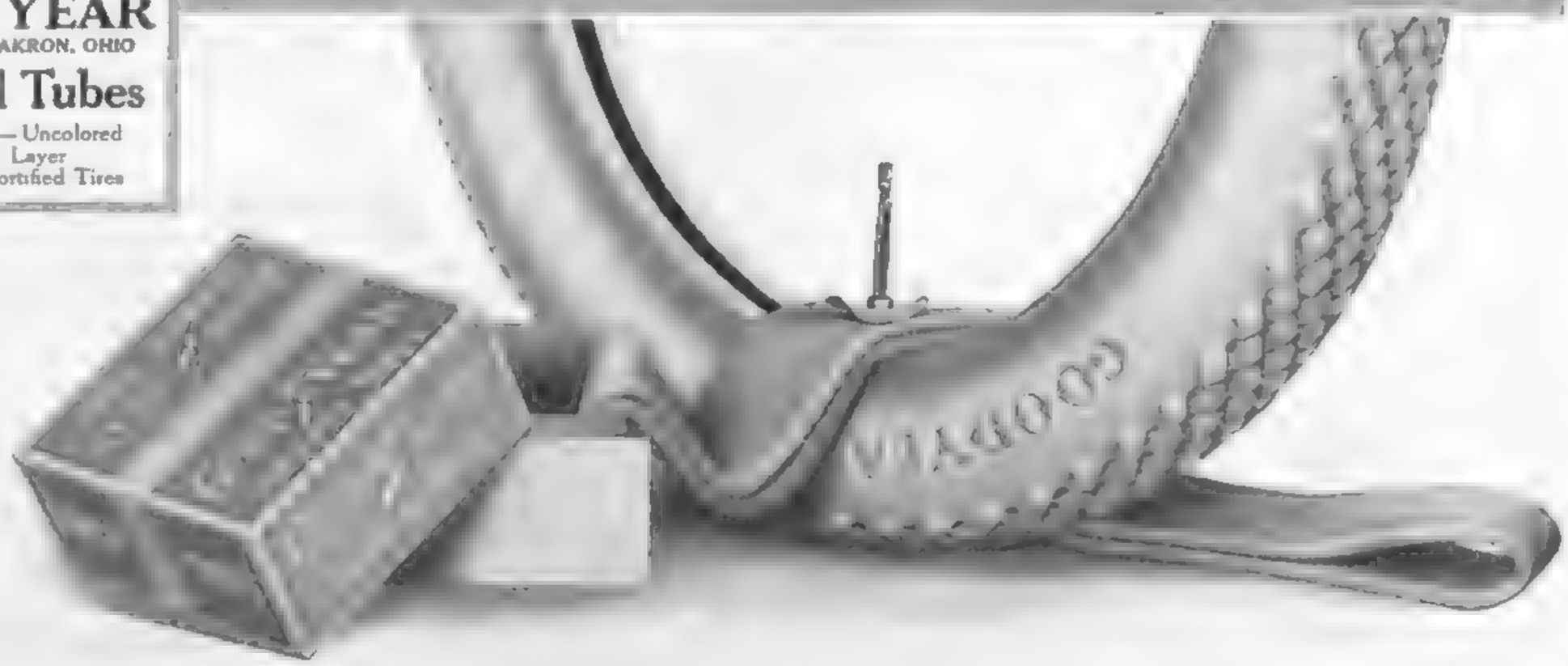
GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

Laminated Tubes

Extra Heavy Tubes—Uncolored
Built Layer on Layer
By the Makers of Fortified Tires

Always Gray

Goodyear Laminated Tubes are gray, the color of pure rubber. We find that friction heat—a tube's worst enemy—is much reduced by omitting foreign ingredients.



OUT-OF-DOORS

Your Summer Encampment

IN OUR schoolboy lyceum days we were accustomed to discuss a momentous question—*Resolved:* That the pleasures of Anticipation surpass those of Realization. The ayes had it—or ought to have had it. It was wasted time to discuss such a cinch.

Look back over the realizations of your own life and stack them up against the fond dreams you once had about what you thought your life was going to be, and you are mighty apt to conclude that anticipation has realization backed off the boards when it comes to solid comfort. The real fun in life consists in dreaming of things we want to do. The most interesting reading in the world is that which tells us about ourselves as we should like to be, or about things we should like to do, or about how to get things we want.

For my own part, I always thought the wholly impractical pages of a sporting-goods catalogue were, in the light of a true philosophy, the finest reading in the world. In that literature lies the anticipation of true happiness—and the ayes always have it.

It does not make the slightest difference in the world whether you and Friend Wife and the kids ever really have that summer vacation together. The important thing is that you shall long for it and plan for it. Should you by any chance realize a part of your plans, you will not in the least have discounted the keener delight of making the plans themselves. Any sportsman knows this.

I should not like to say how many foreign lands I have seen in my own dreams. What splendid trophies have fallen to my prowess—in my dreams! Thus, in a wholly simple and inexpensive fashion I have visited the wildest regions of Africa, Asia and Australia, besides the more prosaic regions of my own land. I have slain lions, tigers, and I know not what—in my dreams, just as you have in yours. I recall even that especially have I enjoyed the slaying of that capital trophy of all sportsmen, *Ovis poli*, the great mountain sheep of Tibet. It was done in my dreams. Who can tell whether or not dreams come true? And what is the difference whether they do or not?

As you plan for your summer encampment you may visualize a hotel, a cottage, a tent, a shack or a log camp. Any of these will do handsomely; but no doubt you will enjoy most some sort of transient habitation all your own, which you have devised, which you have built, and where you have had guests of your own, rather than lived as a guest in surroundings shared by many others.

In general, then, plan to make your own house, your own camp. You can be entirely comfortable—you and all the family—in that way. Indeed, that is the only real way to go on a wilderness vacation—have a home of your own and run it as your own.

The tent, as used for a family encampment, may very well be large and commodious. You may buy tents into which you can put floors and side walls, windows and screen doors, if you like. Tents come so large that you can rig up a gasoline stove inside and cook all sorts of things in defiance of all sorts of weather. For instance, each summer you may find quite a colony of campers living in such tents as these on some vacant property facing Lake Michigan, far south of Chicago.

Changing Fashions in Camp Beds

This colony annually spends some months in a wholly carefree and practical fashion. Some of the campers rent their own houses to others and forsake city life altogether for the camp through almost six months of the year, going to business daily precisely as though they lived at home. Some of these tents have telephones, ice boxes and other inconveniences of civilization.

As the families of the colony are all good friends there is community bathing, community canoeing and a community camp fire at night; in fact, most of the families of this particular colony are members of the American Canoe Association, and they know how to camp out. What they can do in healthful, inexpensive summer life you also can do, if you like, in any of a thousand localities in this big country.

In tents like these you can have real cots or real beds. We need not say more about how to keep out mosquitoes; but the camp bed is something regarding which study is never ended. Every camper learns something about camp beds on each trip he makes into the open.

For a permanent encampment it is well enough to have a good tick filled with something soft—anything soft the country affords. Some persons like to sleep on a cot, though I never saw one that was really comfortable. If a cot is feasible at all it is in the summertime. The real camp bed is something you can roll up in a bundle and tie with a rope.

The air mattress is a good summer bed if you like air mattresses. Some do not fancy them at any season, but others insist that they solve the whole bed problem. I have seen a boy make a very good bed mattress out of two or three canoe cushions of the inflatable type. It was a trifle narrow, but the boy himself was narrow.

Blankets? Yes, and plenty; because it gets cold in the woods, especially in damp weather—even in the summertime. It is pretty difficult to get a real man-size camp bed down to less than ten or twelve pounds in weight. You may make a good light bed out of a down quilt or two, faced with a light lamb's-wool blanket, the whole covered with a silkaline waterproof cover, fastened along the edges with snap buttons.

You are no good as an outdoor man until you have invented a camp bed all your own. Perhaps you are a sleeping-bag devotee. Ephraim is wedded to his idols, and this deponent is already sufficiently disliked for his detestation of all sleeping bags.

Just the other day this deponent made a discovery in blankets. It happened in a big paper mill in the pine-woods country. The blankets were not made of paper, but of wool, and the very best of wool.

Blankets I Have Dreamed Of

In the manufacture of paper the thin film of pulp is carried up out of the vats on a continuous traveling blanket band, several feet in width and perhaps one or two hundred feet in length. This band is made of wool—all wool, and the very best of wool. If there is a fiber of cotton in it the paper pulp will stick and break the fabric that is in process of making. Here you can see a blanket seven or eight feet wide and one hundred and fifty feet long—the very kind of blanket, perhaps, you have dreamed about when shivering in some cold winter camp. This is the very best wool blanket that money can buy. When these blankets begin to get old and stiff they are taken out and sent to the fulling mills. Here they are washed clean and fulled out light and fluffy once more.

After this treatment they make as good blankets as you can buy for money in any part of the world. They are cut into suitable lengths, bound, and offered for sale at fifty cents a pound—less than half of what you usually pay for rough blankets, and less than a quarter of what you would pay for blankets of fine lamb's wool, which is sometimes taken from lambs that apparently have been running in cotton fields, where some of the cotton jarred off.

Having in mind one more camp bed for private consumption, I accumulated from the paper mill mentioned above two heavy blankets, almost like rugs in thickness, and five pairs of soft, fleecy lamb's-wool blankets, as soft as down. Alas! A friend secured a part of these; and on my arrival home Madam fell on all the others, saying their like could not be bought in town; and so sequestered them for her own private use. Ah, well! I will go back to that mill some day and get me a good camp bed yet.

How about the cooking that is to go on in your summer camp? How are you going to make bread? There are two good ways—the Dutch oven and the reflecting oven. You can get the latter in aluminum and you will find it very practical for making biscuits in front of the fire.

For real bread, precisely such as Grandmother used to make in the fireplace, you may turn to the good old-fashioned Dutch oven in cast iron. It is so heavy that the outfitters offer you substitutes in sheet

"I know exactly the kitchen I want"

Every woman has an ideal workshop in mind. Sometimes it requires a little carpentering to make things more convenient, but in most cases it merely means a more cheerful room.

If you, madam, have a kitchen in your mind that you haven't realized because of the bogy "Cost," let us tell you about

ACME QUALITY
Paints and Finishes

These are the highest quality paints, enamels, stains and varnishes that you can buy. They are ready for use. There is an Acme Quality Finish for every surface. They are easy to use and produce the finest results.

Acme Quality White Enamel will make the woodwork of your kitchen a beautiful, glistening white. It is wonderful for chairs, ice boxes, china closets, tables and so forth. Acme Quality Linoleum Varnish will make your kitchen floor shine like new. Acme Quality Varno-Lac is for floors and woodwork where a stained and varnished finish is desired.

Write for our books, "Home Decorating" and "Acme Quality Painting Guide." They are full of paint facts and tell you exactly what you want to know about quantity, how it should be applied, brushes, etc. Write for them today. We will send them free of cost, together with the name of the nearest Acme dealer.

Have an "Acme Quality Shelf"

Keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces. Acme Black Iron Enamel for ranges, stovepipes and other metal or wood surface. These will cover many of the "touching up" jobs. Put up in containers of ¼ pint and up with friction top, replaceable covers which are easy to open and close and keep the contents in usable condition.

Acme White Lead & Color Works
DEPT. Q
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis, St Louis, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Toledo, Nashville, Birmingham, Fort Worth, Dallas, Topeka, Lincoln, Salt Lake City, Spokane, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego

J-M Auto Clock

Guaranteed 8-day movement in dust-proof case with winding and setting keys and attaching screws concealed. Flush or dash mounting, **$5.00.**

J-M (Mezger) Soot-Proof Spark Plug

Delivers a big, fat, hot spark with absolute regularity. Won't short-circuit, leak or break down. Sizes for all motors. Price 75c.

Carter Carburetor

Will reduce your fuel bills at least 10% and increase your engine's power, speed and flexibility. The last word in carburetor efficiency.

$5

LONG HORN

Model "J"

See it—
Sound it—
Ask about its Guarantee

GO to the Long Horn dealer and say, "Show me Model 'J' Long Horn."

Note its handsome design and finish. Think how well it would look on *your* car.

Listen to its powerful, penetrating warning that gets the right of way so easily in crowded traffic or on the open road.

Consider, too, the *economy* of this horn, which requires no current to operate, whose first cost is the only cost. And then—

Ask the dealer about its guarantee. He will answer you as follows:

"If any part of this horn at *any* time proves defective, Johns-Manville absolutely guarantees the purchaser a *new* horn."

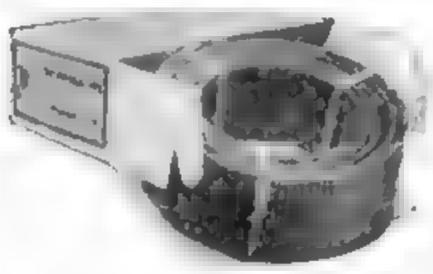
If you want a horn at all, you will want a Long Horn.

See the Long Horn dealer today. Booklet on request.

One Firm One Service
One Guarantee
back of every J-M Automobile Accessory

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

J-M NON-BURN
BRAKE LINING



Economy Commends It
Safety Demands It

FOR economy as well as safety, insist that your brakes be lined with genuine J-M Non-Burn Brake Lining.

J-M Non-Burn has the gripping power essential to the fullest measure of safety and the long-wearing quality necessary to the fullest measure of service.

It is honest brake lining backed by a long experience in the manufacture of brake linings for heavy industrial machinery, where the requirements are infinitely more severe.

And the fact that it has successfully met these requirements is the best assurance that it can and will meet yours.

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steel or aluminum. Take your pick. If you are a beginner you will probably do better with the folding reflector. In this you may see the biscuits begin to burn. In the other sort you do not know they have been burned until you take off the lid.

Learn how to make bread before you go into camp. The bannock is but a makeshift. Take some corn meal along, also, and some whole-wheat flour. You will find these wholesome in camp as well as at home. Do not forget the dried apricots and prunes, because you will need some sort of fruit in camp.

True, in the summertime you cannot legally shoot any game; but there are few camping places where you cannot catch some kind of fish that is good to eat. Some like fish fried in bacon fat, and others say that olive oil is the only thing. There are cans of other compounds put up for frying purposes.

Do not forget the double broiler, which folds together, with a clip on the two handles. Fish are mighty good broiled if you cook them over a small, hot fire of coals and cook them thoroughly, without burning. A little charring on the edges will not hurt them.

Some of your comfort will depend on your clothing. We generally wear our old clothing in camp, and especially is this the practice with women. A great deal is to be said, however, in favor of clothing made purposely for camp wear. You might blow yourself for a khaki skirt for Friend Wife. You yourself know how desirable it is to have loose, easy, yet well-fitting garments in camp.

Each of the family should have a sweater and some sort of raincoat. There is nearly always a certain chill round camp at night. It is difficult to get a woman to wear clothing enough in camp; and, as a result, she is apt to feel a little underdone round a camp at night. Beside the camp fire she should have a sweater and something warm and dry for footwear. Moccasins are best, except that, even in the dew, they are easily wet through.

It is not a bad plan for a woman to have a pair of rubbers or overshoes somewhere in the kit bag. You cannot be comfortable if your feet are cold; and they will be cold if they are damp after you quit work. A hot-water bottle is an excellent thing to have in camp. If the weather is very damp and the tent cold sometimes a big hot rock will take off the chill.

The Snakes I Have Never Met

The grocery department ought not to be conducted too much on a catch-as-catch-can basis. Most camp diseases come from badly cooked food. Have your flour, bacon, tea, coffee and sugar just as good in camp as at home. Do not eat underdone fish or vegetables. Do not burden yourself with useless things, but let the table be good and varied if your stay in camp is to be long. Be sure you have good, pure water. A camp near a spring is desirable if the spring is pure. If you are near cold water you can keep the butter tins or jars in good condition.

As to medicine, you do not need to be so careful. A box of pills and a bottle of cholera mixture will about fill that bill. Lime water and linseed oil will cure sunburn if you are particular. Potassium permanganate, injected, will cure snakebite. I never carried a hypodermic syringe into camp in my life and have never known a case of snakebite; but if you are very nervous carry along the outfit. Your dealer will supply it.

As to fire water, they now say it never did cure a snakebite. Just as well to leave that at home in the corner saloon and try cutting it out for a couple of months in camp. As a matter of fact you will not miss it in camp, for the exercise and the oxygen will help your circulation far better than alcohol.

The finest thing in all camping-out plans is your own personal possible bag. It holds your own toilet articles in one of its pockets. You will want to shave and bathe in camp as regularly as at home. In other pockets of your possible bag there may be a spare fishhook or so, and some bachelor's buttons that clamp on, and a piece of whetstone, and a little rolled-up housewife, with needle and thread, and a pair of blunt-pointed scissors.

Every outdoor man has some obsession of his own. My own is that there should always be needles and thread in camp. This dates back to an early experience. Once, when rather young, I was out on a

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Western ranch and while using a drawing knife managed to cut open my kneecap clear across and to the bone.

There was no doctor near; so that night I borrowed a large needle and some stout black patent thread and sewed up the cut with a beautiful buttonhole stitch, comprising, I should say, some fifty-odd stitches in all. A surgeon would have been much more economical of his thread, but I knew nothing of surgery at the time. This buttonhole stitch held very well for about a week or ten days, when one day, while out hunting on a rather stiff leg, I fell down and burst open the entire seam.

That night I borrowed the needle and the black patent thread once more; and, beginning a little farther back from the edges, I put in a yet more elaborate buttonhole fastening, which has held to this day. Since my first look at the open cartilage of my kneecap I have never felt like going into camp without plenty of needles and patent thread.

If you can get all or part of an old bucktail, showing the light and dark hairs, put it into your possible bag. When all other baits lack, perhaps you can make one out of this. A dab of wax and a little thread from your spool will help you. Sometimes a little spool of copper wire is useful in the bag. Your piece of whetstone should be of carborundum, which cuts steel most quickly.

Then you will have your waterproof match box in the possible bag. In the pocket of your coat, fastened by the same thong that carries your dog whistle, you might as well have a good compass. Perhaps you can get hold of a dozen or so of the big torch matches, such as travelers in the Far North use—a giant match, which will burn in the rain or even in the water. This is mighty good for starting a fire when your fingers are numb.

A couple of shirts are sufficient for quite a season in camp. Perhaps Friend Wife will insist on white collars—at least once a week—and will not be content with flannelette shirt waists all the time. You may do washing in the camp, just as at home. Be more prodigal in stockings. Have these of heavy wool and plenty of them. If your trousers or overalls are too long, cut the bottoms off and stick the amputated legs in your stockings. Knee breeches are really more comfortable, but some do not like to use them.

This clothing will go into your own pack bag, into which you will put your possible bag of smaller belongings. Have plenty of pockets in the carryall bag. Have a wall pocket to pin up in the tent. Have a clothesline along the ridgepole of the tent. You may make coat hangers in camp if you like—indeed, you may make a lot of things in camp.

What You Will Need in Camp

If you have weak eyes take along a pair of colored glasses in your coat pocket. Large lenses of amber glass are best. In another pocket you should carry a little tube of mosquito dope if you think you need it. A paste made of castor oil and oil of lavender, done up in a squeeze-tube, is about as good as any contrivance—especially for a woman. Ammonia will take out the sting; but liquids are awkward to carry.

Cutlery? Your own hunting knife, of course! And let us hope the blade is short. The guard on the blade is now passé—the handle will slip down into the scabbard better if there is no guard. Let the knife scabbard hang loosely on your belt—especially if you ride. Have on your saddle or your belt, if you go alone into the woods, a pound ax of real steel and with a real handle. You may need it.

Camp furniture? The question of folding cots, tables and chairs is one of transportation. If you expect to be some time in camp, and have your family with you, it is nice to have a regular table, fashioned on the spot. There are usually stumps or logs or boxes which will do for seats. If you have one of the five-gallon oil cases—a square tin—you can do almost anything with it in camp or make almost anything out of it, from a washtub to a storehouse. You may buy a folding water pail, made of canvas or rubber. The Indians make one out of the stomach of a deer.

When you come to pack your camp belongings do not let any unit of your outfit run much over fifty pounds. Have handles on every package. Make them so that they can be checked, packed or carried.

The amount of duffel you are to take depends much on the kind of camp you are to have. Perhaps there are unmarried young ladies in your family. If so, mamma will have to keep an eye to a camp pitched somewhere near a resort or other locality infested by youth of the opposite sex. That means a certain amount of flannel skirts, blazers, soft hats, and so on, not to mention shoes, gloves and other belongings. Yet even these things may be accommodated in camp. In short, your camp may very nearly resemble your home if you so determine.

To-day a camera is something that belongs in your summer encampment almost as much as your tent or fishing rod. Perhaps you have an expensive one and are fond of telling your friends that the lens alone cost you over seventy-five dollars. In that case you will have to learn how to shoot your camera as you had to learn how to shoot a chokebored shotgun. The fine lenses require care in focusing.

On a late trip into a remote wilderness country, when we had a fine photographic equipment, there was a plain, commercial, foolproof camera which cost less than twenty-five dollars, lens and all, which brought home the bacon.

The High Cost of Not Camping

Of late years the movies have gone into the wilderness for scenes; and you are now shown for five or ten cents the secrets of the arctic or tropic wilderness. Most of this is professional or semiprofessional work, but the time is not distant when amateur moving-picture outfits will be offered at reasonable rates. I have never heard of such a thing, but I offer the tip to manufacturers free of charge. There will be a market. And think of the films such outfits will use!

Suppose we depart from anticipation and look at the realization credits of the camping-out proposition. Why should you go camping at all, except for pleasure? There are excellent additional reasons. It is the best business in the world for you to camp out—and still better business for you to see that your neighbor camps out. This statement is entirely susceptible of proof.

The cure for tuberculosis is outdoor air and pure food. Rational and well-conducted camp life is the only thing that can help a man so afflicted. The great civilized troubles are those of the lungs and the stomach. These are easily set right out-of-doors.

One state of the Union spent sixty-four million dollars year before last on people who did not camp out sufficiently. Each death in that state cost—for postponement, not for prevention—three thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight dollars. That was the cost of fighting tuberculosis in each lost fight. It did not cover the industrial loss to the community inflicted by the death of the patient. And all that was necessary to save any one of those patients would have been to send him into the open air and into a good camp!

In one year the United States spent three million two hundred thousand hospital dollars on people who did not camp out enough. The Civil War killed more than two hundred thousand men in four years. In four years tuberculosis kills eight hundred thousand!

Preventable death, preventable disease, preventable ignorance of how to live and work—these are the real wastes, the unspeakably enormous wastes of our civilized life. Now that waste, that cost of life and effort, and that inefficiency of the unit are things which raise the cost and labor of life for every one of us. Somebody has to pay for the people who do not camp out!

Certainly the inefficiency charge against civilization is an enormous thing. Much of that inefficiency is preventable. Much of it is preventable in only one way, and that way is by a life in the open air, with good food and a rested body and mind.

As to the realization side of the debate, therefore, quite a showing may be made as against the pleasures of anticipation. Perhaps you do not feel as though you and the family could afford to camp out this summer—that it would cost too much to take the kids out where they can roll in the dirt and paddle in the water. Very well, perhaps you cannot afford it. The one certain thing is that you and I cannot afford to have Jones stay at home.

Viewed as citizens, viewed as units in society, Jones and his family ought to camp out. When they do not, you and I have to foot the bill; and perhaps it is a bill more exorbitant than you and I have ever realized. The case for the camp seems very plain—at least so far as Jones is concerned.

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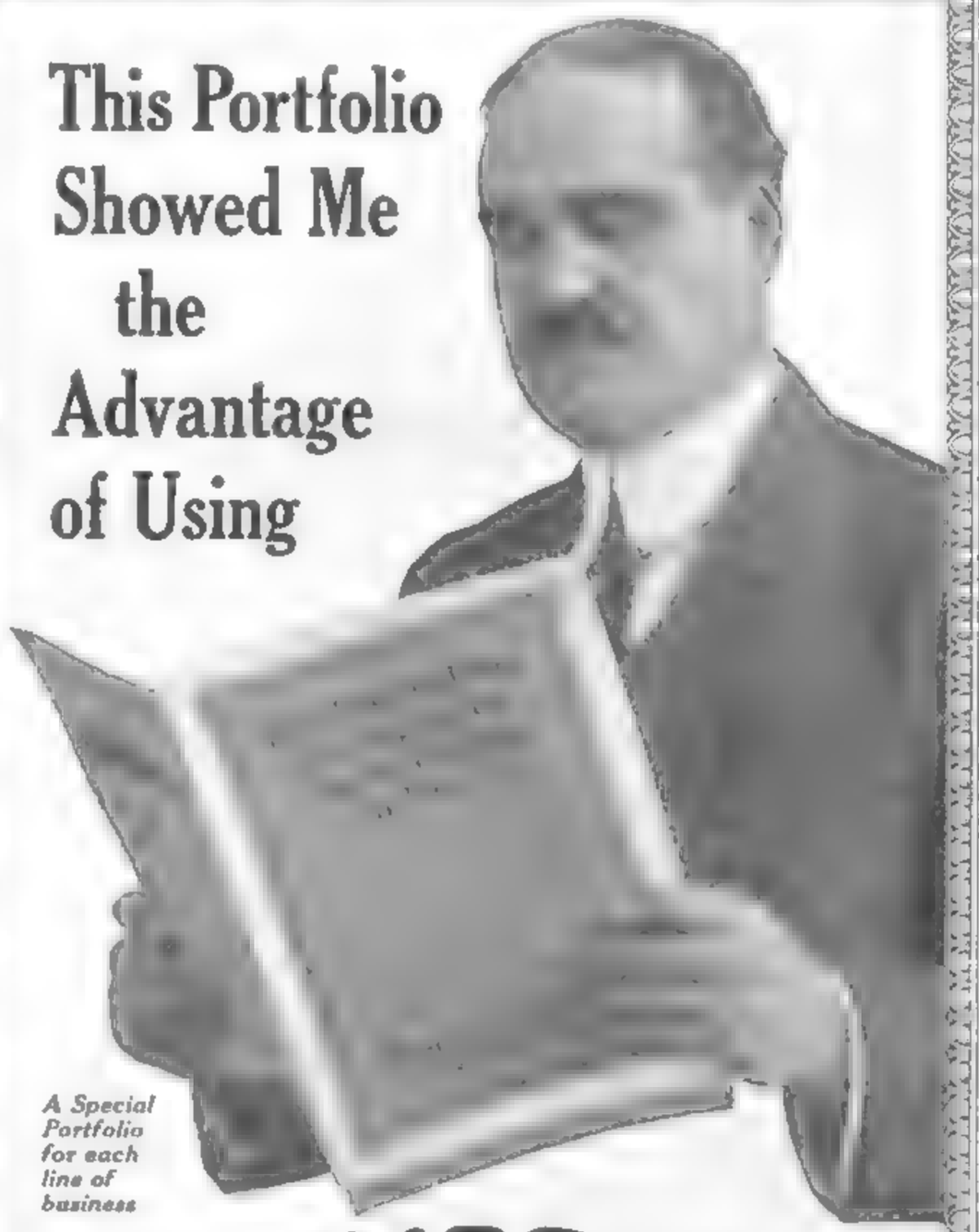

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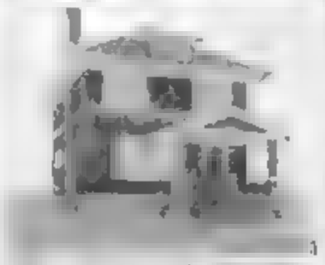

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THE WAR BOOM

(Concluded from Page 14)

hundred million dollars; but there are few households in the United States that have cut expenses by as little as fifty dollars a head since the opening of the war. The universal feeling in the United States has been—even in the most thoughtless and spendthrift circles—that with the frightful suffering in Belgium and the prevailing want among the unemployed in our own country, it was criminal to spend unnecessarily a single cent. Women who number their gowns by the dozens a year cut out new wardrobes and used last year's. If you doubt that ask the big stores on Fifth Avenue. The same thing is true as regards food.

The manager of a hotel told me he had never had a year when the returns from his restaurant were so small. People who ordinarily ordered seventy-five-cent and dollar breakfasts had cut them to thirty and fifty cents. The luncheon returns were better, for the hotel served a fifty-cent luncheon; but the dinner returns were nearly negligible. People dined at cheap restaurants.

One hundred dollars would be near the average per-capita economies in the United States. Since the opening of the war, in the cases of the rich, these economies have gone into tens of thousands of dollars.

Set down as your sixth fact that if war expenditures are pure waste—burning up dollar bills—then war economies are pure gain; for the first cut comes in fripperies.

Apropos of the saving in living, soon after the war broke out I predicted that many people would be reduced to living on next to no income for the year; and I outlined breakfasts from ten to fifteen cents and dinners from twenty to twenty-five cents. Knockers hooted these figures. They said they were impossible for a nutritious diet. They were not theory figures; they were fact figures taken from the best scientific cooking schools in America and used by the head caterer of almost any big hotel in the country.

Let us consider one of these economy breakfasts for a family of six. We will suppose they cut out grapefruit and use oranges of the cheaper sort, or apples, which were cheaper this year than they have ever been. At the time of writing, sixteen small oranges can be bought for twenty-five cents—so the fruit stands at about nine cents. Cereal enough for six people costs five cents. Put butter at ten cents—a quarter of a pound. You can buy butter cheaper than forty cents a pound by going out into the open market. Put bread, one small loaf, at five cents. You can buy your bread cheaper than five cents if you bake it yourself. Put sugar and tea or coffee at two cents. A pint of milk costs four cents. For eggs or bacon enough for six people you can put the charge, at the very most, at from ten to fifteen cents. You can also get your bacon cheaper by curing it yourself. At the highest, your breakfast stands fifty cents for six people—at the lowest, thirty-nine cents for six people; in other words, at from about six to eight cents each.

Four-Cent Breakfasts for the Kaiser

I know people considered rich who by careful buying in the present war year have reduced their breakfasts to two cents each; but you cannot do this unless you bake your own bread, cure your own bacon and have eggs from your own chickens. If you figure up at American retail prices what the Kaiser is eating for his breakfasts during the war, it comes, for an average of six, to less than four cents.

Put down, then, as your cardinal facts for the new era:

All stocks sold out;

The public jumping ready to buy;

The nation compelled to rebuild from the ground up;

Factory wheels compelled to fly in order to fill orders;

More capital liquid ready for investment than ever before;

All unnecessary spendings cut out.

Put those facts on a chessboard. How will the game play out? Farrell says—Boom! Hill says—Slump! Who is right? If you could really know you might make your fortune.

Now for the facts from the past:

The Civil War burned up eight billion dollars, North and South, all told. Within eight years of Lee's surrender this country built thirty thousand miles of new railroads. It opened the Great West. It absorbed a million immigrants a year. It forged to first rank as an exporter. In 1867 wheat was two dollars and eighty-five cents a bushel; flour, sixteen dollars a barrel; butter, fifty-five cents a pound; and coal, ten dollars a ton—all war levels. By 1878 exports were exceeding imports and the country was on the upswell of the great boom that collapsed in 1893. What caused the collapse? Inflation, reckless finance, extravagance, spending more than earning; and in that collapse wheat dropped to fifty cents and cotton to five cents.

Some Good Results of War

In 1896 Northern Pacific Railroad shares sold on the Stock Exchange for twenty-five cents and were assessed fifteen dollars for reorganization. The Spanish War and the Boer War came on, and those same shares sold for one thousand dollars on the Stock Exchange. In 1895 one hundred and sixty-nine railroads were insolvent. By 1900 the railroad earnings of the United States had increased fifty per cent.

The Napoleonic Wars cost England three billion dollars. Within twenty years after the Napoleonic Wars England had become the richest nation in Europe. The Crimean War, the Civil War, the Spanish War, the Boer War—all have been followed by expansion and prosperity.

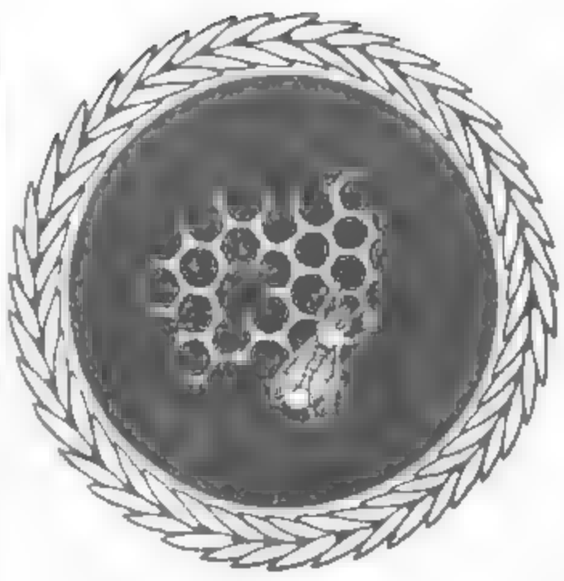
Only once in the history of the United States has there been a greater aggregate of failures than in 1914, and that was in 1893. The debts of insolvents in 1893 exceeded only by a few million dollars the debts of insolvents in 1914; yet the most reckless and undreamed-of prosperity that ever came to the United States came after the 1893 collapse—and to-day there are additional factors working toward a greater prosperity than followed 1893.

Then the country was still a debtor nation, and it paid its interest and its debts in gold. To-day the United States has become a creditor nation. Instead of borrowing from Europe, the United States is loaning to Europe; and Uncle Sam takes his interest in gold. For the first time since the era succeeding the Civil War more gold is coming to this country than is going out of it.

The United States is just entering an era of great export trade. Hitherto this country has been a buying nation. Now it becomes a selling nation. Both Farrell and Redfield expect to see the United States with an excess of exports over imports of from one and a half to two billion dollars a year. Three-quarters of this, it has been calculated most carefully, goes to wages. If the country sells four billion dollars' worth of goods a year abroad, and three-quarters of that goes to wages, Mr. Farrell sees ahead what he calls good times—what the Street calls a boom.

Is war, then, a producer of prosperity instead of wanton criminal waste, as Mr. Hill regards it? Far from it! War is a total destroyer; but the shock, the brace, the purging, the steeling to highest effort, the speeding up to the nth degree—which war gives the human spirit—produce the prosperity.

Psychologists say the human spirit is normally about ten per cent alive; the remaining ninety per cent lies dormant, or frivols, or idles, or grouches, or rests easy. War's shock brings the whole human spirit one hundred per cent alive, and concentrates that hundred per cent in one swift hustle. It is the hundred per cent effort that piles up the prosperity—not the hundred per cent waste of war.



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WHAT NEXT?

Horse Power

A HORSE-POWER electric-lighting machine has appeared that makes it possible to light a house with electricity generated by a horse walking round a post in the back yard. Not only will the machine attend to the lighting, but it will watch the horse also, and, if he slackens speed, take proper steps to stir up Dobbin. When the speed slackens a bell sounds a warning, intended to serve notice on the horse, as well as on the owner of the outfit, that everything is not going well.

If the horse does not take the hint, an electrically operated whip gives him a smart blow. Only a few such experiences are needed to teach the animal that the bell signal is a preliminary to a cut from the whip, so that the experienced horse starts up when the bell rings—just as a great many horses need only the rattle of the whip in the whipholder of a carriage to induce them to speed up.

The generating apparatus is simply a small dynamo operated by a lever that the horse hauls round a fourteen-foot circle. Oddly enough, the dynamo develops three-quarters of a kilowatt, which is something over one horse power in terms of energy. The speed of a very slow walk is sufficient to keep the dynamo in full action. In order to avoid embarrassing occasions when the horse is needed to drive to the station after dark, a set of storage batteries is connected up in the system to keep the lights going in the house, even though the horse is not on the job for an entire evening.

The batteries also make it possible for the horse to put in his work only in daylight hours. This whole outfit has been developed commercially, so that it has now been placed on the market.

Trench Periscopes

TRENCH periscopes are the great field for European inventors these days, and scores of designs are being manufactured in great quantities and sent to the men at the front. So many have been bought in England by relations at home, to be sent to soldiers in the trenches, that the British Government has had to issue a warning that it desires to pass on the suitability of all such outfits.

The trench periscope is, in its simplest form, composed of two mirrors in a tube, so arranged that when the tube is pushed halfway up over the top of the trench the soldier can look into the mirror at the bottom of the tube and see what is going on in front of the trench, the scene being caught by the top mirror and reflected down to the lower mirror. Elaborate periscopes are being made that have magnifying lenses which give a wide field of vision and have other advantages; but the great run is on very simple ones that can be packed down into a little pocket case, and yet can be put into operation quickly. One of these pocket periscopes has the two mirrors attached at the proper angles by lazy tongs, so that they may be opened and shut somewhat after the manner of an umbrella. Another design has the two mirrors separate, each with a clamp on its side. The two mirrors are clamped to a rifle barrel, one a foot or two above the other. The rifle is then pointed up in the air and the man in the trench has a safe view of the enemy's territory.

Wireless Amateurs

WIRELESS time receivers are now made for the man who does not know the technicalities of wireless telegraphy and does not intend to learn, but does wish to get the advantage of the Government time signals from Arlington, Virginia, sent out every day at noon and ten o'clock at night.

The time receiver can easily be adapted into a receiving station for all kinds of wireless messages; but if it is adjusted to receive the Arlington signals it will stay adjusted for months, and the operator simply has to take down the telephone receiver and listen for the time signal when he thinks it is near noon. A set of wires, or aerials, is needed on the roof, with a connection to the ground. The machine is connected with these, and some very simple adjustments are made requiring no technical knowledge. The outfit is then ready to give its reports whenever desired, without further trouble.

Trade-Mark Associations

SOME pointed lessons in the selection of a trade-mark and trade-names have appeared from the findings of a psychological investigation recently conducted by a young woman of Barnard College. All her findings showed that queer-looking trade-marks and odd trade-names, made up perhaps of the initials of a firm name or parts of two words jammed together, are in most instances inferior to more common names and devices. If the odd mark or name has some common suggestion it may do extremely well; but if it looks or sounds like simple nonsense it is probably a handicap to the advertiser.

The young woman's original purpose was to compare the ability to recall and the ability to recognize. To recall, for instance, is to remember what advertisements one read in the morning's paper after it has been thrown away; while to recognize is to pick the paper up, go over it again, and remember what advertisements had been read the first time. People were found to recognize much more than they could recall.

Pictures were found to be the easiest to recall and to recognize also; and those pictures which had many associations—that were not strange, in other words—were best recalled and best recognized. The recognition in those cases was about three times as often as the recall. Shapes, words and nonsense syllables were tried out for recall and for recognition. Forms were found to be harder to recall and to recognize than pictures; words were found harder yet; and nonsense syllables were hardest of all.

All through the results ran the same story—that the richer the associations, the easier one remembered. A trade-mark of some simple figure that would remind one of home, or anything else that is a common experience of everybody, is, therefore, more likely to be recalled and recognized than a trade-mark that reminds one of nothing at all. The same applies with even greater force to the trade-name of some product.

Another point in favor of the name or trade-mark rich in associations relates to the order in which it is noticed and the recency. The fact that an advertisement was not read first in the morning paper is of less account with a trade-mark having many associations; and such a mark will be remembered longer than others. The effect of these findings is to indicate that an advertiser will not need to pound away so often with large advertisements to make readers remember his name and his product if he uses ideas with everyday associations.

Improving the Electric

A SIMPLE little idea, which is now in process of development by a number of electrical engineers, gives the best promise yet of greatly increasing the use of electric automobiles and other electric vehicles, from touring cars to lawn mowers.

An electric motor has two principal parts, an outer one called the field, which is a sort of stationary ring, and an inner one called the armature, which is a revolving wheel inside the ring. In some instances the reverse is provided, and the field revolves while the armature is stationary.

The new idea is to have both of these revolve, one inside the other, and in opposite directions. The ring part, or field, would be connected with the left rear wheel of the automobile, and the armature connected with the right rear wheel. Common mechanical methods will give the proper speed and the proper direction of motion to each of the two rear wheels. Thus, both rear wheels will be driven by the motor, but will be driven separately.

The great advantage of this idea is that it does away with much of the heavy machinery now required. The whole mechanism will be part of the rear axle, thus doing away with cumbersome and bothersome driving shafts or other transmission forms. Then there will be no differential gear to enable one rear wheel to go faster than the other in going round corners; the motor itself will automatically attend to that.

These savings of machinery promise to make much lighter cars practicable and so suggest greatly lowered cost. At the same time, increased speed on uphill runs and economy in using up current from the batteries are theoretically probable.

Forty-Eight Free Trips *to* The California Fairs

For weeks progressive moving picture theatres have been preparing for the Runaway June Contest, which is now on.

One young woman in each state will be chosen by the votes of patrons of moving picture theatres at the showings of

"Runaway June"

A moving picture of a moving picture

the fascinating 15-part serial by

George Randolph Chester

The winner will go in luxury to the wonderful California Fairs as the guest of Runaway June—*with all expenses paid* from her own home.

Any moving picture theatre can enter this contest—by which one of its patrons may be the happy winner.

If the theatre you attend is not showing the picture, ask the manager to get it—and give you and your friends a chance to win the Free Trip to California.

Write for *full* particulars of the contest to

Reliance
Motion Picture
Corporation
29 Union Square
New York

COUPON

Please send me full particulars of the Runaway June Free Trips to California Contest—and tell me a theatre in my city which is showing the picture.

Name
Street
City
State

Stewart PRODUCTS

Just one day's episodes in a "30 days trial" of a

Stewart Warning Signal. Stop and think of the constantly repeated occasions every day when you need a thoroughly dependable Warning Signal to save you from getting into serious trouble—and to protect others.

Look over these every-day episodes and think what any one of these accidents might mean to you. Don't forget that a Warning Signal is just as necessary to protect *yourself*, as to protect others.

Needs like these for the dependable Stewart Warning Signal occur hundreds of times every day, and many thousands of times every year.

As your every day's safety depends so much upon your having a Warning Signal that is "always on the job," be sure that yours is the *Stewart Warning Signal*, which "*makes* them pay attention!"

Protect yourself and your family, and warn all others by the Stewart Warning Signal, with its clear, loud, penetrating blast for country roads, and its sharp, inoffensive note for city streets.

By spending a $5 bill today for a Stewart Warning Signal, your life, and the life of some other person, may be saved. One serious accident may cost you many hundreds of dollars.

When you see the name Stewart on the signal you buy, you can be sure that you are getting the best there is, regardless of price.

Be sure to insist on the Stewart swivel-bracket, which is adjustable, so that no matter where you place the Stewart Warning Signal on your car, the warning blast is directed straight ahead.

Stewart Warning Signal

No other Warning Signal is so adaptable, or can be placed in so many different positions, inside or out, on any car. You can operate it without taking your hand from the steering wheel. You can place it where you can sound it at the touch of the finger, hand or elbow, or with your knee or foot.

Be sure to buy the Stewart Warning Signal, with its long vertical plunger, operated at a touch by a direct downward stroke, the quickest, easiest and proper way. Warning Signals with horizontally built plungers, or plungers built on an angle, have to be reached for, and pushed or pulled, and it takes longer to reach and operate them than it does to sound the Stewart Warning Signal. Every fraction of a second counts.

The public always wanted a high-grade, hand-operated Warning Signal. We deliberately and carefully designed the Stewart Warning Signal to meet this great need, and the public has virtually stampeded to the Stewart Warning Signal—over 1,500 being sold every day!

30 days' trial

Do this: Put a Stewart Warning Signal on *your* car today. If after 30 days' trial you are not thoroughly satisfied, you get your money back.

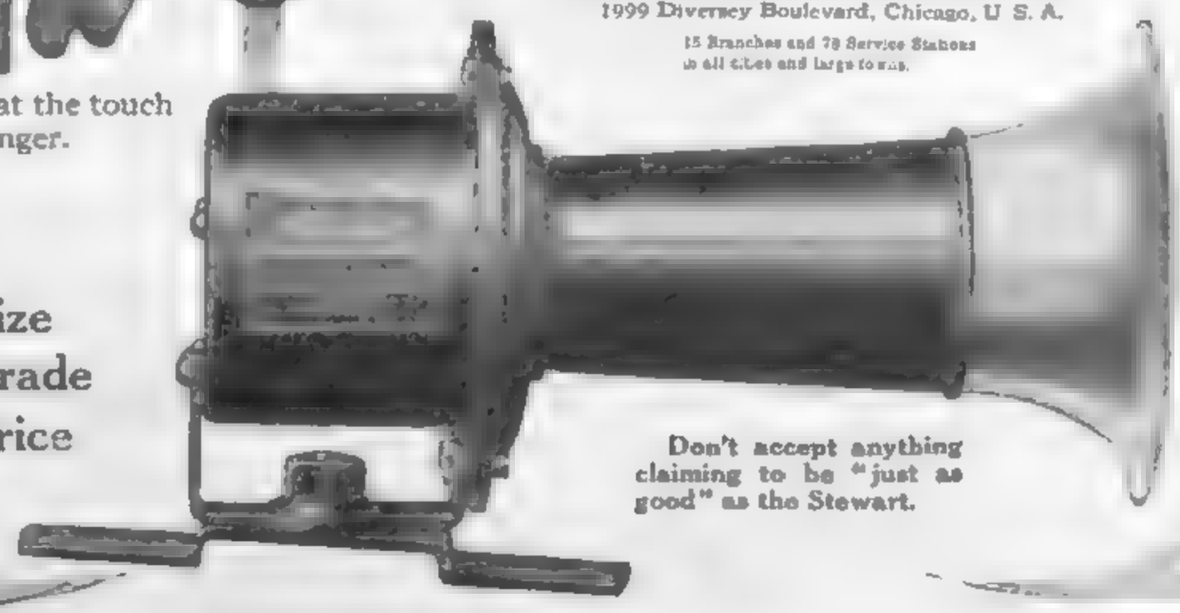
$5

The Stewart Warning Signal is handsomely finished in black enamel and nickel (or black and brass finish for Ford cars).

Special models for Motorcycles and Trucks.

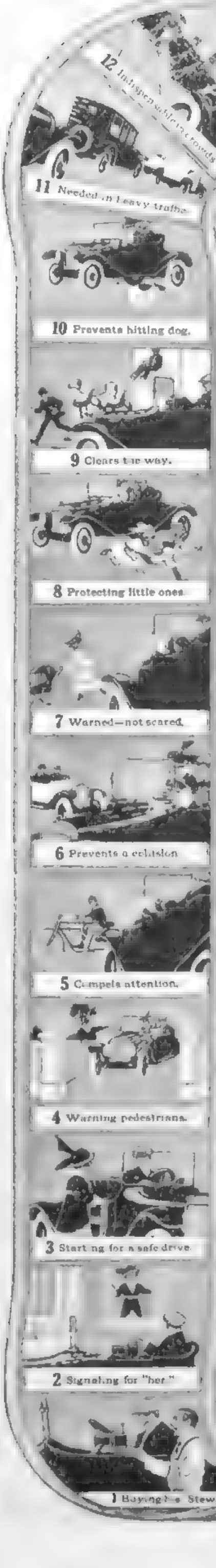
Sounded at the touch of your finger.

One Size
One Grade
One Price



Stewart-Warner Speedometer Cor'n
1999 Diversey Boulevard, Chicago, U. S. A.
15 Branches and 70 Service Stations in all cities and large towns.

Don't accept anything claiming to be "just as good" as the Stewart.


1 Buying the Stewart
2 Signaling for "her"
3 Starting for a safe drive
4 Warning pedestrians
5 Compels attention
6 Prevents a collision
7 Warned—not scared
8 Protecting little ones
9 Clears the way.
10 Prevents hitting dog.
11 Needed in heavy traffic
12 Indispensable in crowds
13 Get out of the way
14 Protects the aged
15 Helps stop runaway
16 Wins grandkiddies
17 Stops the chickens.
18 Read it from house
19 Startles the cows.
20 They pull up in a hurry
21 Makes cross roads safe.
22 Makes them "step lively"
23 Safety at street corners.
24 Gets you through crowd
25 Safety when backing
26 Saves heedless children
27 Makes them be careful
28 Saves reckless cyclists.
29 Every trip safe NOW
30 "Absolutely necessary"

FOR KING AND COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 11)

are unadorned, purely places for living. All that they prize they have stored, open to the world, in their historic buildings. It is for that reason that the destruction of the Cloth Hall of Ypres is a matter of personal resentment to each individual of the nation to which it belonged. So I watched the faces of the two officers with me. There could be no question as to their attitude. It was a personal loss they had suffered. The loss of their homes they had accepted stoically. But this was much more. It was the loss of their art, their history, their tradition. And it could not be replaced.

The firing was steady, rather unemotional.

As the wind died down we ventured into the ruins of the Cloth Hall itself. The roof is gone, of course. The building took fire from the bombardment, and what the shells did not destroy the fire did. Melted lead from ancient gutters hung in stalactites. In one place a wall was still standing, with a bit of its mural decoration. I picked up a bit of fallen gargoyle from under the fallen tower and brought it away. It is before me now.

It is seven hundred and fifteen years since that gargoyle was lifted into its place. The Crusades were going on about that time; the robber barons were sallying out onto the plains on their raiding excursions. The Norman Conquest had taken place. From this very town of Ypres had gone across the Channel "workmen and artisans to build churches and feudal castles, weavers and workers of many crafts."

In those days the Yperlée, a small river, ran open through the town. But for many generations it has been roofed over and run under the public square.

It was curious to stand on the edge of a great shell hole and look down at the little river, now uncovered to the light of day for the first time in who knows how long.

In all that chaos, with hardly a wall intact, at the corner of what was once the cathedral, stands a heroic marble figure of Burgomaster Vandenpeereboom. It is quite untouched and as placid as the little river, a benevolent figure rising from the ruins of war.

"They have come like a pestilence," said the General. "When they go they will leave nothing. What they will do is written in what they have done."

Monsieur le Commandant had disappeared. Now he returned triumphant, carrying a great bundle in both arms.

"I have been to what was the house of a relative," he explained. "He had told me that in the cellar I would find these. They will interest you."

"These" proved to be five framed photographs of the great paintings on the walls of the great Cloth Hall. Although they had been hidden in a cellar, fragments of shell had broken and torn them. But it was still possible to gain from them a faint idea of the interior beauty of the old building before its destruction.

The Strange Antics of Shell Fire

I examined them there in the public square, with a shell every now and then screeching above but falling harmlessly far away.

A priest joined us. He told pathetically of watching the destruction of the Arcade, of seeing one arch after another go down until there was nothing left.

We walked through the town. One street after another opened up its perspective of destruction. The strange antics that shell fire plays had left doors and lintels standing without buildings, had left intact here and there pieces of furniture. There was an occasional picture on an exposed wall; iron street lamps had been twisted into travesties; whole panes of glass remained in façades behind which the buildings were gone. A part of the wooden scaffolding by which repairs were being made to the old tower of the Cloth Hall hung there uninjured by either flame or shell.

On one street all the trees had been cut off as if by one shell, about ten feet above the ground, but in another, where nothing whatever remained but piles of stone and mortar, a great elm has apparently not lost a single branch.

Much has been written about the desolation of these towns. To get a picture of it one must realize the solidity with which even the private houses are built. They are stone, or if not, the walls are of massive brick coated with plaster. There are no frame buildings; wood is too expensive for that purpose.

It is only in prodigal America that we can use wood. So the destruction of a town there means the destruction of buildings that have stood for centuries, and would in the normal course of events have stood for centuries more.

A few civilians have crept back into the town. As in other places, they have come back because they have no place else to go. At any time a shell may destroy the fragment of the building in which they are trying to reëstablish themselves. There are no shops open, because there are no shops to open. Supplies must be brought from long distances. As all the horses and automobiles have been commandeered by the government they have no way to get anything. Their situation is pitiable, tragic. And over them is the daily, hourly fear that the German Army may concentrate for its onward drive at some near-by point.

War Activities at Night

It was growing dark; the chauffeur was preparing to light the lamps of the car. Shells were fewer. With the approach of night the activity behind the lines increased; more ammunition trains made their way over the débris; regiments prepared for the trenches marched through the square on their way to the front.

They were laden, as usual, with extra food and jars of water. Almost every man had an additional loaf of bread strapped to the knapsack at his back. They were laughing and talking among themselves, for they had had a sleep and hot food; for the time at least they were dry and fed and warm.

On the way out of the town we passed a small restaurant, one of a row of houses. It was the only undestroyed building I saw in Ypres.

"It is the only house," said the General, "where the inhabitants remained during the entire bombardment. They made coffee for the soldiers and served meals to officers. Shells hit the pavement and broke the windows; but the house itself is intact. It is rather extraordinary."

We stopped at the converted lunatic asylum on our way back. It is a hospital for injured civilians now, and its long wards are full of women and children. An English doctor was in charge.

Some of the buildings have been destroyed, but in the main it has escaped serious injury. By a curious fatality that seems to have followed the chapels and churches of Flanders, the chapel is the only part that is gone. One great shell struck it while it was housing soldiers, as usual, and all of them were killed. As an example of the work of one shell the destruction of that building was enormous. There was little or nothing left.

"The shell was four feet high," said the Doctor, and presented me with the nose of it.

"You may get more at any moment," I said.

He shrugged his shoulders. "What must be, must be," he said quietly.

When the bombardment was at its height, he said, they took their patients to the cellar and continued operating there. They had only a candle or two. But it was impossible to stop, for the wards were full of women and children.

I walked through some of the wards. It was the first time I had seen together so many of the innocent victims of this war—children blind and forever cut off from the light of day, little girls with arms gone, women who will never walk again.

It was twilight. Here and there a candle gleamed, for any bright illumination was considered unwise.

What must they think as they lie there during the long dark hours between twilight and the late winter morning? Like the sentry, many of them must wonder if it is worth while. These are people, most of them, who have lived by their labor. What will they do when the war is over, or when, having made such recovery as they may, the hospital opens its doors and must perforce turn them out on the very threshold of war?

Largest fireproof lumber plant in the world. Roofing and side walls are of Armco Iron. Owned by Atlantic Lumber Co., Georgetown, S. C.
See the Armco Iron Exhibit in the Mines and Metallurgy Building at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.
Defeat Rust and Your Roof Will Last
Your metal roof is spark-proof. There is no wear or strain upon it. Rust is its only enemy. Defeat rust and your metal roof will last. Specify, as the builders of these structures did, Armco—American Ingot—Iron. Settle the maintenance cost by using rust-defying iron.
ARMCO IRON
Resists Rust
The container of this gas holder is of Armco Iron. Built by the Riter Conley Mfg. Co. for the Minneapolis Gas Light Co.
because it is pure iron, carefully made. Not only in purity is it unequaled, but in the care taken in its heat treatment, its inspection and handling. The resulting evenness of texture and the rejection of all bars and sheets containing the small defects so generally neglected in ordinary material make this purest iron absolutely the most rust-resisting roofing you can buy. The added durability which results from the superiority of Armco galvanizing alone would justify your choice of this iron.
ARMCO IRON
Write for Free Book, "Iron Roofs that Resist Rust"
Don't pay tribute to rust. Get this book and learn about rust-resisting Armco Roofing. Learn the full story of Armco Roofing. Clip the coupon and get the Armco Book. Get at the truth about sheet metals
Ask your architect to specify Armco. You can get Armco Roofing from your tinner, roofer or hardware dealer. If you have any difficulty, write to us and we will see that you are supplied.
THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY, Box 592, Middletown, O.
Licensed Manufacturers under Patents granted to The International Metal Products Company
Branch Offices in Chicago, Pittsburgh, Detroit, New York, St. Louis, Cleveland and Cincinnati
The trade mark ARMCO carries the assurance that iron bearing that mark is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company, with the skill, intelligence and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon
AMERICAN ARMCO
The American Rolling Mill Company
Box 592
Middletown, O.
Please send me "Iron Roofs that Resist Rust"—Free.
Name
Street
City
State

Kirschbaum
$25
Special
KIRSCHBAUM GUARANTEE
This suit is guaranteed
1 To be made of woolen proved 100 pure on the chemical test
2 To be fast in color
3 To be thoroughly shrunk by the original cold water process
4 To be hand tailored at all points of strain and wear
5 Should this garment fail to give satisfactory wear it may be returned to the retailer who will make full and fair adjustment
Signed, A. B. KIRSCHBAUM CO.
TO SALESMEN —This ticket is not to be guaranteed Please place in inside pocket
Lot
Size
Date
Signed
"Look for the Fixed Price and Guarantee Ticket on the Sleeve."
The real test for comparison of clothes-value
lies not only in the production of correctly tailored garments of absolutely reliable materials, but in the fairness of the prices at which the garments are offered by the retailer.
Kirschbaum Clothes
$15, $20, $25, and up to $40
are sold at prices which are fixed at the factory.
Who could possibly know so well as the maker, the intrinsic worth of every garment?
Who could figure as accurately the actual cost of production and the fair percentage of profit which should reasonably be added?
Kirschbaum Clothes are made only of pure wool—chemically, not commercially "pure"
They are cold-water shrunk by the London process—the only efficient method.
They are hand-tailored at every point where durability, good service and lasting shapeliness demand hand work.
They are thoroughly stylish, not only in the sense that they typify the very latest modes, but are distinctively elegant in pattern and finish.
In nearly every city and town throughout the country there is a Kirschbaum dealer who would consider it a privilege to show you the various points of merit claimed for these superior clothes. If you cannot find a Kirschbaum dealer in your locality, we shall be pleased, on request, to send you the name of the nearest one.
A. B. KIRSCHBAUM COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK

And yet they cling to life. I met a man who crossed the Channel—I believe it was from Flushing—with the hopelessly wounded English prisoners who had been sent home to England from Germany in exchange for as many wrecked and battered Germans on their way back to the Fatherland.

One young boy was all eagerness. His home was on the cliff above the harbor which was their destination. He alternately wept and cheered.

"They'll be glad enough to see me, all right," he said. "It's six months since they heard from me. More than likely they think I'm lying over there with some of the other chaps."

He was in a wheeled chair. In his excitement the steamer rug slipped down. Both his legs were gone above the knees!

Our hands were full. The General had picked up a horseshoe on the street at Ypres and given it to me to bring me luck; the Commandant had the framed pictures. The General carried the gargoyle wrapped in a newspaper. I had the nose of the shell.

We walked through the courtyard, with its broken fountain and cracked walks, out to the machine. The password for the night was "Ecosse," which means "Scotland." The General gave the word to the orderly and we went on again toward Poperinghe, where we were to have coffee.

The firing behind us had ceased. Possibly the German gunners were having coffee also. We went at our usual headlong speed through almost empty roads. Now and then a lantern waved. We checked our headlong speed to give the password, and on again. More lanterns; more challenges.

Since we passed, a few hours before, another car had been wrecked by the road. One sees these cars everywhere, lying on their sides, turned turtle in ditches, bent and twisted against trees. No one seems to be hurt in these accidents; at least one hears nothing of them, if they are. And now we were back at Poperinghe again.

A Letter From the Hero of Liège

The Commandant had his headquarters in the house of a notary. Except in one instance, all the houses occupied by the headquarters' staffs that I visited were the houses of notaries. Perhaps the notary is the important man of a French town. I do not know.

This was a double house with a center hall, a house of some pretension in many ways. But it had only one lamp. When we went from one room to another we took the lamp with us. It was not even a handsome lamp. In that exceedingly comfortable house it was one of the many anomalies of war.

One or two of the best things from the museum at Ypres had been secured and brought back here. On a center table was a bronze equestrian statue in miniature of a Crusader, a beautiful piece of work.

While we were waiting for coffee the Commandant opened the lower drawer of a secretary and took out a letter.

"This may interest Madame," he said. "I have just received it. It is from General Leman, the hero of Liège."

He held it close to the lamp and read it. I have the envelope before me now. It is addressed in lead pencil and indorsed as coming from General Leman, Prisoner of War at Magdeburg, Germany.

The letter was a soldier's simple letter, written to a friend. I wish I had made a copy of it; but I remember in effect what it said. Clearly the hero of Liège has no idea that he is a hero. He said he had a good German doctor, but that he had been very ill. It is known, of course, that his foot was injured during the destruction of one of the fortresses just before he was captured.

"I have a very good German doctor," he wrote. "But my foot gives me a great deal of trouble. Gangrene set in and part of it had to be amputated. The wound refuses to heal, and in addition my heart is bad."

He goes on to ask for his family, for news of them, especially of his daughter. I saw this letter in March. He was taken a prisoner last August. He has been seven or eight months without news of his family.

"I am no longer young," he writes in effect, for I am not quoting him exactly, "and I hope my friends will not forget me, in case of an exchange of prisoners."

He will never be forgotten. But of course he does not realize that. He is sixty-four

(Continued on Page 49)

To Folks Who Dally
With Corns

To you who pare corns—

You who use liquids—

Or other old-time ways.

You've amply proved that using such things is merely dallying with a corn.

For your own sake, prove the right way. Millions of people have found it. Millions of corns are ended by this wondrous **Blue-jay** plaster.

The corn pain ceases the moment you apply it. Then the B & B wax—a famous chemist's invention—gently undermines the corn. Generally in 48 hours the whole corn comes out, without any pain or trouble.

Ask your friends. Scores of them have proved that **Blue-jay** makes it folly to have corns.

Blue=jay
Plasters

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists
Samples Mailed Free

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

NEVERBIND
Boston Garter

Help Your Legs Keep Cool
Real Year Round Comfort

NEVERBIND doesn't choke your legs because there's NO RUBBER in the leg band. No garter is stronger, yet it weighs only ½ an ounce—a real COMFORT bringer.

If your dealer is out, we'll send sample pair postpaid, mercerized, 25c; double-grip, 35c; silk, 50c.

George Frost Co., Makers, Boston, Mass.

POMPEIAN
OLIVE OIL
ALWAYS FRESH
PURE-SWEET-WHOLESOME

Nathan Flexible No-Metal Arch Supports

give immediate relief to tired aching feet, rest the body and add Nature's real cure; make rigid metal supports of no use. Recover and prevent at less cost. Write for Booklet and FREE 10-day Trial Offer. In any shoe.

View of arch cut with knife.

Nathan Ankle Support Co., 90-C Reade St., N. Y.

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

"No, you can't harm '61' Floor Varnish by washing it. It does not mind water, hot or cold, and enjoys vigorous cleansing. You will notice too, that there are no heel prints or scars on the floor."

LIKE a rare, transparent glaze, "61" Floor Varnish reveals the grain of the wood—but better still, it is tough and wear-resisting. It is heel-proof, mar-proof and water-proof.

A floor finished with "61" will not make a drudge of you or your servants. Just wipe, when dirty or dusty, with a damp cloth or use a floor mop. And whenever you feel like it, do not be afraid to use plenty of soap and water.

There are

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products

for every purpose

And of them all, there is one with an indefinable charm, Vitralite, *the Long-Life White-Enamel.* Notwithstanding its charm and dainty whiteness, it has staying power, durability and long life, whether it be used inside or outside, on wood, metal or plaster. It will not mar, scratch, crack, peel nor turn yellow and may be washed repeatedly without harm.

The quality of P. & L. Varnish Products has always been their strongest guarantee. Our established policy is full satisfaction or money refunded.

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects, and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

Address all inquiries to Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 83 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 25 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.

Send for Sample Panels and interesting book on Interior Decoration. Be sure to mention whether you are interested in Vitralite or "61" or both.

Vitralite

THE LONG-LIFE WHITE ENAMEL

BEAVER BOARD

WALLS & CEILINGS

BEAVER BOARD
PURE WOOD FIBRE
TRADE MARK

4 You can see for yourself why we're so pleased with these walls and ceilings, with their attractive panelling and pleasing decoration. No cracked plaster or wallpaper for us!

3 We were astonished at the ease with which the panels of BEAVER BOARD were put up without mess or litter and were more eager than ever to see the whole room completed.

2 It was a happy day when work was really started by preparing the walls for BEAVER BOARD according to the printed instructions.

1 It took only a little or two to arrange that our treasures [illegible] and we all be as pleased with the room as we were.

The Room They Planned Themselves

A story of interest to all who build or remodel

They had seen an advertisement of BEAVER BOARD, and, as they happened to be planning a new home, were naturally interested.

They had heard of it before, but didn't realize that it was a wood product, made of pure-wood-fibre in long, wide panels that were nailed right to the studding and made lath and plaster unnecessary.

They were even more interested in decorative possibilities—the attractive paneling, the beautiful and durable results of painting the surface. So they answered that advertisement and got a booklet that told them of many other BEAVER BOARD advantages.

It wasn't long before they bought the BEAVER BOARD from the local dealer and engaged a carpenter recommended by the nearest branch office of The Beaver Board Companies.

The new walls and ceiling went up like magic, without the usual lath and plaster litter. The painting, too, was quickly done, decorative wood strips applied, and they were actually moved in and settled long before it would have been possible with lath and plaster.

BEAVER BOARD In Brief

Easy to put up. Easy to decorate. Doesn't crack or deteriorate. Clean and sanitary. Is adaptable to all kinds of rooms and buildings. Millions of feet are used every year in new construction and for remodeling old rooms or buildings.

Greatest of all Wall-Board Improvements. Three years' constant work by the Beaver Laboratories has produced a method of treating fibre and sizing both front and back of each panel (patents pending) that gives protection against changes of climate and temperature. It makes sizing by the user unnecessary and greatly increases the economy of painting.

Warning—All wall-boards are not BEAVER BOARD. Because of its large sale and the length of time it has been on the market BEAVER BOARD is sometimes thought to be merely another name for wall-board. The name applies only to the product of The Beaver Board Companies, with name and trade-mark on every panel. Insist on seeing both and thus be sure of the permanent strength, rigidity and durability due to pure-wood-fibre, all through, and time-tested methods of manufacture.

BEAVER BOARD is sold by 9,000 lumber, building material and hardware dealers in large, wide panels to suit all average needs. If you don't find dealer, our nearest office will direct you, and also recommend contractors and carpenters if requested.

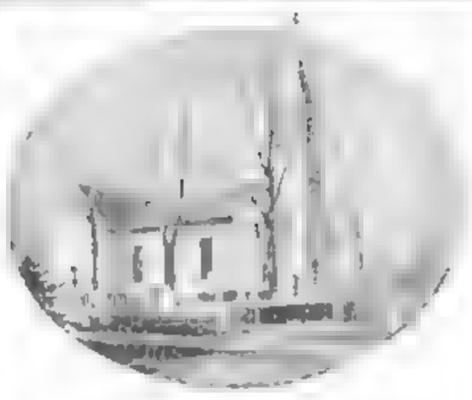
Write to our nearest office for the free sample and booklet that have helped thousands get better walls and ceilings.

The Beaver Board Companies

United States: 103 Beaver Road, Buffalo, N. Y. Great Britain: 4 Southampton Row, London, W. C.
Canada [illegible] Australia 369 Queen Street, Melbourne, Victoria

Branch Offices at

Baltimore,	1036 Calvert Building	Kansas City, Mo.,	305 R. A. Long Building
Boston,	514 Old South Building	Minneapolis,	734–736 McKnight Building
Chicago,	1007 Consumers Building	New York City,	3752 Grand Central Terminal
Cleveland,	614 Williamson Building	Omaha,	1429 Woodmen of the World Building
Detroit,	1017 Dime Savings Bank Building	Philadelphia,	[illegible]
Indianapolis,	525 Merchants Bank Building	San Francisco,	317 Rialto Building



Kept Young with White Lead

Here, in 1775, Patrick Henry expressed the undying sentiment of America in his words, "Give me liberty or give me death."

These words have consecrated the little church, and it is fitting that it be kept young despite its hundred and seventy-four years.

Dutch Boy White Lead

and pure linseed oil are the materials that preserve it. Your home, too, can laugh at time if you direct your painter to keep it well painted with Dutch Boy White Lead and Dutch Boy Linseed Oil. He can mix them to suit your house and tint to suit your taste. It is the economical, long-wearing paint.

Would you like to have materials for a paint test, together with booklet of practical suggestions and color schemes? Ask our nearest office for Painting Aids No. 74.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Cincinnati
Boston Cleveland
Chicago St. Louis
National Lead & Oil Co.
Pittsburgh

Visit our exhibit in the Home Builders' Permanent Exposition in the Craftsman Building, 6 East 39th Street, New York. An experienced decorator is in charge whom you may consult free of cost.

(Continued from Page 46)

and very ill. One read through all the restraint of the letter his longing to die among his own people. He hopes he will not be forgotten in an exchange of prisoners!

The Commandant's orderly announced that coffee was served, and we followed the lamp across the hall. An English officer made a fourth at the table.

It was good coffee, served with cream, the first I had seen for weeks. With it the Commandant served small, very thin cakes, with a layer of honey in the center. "A specialty of the country," he said.

We talked of many things: of the attitude of America toward the war, her incredulity as to atrocities, the German propaganda, and a rumor that had reached the front of a German-Irish coalition in the House of Representatives at Washington.

From that the talk drifted to uniforms. The Commandant wished that the new French uniforms, instead of being a slaty blue, had been green, for use in the spring fighting.

I criticized the new Belgian uniform, which seemed to me much thinner than the old.

"That is wrong. It is of excellent cloth," said the General, and brought his cape up under the lamp for examination.

The uniforms of three armies were at the table—the French, the Belgian and the English. It was possible to compare them under the light of a single lamp.

The General's cloak, in spite of my criticism, was the heaviest of the three. But all of them seemed excellent. The material was like felt in body, but much softer.

All of the officers were united in thinking khaki an excellent all-round color.

"The Turcos have been put into khaki," said the Commandant. "They disliked it at first; but their other costumes were too conspicuous. Now they are satisfied."

The Englishman offered the statement that England was supplying all of the Allies, including Russia, with cloth.

Bathtubs Used as Beds

Sitting round the table under the lamp, the Commandant read a postcard taken from the body of a dead German in the attack the night before. There was a photograph with it, autographed. The photograph was of the woman who had written the card. It began "Beloved Otto," and was signed "Your loving wife, Hedwig."

This is the postcard:

"*Beloved Otto:* To-day your dear cards came, so full of anxiety for us. So that now at last I know that you have received my letters. I was convinced you had not. We have sent you so many packages of things you may need. Have you got any of them? To-day I have sent you my photograph. I wished to send a letter also instead of this card, but I have no writing paper. All week I have been busy with the children's clothing. We think of you always, dear Otto. Write to us often. Greetings from your Hedwig and the children."

So she was making clothing for the children and sending him little packages. And Otto lay dead under the stars that night—dead of an ideal, which is that a man must leave his family and all that he loves and follow the beckoning finger of empire.

"For King and country!"

The Commandant said that when a German soldier surrenders he throws down his gun, takes off his helmet and jerks off his shoulder straps, saying over and over, "*Pater familias.*" Sometimes, by way of emphasizing that he is a family man, he holds up his fingers—two children or three children, whatever it may be. Even boys in their teens will claim huge families.

I did not find it amusing after the postcard and the photograph. I found it all very tragic and sad and disheartening.

It was growing late and the General was impatient to be off. We had still a long journey ahead of us, and riding at night was not particularly safe.

I got into the car and they bundled in after me the damaged pictures, the horseshoe, the piece of gargoyle from the Cloth Hall and the nose of the shell.

The orderly reported that a Zeppelin had just passed overhead; but the General shrugged his shoulders.

"They are always seeing Zeppelins," he said. "Me, I do not believe there is such a thing!"

That night in my hotel after dinner, Gertrude, Lady Decies, told me the following story:

The Man Who Sells You Your Underwear Knows the Sign

There isn't a jeweler's clerk who doesn't know what "sterling" means and just where to find it on the article—*if it's there.* But a clerk doesn't want to talk on that subject, if the article he wants to sell isn't so marked. Sometimes clerks go so far as to say, "Oh, yes, it's silver" (that's not saying "sterling" you know) and then skip quickly to other points.

Sometimes an underwear clerk when asked for "Porosknit" says rather quickly (parenthetically you know), "Oh, yes, that's Porosknit Underwear" (he only meant it had an open mesh—holes he calls them—something like Chalmers "Porosknit").

The clerk knows where to find the *sign* of the *genuine*—the label shown below—on which you can rely for summer underwear as you do on "sterling" for silverware, because Chalmers "Porosknit" is guaranteed so broadly that if you (in your own opinion) are not satisfied, you are made so. No man can get or give more.

No clerk, no store that evades putting this label and garment before customers—at least when they ask for it—is fair to those customers.

CHALMERS "Porosknit" GUARANTEED

Not only—

How do you brush your teeth?

But—

What dentifrice do you use?

Try this new way of brushing your front teeth—then grasp the handle of the tooth brush nearer the end and use the same up-and-down stroke on the inner and outer surfaces of your teeth—particularly the inner surfaces. Use

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream

Both are safe. Both dissolve quickly in the mouth—do not settle between the teeth—correct excessive acidity of mouth—safeguard from receding gums and loosening teeth.

Send 2c stamp today for dainty sample of Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream. I. W. Lyon & Sons, 522 West 27th Street, New York City.

Save the coupon in every Dr. Lyon's package. They entitle you to one of Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Brushes, FREE.

"I Told You Tire-Doh Would Fix it, Dad"

The boy knows what he is talking about—what thousands of grown-up car owners know, what you should know. If you are disgusted with the trouble, inconvenience and expense of tire repairs, just try

TIRE-DOH

Once you try it, you will never take your car out again without a TIRE-DOH outfit in your tool kit. Whether an inner tube has a pin-point puncture, or a tear as long as your arm, TIRE-DOH will repair it. Best of all, anyone can use it—anywhere—on the road or in the garage—without heat, without tools, and the average puncture repaired with TIRE-DOH costs [illegible]

Tire-Doh Repairs Are Permanent

TIRE-DOH is not an experiment. An ever increasing sale for six years proves that it does the work.

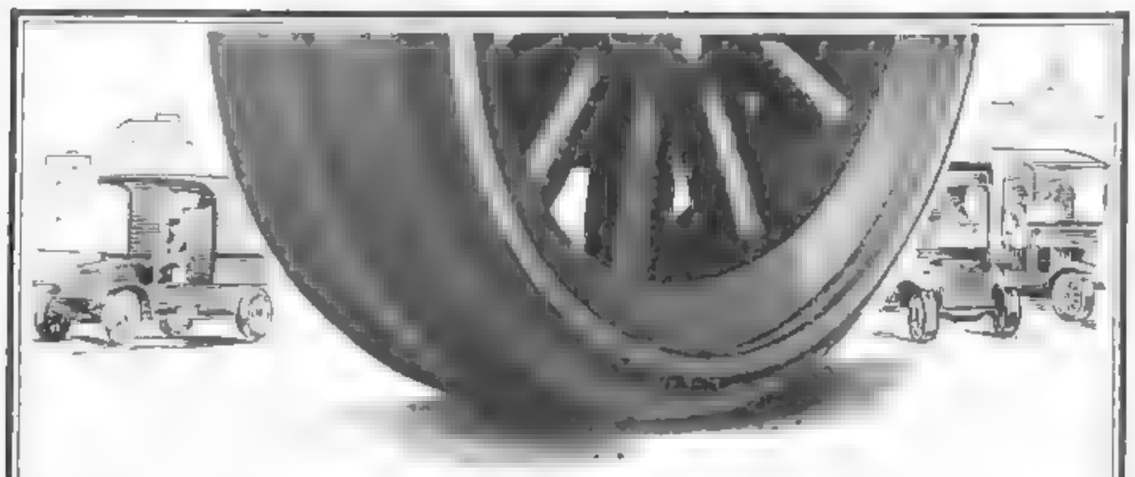
TIRE-DOH is not a tire filler, but an inner-tube and sound repair. It will fill cuts and sand blisters in casings, to keep out the water and dirt that rot and wreck the fabric.

TIRE-DOH also mends other articles of rubber—rubber boots, gloves, hot water bags, etc.

At Your Dealer's or direct from us, $1.00

DEALERS—The Tire-Doh is the standard repair. All jobbers who handle [illegible]

Atlas Auto Supply Co.
1275 W. Lake Street, CHICAGO



Truck Tires Free

Unless the 1915 Goodyear S-V Outwears Any Other

Here is an offer which Truck users cannot afford to neglect. It will settle for you, without any risk, the entire Truck Tire question.

For three months—April, May and June—this amazing warrant goes with every S-V Truck Tire put on under these conditions:

Every Penny Back

Equip opposite wheels, at the same time, one with a Goodyear S-V, one with any other standard make tire of like rated size, bought in the open market.

If the Goodyear S-V fails to cost less per mile than the other, we will return you its full purchase price, making the S-V free.

Mark that no partial rebate, no mileage adjustment, no replacement. The tire that fails is *free*. Get this guarantee in writing when you buy the tires.

Never Such a Warrant

Never before has such a warrant been given on any class of tire. If widely accepted, it means with us a million-dollar stake. It is given without reservation against any tire in the field. It covers accidents as well as wear.

Numerous makers claim to build tires as good as the Goodyear S-V. Let us stop arguing in print and in person. Let us compare them on opposite wheels. We have done that already, under every condition. Over 5,000 S-V tires were tested out on trucks before we made this offer. We know to a certainty the results you'll get, barring accidents.

We have worked for eight years on this Truck Tire problem. We built 29 types before arriving at this one. We built 74 models of this S-V type before we attained this perfection.

We give you in it, as compared with others, 20 per cent more available tread rubber. The shape ends bulging, breaking or excessive grind. The compound minimizes friction.

The tire can't creep, as we press it on at a minimum of 50,000 pounds. It can't separate, for the tread, the backing and the rim are welded into lasting union.

GOODYEAR AKRON, OHIO
S-V Truck Tires

Go to a Goodyear Distributor or ask our local branch where you can get this warrant on the latest S-V tire. Accept it while the offer lasts.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., Desk 158, Akron, O.

Makers of Goodyear Automobile Tires

We Make Demountable, Block, Cushion, Pneumatic and Other Types of Truck Tires

(2374)

"I had only twelve hours' notice to start for the front. I am not a hospital nurse, but I have taken for several years three months each summer of special training. So I felt that I would be useful if I could get over.

"It was November and very cold. When I got to Calais there was not a room to be had anywhere. But at the Hotel Central they told me I might have a bathroom to sleep in.

"At the last moment a gentleman volunteered to exchange with me. But the next day he left, so that night I slept in a bathtub with a mattress in it!

"The following day I got a train for Dunkirk. On the way the train was wrecked. Several coaches left the track, and there was nothing to do but to wait until they were put back on.

"I went to the British Consul at Dunkirk and asked him where I could be most useful. He said to go to the railroad station at once.

"I went to the station. The situation there was horrible. Three doctors and seven dressers were working on four-hour shifts.

"As the wounded came in only at night, that was when we were needed. I worked all night from that time on. My first night we had eleven hundred men. Some of them were dead when they were lifted out onto the stone floor of the station shed. One boy flung himself out of the door. I caught him as he fell and he died in my arms. He had diphtheria, as well as being wounded.

"The station was frightfully cold, and the men had to be laid on the stone floors with just room for moving about between them. There was no heat of any sort. The dead were laid in rows, one on top of another, on cattle trucks. As fast as a man died they took his body away and brought in another wounded man.

"Every now and then the electric lights would go out and leave us there in black darkness. Finally we got candles and lamps for emergencies.

"We had no surgical dressings, but we had some iodine. The odors were fearful. Some of the men had not had their clothes off for five weeks. Their garments were like boards. It was almost impossible to cut through them. And underneath they were coated with vermin. Their bodies were black with them frequently."

Lady Decies' Story

"In many cases the wounds were green through lack of attention. One man, I remember, had fifteen. The first two nights I was there we had no water, which made it terrible. There was a pump outside, but the water was bad. At last we had a little stove set up, and I got some kettles and jugs and boiled the water.

"We were obliged to throw the bandages in a heap on the floor, and night after night we walked about in blood. My clothing and stockings were stained with blood to my knees.

"After the first five nights I kept no record of the number of wounded; but the first night we had eleven hundred; the second night, nine hundred; the third night, seven hundred and fifty; the fourth night, two thousand; the fifth night, fifteen hundred.

"The men who were working at the station were English Quakers. They were splendid men. I have never known more heroic work than they did, and the curé was a splendid fellow. There was nothing too menial for him to do. He was everywhere."

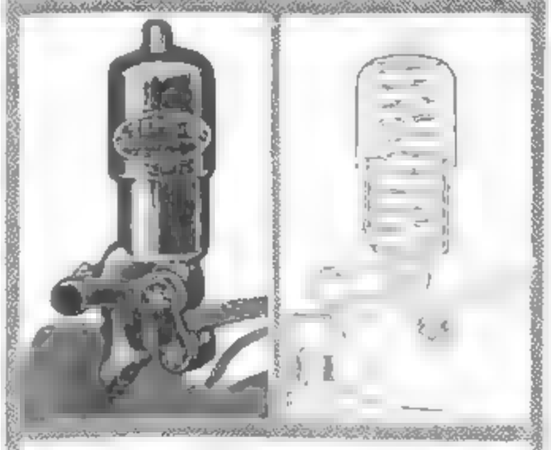
This is the story she told me that night, in her own words. I have not revised it. Better than anything I know it tells of conditions as they actually existed during the hard fighting of last autumn, and as in the very nature of things they must exist again when the weather opens up.

It becomes a little wearying, sometimes, this constant cry of horrors, the ever-recurring demands on America's pocketbook for supplies, for dressings, for money to buy the thousands of things that are needed.

Read Lady Decies' account again, and try to place your own son on that stone floor on the station platform. Think of that wounded boy, sitting for hours in a train, and choking to death with diphtheria.

Read that account again, and then cry for "war" the next time the national pride receives what it considers an affront. Cry for war—if you dare!

TEMCO
SHOCK ABSORBERS
For FORD Cars



No Other Ford Shock Absorber Combines These Advantages

Temcos have a *telescoping dust-cap*.

Even when telescoped, Temcos are as tall as others. When extended (normal position), Temcos are the *tallest* shock absorbers made for Ford Cars.

So we use *longer springs* and, not content with greater length, we also make them *stronger and more flexible* by using *two Genuine Crucible Vanadium Helical Steel Springs in each shock absorber*.

Radius Links hold Temcos vertical, preventing side-sway—minimizing skidding.

Unlimited Guarantee

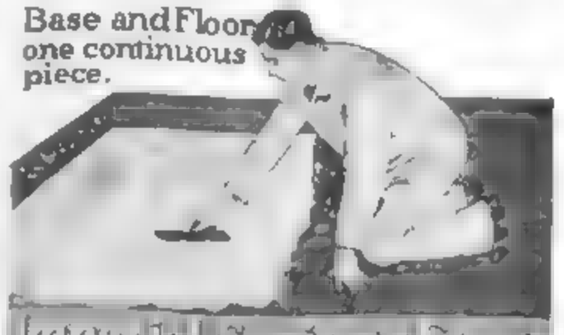
Temco Shock Absorbers must fully, thoroughly and completely satisfy you in every way, or you may return them and get your money back.

Complete Set of Four $15

The installation is perfectly simple—no holes to drill—anyone can put them on. Write for descriptive matter. Get them of your dealer or from us direct.

The Temco Electric Motor Co.
518 Sugar St., Leipsic, Ohio

Base and Floor in one continuous piece.



Imperial Sanitary Floor

Put on Like Plaster—Wears Like Iron

A composition ¾ in. thick easily applied over any foundation—will not chip or come loose.

A continuous, fine grained, smooth, non-slippery surface, practically a seamless tile—fireproof, waterproof, germproof—no crack, crevice or joint for the accumulation of dirt.

The Best Floor

for Kitchen, Pantry, Bath Room, Laundry, Porch, Garage and Show Room, Restaurant, Church, Factory, Dairy, Theater, Hotel, Office Building, Railroad Station, Hospital—all places where durability, sanitation and low cost of up-keep are the requirements. Your choice of five practical colors, Red, Buff, Brown, Gray and White.

Full information and sample FREE on request.

IMPERIAL FLOOR CO., 20 Cutler Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

On the market nine years.

If coming to New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?

THE CLENDENING, 190 W. 103 St., New York
Select, Home-like, Economical. Suites of Parlor, bedroom, Private Bath for two persons $2.00 daily. Write for descriptive booklet G with fine map of city.

Big Profits to Rider Agents
OF THE HOWARD NEW STYLE BICYCLE

Send at once for our free proposition. Learn all about this wonderful bicycle, entirely different from the ordinary sort.

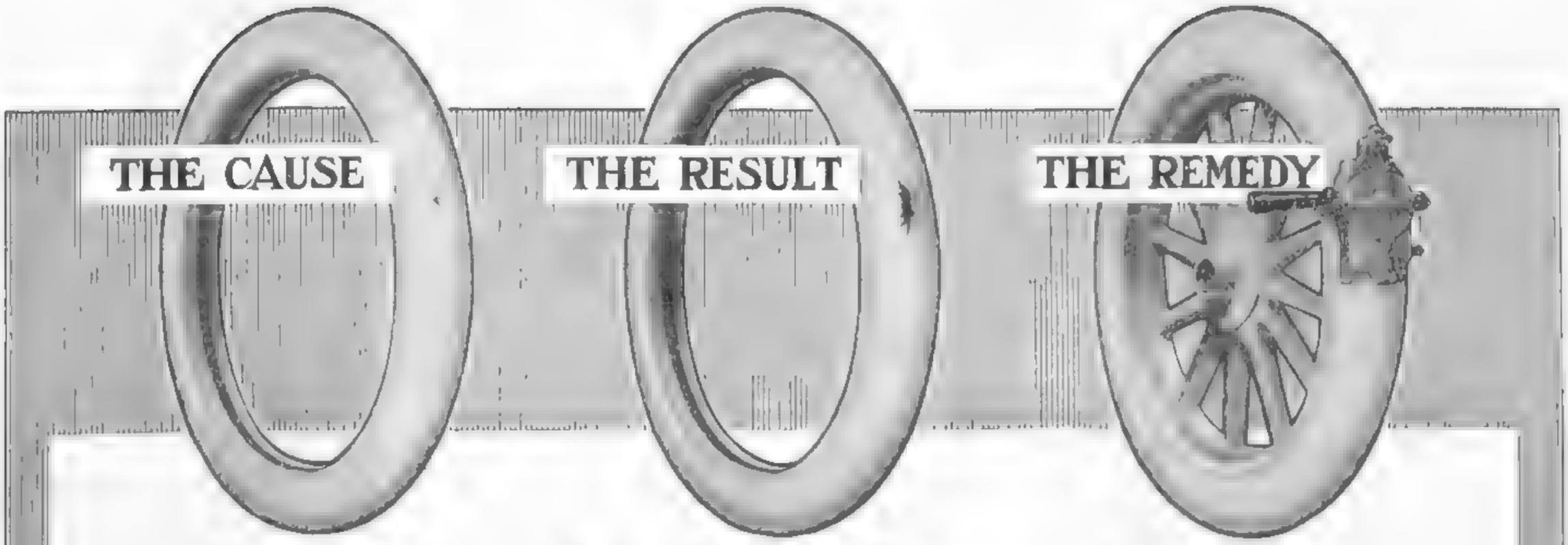
HOWARD CYCLE CO. Dept. S. P., Trenton, N. J.

The National Lullaby

Faultless Pajamas Night Shirts

since 1881

E. Rosenfeld & Co. Makers, Baltimore and New York



Stop the Hole—Save the Tire

Like a "stitch in time saves nine," so vulcanizing the small hole saves the blow-out later on.

These small holes when neglected expose the fabric. Sand blisters form. Water and moisture ooze through and rot the fabric. Then comes the blow-out—a big repair bill and usually a ruined tire. Stop this needless trouble and expense.

You can save your tires, save repair bills, increase your mileage and prevent tire trouble by vulcanizing the small cuts and holes with a Shaler Vulcanizer. You can keep your tires in perfect condition all the time.

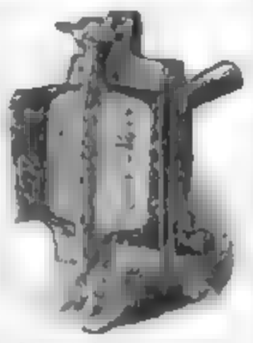
SHALER Vulcanizers

Increase Your Mileage—Save Repair Bills—Prevent Roadside Delay

SHALER

Tube-Kit $2.00

Does away with temporary patches for repairing tubes. It takes no more time to repair a tube permanently with a Shaler Tube-Kit than it does to use a temporary patch. Can be carried in the tool box or tucked under seat. Burns gasoline or alcohol. Flame is free from soot and smoke and the fuel cannot spill and flare up. Handle is detachable.



Is nickel plated, clean and rust proof. Complete $2.00.

SHALER

Ford-Kit $2.75

For Ford Tubes and Casings

This model, designed especially to fit Ford tires, makes every practicable tube repair, and, what is much more valuable, mends casing cuts too. Same simple, clean, No exposed flame, so can be used close under a fender

Sold by most dealers. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer's name is given.

will repair any puncture, rip, cut, tear or hole in casing or tube in a few minutes and make the repair the strongest part of the tire.

The Shaler is simple and easy to use. Anyone who can drive a car can easily and quickly vulcanize any tire with a Shaler. It requires no watching or regulating. You do not have to fear overcuring or undercuring the rubber. The Shaler has an **automatic heat control** which provides the exact heat for perfect vulcanization—no more—no less. Shaler Vulcanizers are standard. Their principle is correct.

We are the world's largest makers of vulcanizers and make a complete line for every need, in every type—Alcohol—Gasoline—Steam or Electric. We make small portable outfits for tourists—Tube-Kit, $2.00 (for vulcanizing tubes), Ford-Kit, $2.75 (for Ford owners), Vul-Kit, $3.50 (to carry in tool box for roadside repairs to tubes and casings), Model D, $12.50 (Electric outfit for private garages), and Garage Outfit at $60.

Get This Book Free
"Care and Repair of Tires"

"Care and Repair of Tires" tells the proper inflation you should maintain in your tires according to weight, load and seasons. It describes fully how to protect the tires while car is idle in the garage—how to care for them in winter and extreme hot weather—how to avoid substances that rot the rubber and fabric. It gives splendid hints on the spare tire and its care—how to carry extra tubes. It explains the tire sleeve, the blow-out patch—repair plasters and plugs and emergency or temporary repairs. This book because of its accurate and reliable information is quoted as an authority by American and Foreign Automobile Publications. It is really a text book on the care of automobile tires. It also describes each Shaler Model in detail and explains how it operates.

To Dealers—Garages and Repair Shops

Garages can add $20.00 or more a day to their profits vulcanizing tires with Shaler Vulcanizers. Accessory dealers can greatly increase their sales and profits selling portable Shaler Vulcanizers to motorists because it's the only accessory never included with any car's equipment. Every repair shop should have the Shaler Garage Outfit. Every accessory dealer should stock the tourist Shalers. Use the coupon today. Get our interesting proposition and read our free book, "Common Sense About Tire Repairs" (for dealers only).

C. A. SHALER CO., 1400 Fourth St., Waupun, Wis.

Canadian Distributors—JOHN MILLEN & SON, Limited, Toronto, Winnipeg, Montreal, Vancouver

SHALER

Vul-Kit $3.50

Fits Any Size Tire

Can be carried in the tool box for emergency repairs to tubes and casings. Does away with patches and cement. Has no exposed blaze. Absolutely safe. Burns gasoline or alcohol—an exclusive Shaler feature. No watching, no regulating, simply fill the cut or puncture with new rubber, clamp on the vulcanizer—fill and light the generator. You can't overcure or undercure a repair. Handle always cool. Anyone can use it. Complete, $3.50.

Sold by most dealers. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer's name is given.

Dealers—Garage Coupon

C. A. Shaler Company, 1400 Fourth St. Waupun, Wis.

Send me catalog, dealers' terms and free book, "Common Sense About Tire Repairs" (for dealers and garages only).

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Do you sell accessories?_____

Have you a repair department?_____

Jobber's name_____

Car Owner's Coupon

C. A. Shaler Company, 1400 Fourth St. Waupun, Wis.

Send me your free book, "Care and Repair of Tires," and catalog of Shaler Vulcanizers.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

From whom do you buy your Auto Supplies?_____

P-f-f-f-f Toc! Toc! Toc! And Your Pipe is Ready to Fill

You know the old familiar motions every pipe-smoker employs. They would be the delight of an efficiency expert.

A sweep of the hand from the pocket or the table top and your pipe is gripped in your teeth.

A blast of breath through the stem and three smart taps on your heel—and your pipe is ready to fill.

NOW. What are you going to fill it with? If you could fill it with a tobacco you might like better than your present brand or mixture, you would be willing to give it a trial, wouldn't you?

Thought so.

Would you be willing to give Edgeworth a trial if a sample were placed in your hands? You certainly would if some friend asked you to smoke a pipeful or two.

Well, the manufacturer of Edgeworth asks you to do it. If you will send him your name and address on a post card, with the name of a store where you sometimes buy your tobacco, a generous sample of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed will be sent you, prepaid, to try.

Send and get the sample. It may be a revelation to you.

Edgeworth is not the biggest selling smoking tobacco in the world. It is not the second biggest seller, it is not yet the third biggest seller.

But with the men who smoke it—with the pipe-smokers who have "found" Edgeworth, either through the sample that is given or through some friend—it is simply without a rival.

To the Edgeworth Smoker there is simply no other tobacco but Edgeworth; other tobaccos are for the other fellow.

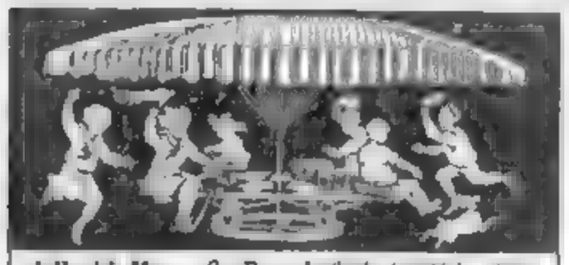
This is a strong statement. The sample of Edgeworth offered you must prove it. Send for the sample; you will like it.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c for pocket size tin, 50c for large tin, $1.00 for humidor tin. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. It is on sale practically everywhere. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is easy to roll into a tight, round cigarette. In a cigarette it is slightly milder than in a pipe and the flavor of an Edgeworth cigarette is refreshingly different.

If you will accept the proffer of a free package, write to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well-known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen (10c size) carton by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.



A Health Merry-Go-Round affords healthful outdoor exercise with pleasure for your children during outdoor season. Keeps them off the street and prevents spread of worry. Provides ideal healthful home amusement at which the children never tire.

Absolutely safe—no rings. Strongly built of iron, steel and wood. Handsome ornament to the lawn or to public playgrounds. Made of weather-resisting Oregon fir.

Every Machine Guaranteed. Sent on Free Trial. Write for Free Illustrated Catalog.

Let us send you literature and prices on our children's vehicles and other playground outfits.

Dealers Wanted—Attractive Proposition

HEALTH MERRY GO ROUND CO., Dept. 315, QUINCY, ILL.

THE LIGHT TO LEEWARD

(Continued from Page 8)

high above her head a Coston signal. As the red glare lighted the deck round them and she saw him bent over the wheel, she read in his white face the story of his trial. Lying awake in her berth she had felt the schooner come up into the wind and then pay off again. Wondering, she had thrown a robe about her and crept up to the top of the companion, where, unknown to her husband, she had watched the rockets from the distressed vessel. She had realized the battle he was fighting, alone there on deck, and now that he had made his decision she had returned quietly to the cabin, got the Coston light, and burned it as a signal to the distressed steamer that her plight had been discovered.

From a full heart Jim Medford breathed a prayer for aid and comfort for this weak woman who, in an emergency, had proved as strong as he. The girl came aft and put her arm round him, and together they watched a red rocket burst from the darkness ahead.

"They have answered our signal in kind," he muttered. "They know now a vessel is coming to stand by. But, oh, my dear, the price we pay may ——"

"Man of mine shall never run from a ship in distress," she answered proudly. "Can we help them, Jim?"

"Perhaps," he answered. "We'll be up to her right after daylight. Better go below and get some more Coston lights. It'll encourage the women and children to see those rockets."

At seven o'clock he could see the distressed vessel. She was a large coasting passenger steamer, and as she rolled in the trough of the sea the waves broke over her continuously. At seven-thirty the Corona Vance, with Jorgensen at the wheel, lurched in under her stern and passed up to leeward of her. From the bridge her master shouted through the megaphone that he had lost his rudder and was driving onto the beach. The master of the Corona Vance had read her name as he passed astern, and the situation was clear to him now.

"Passenger boat Spokane, running between San Francisco and Seattle," he explained to his wife, standing at the chain scuttle. "She's lost her rudder, and because she's a single-screw boat she can't head up into this wind. Running in the regular steamer lanes she couldn't have been more than fifteen miles off the coast when she broke down, and she cannot be more than five miles off the beach now, although I can't see very far through these rain squalls."

He sailed the schooner wide round the steamer and passed down to windward.

"We'll put a bridle on her," he bellowed through the megaphone, and the wind carried his message to the worried man on the bridge. "Use me for a drag and you can head up."

The captain of the steamer waved both arms upward and outward, the universal signal of the seas that he had heard and understood.

"Got a doctor aboard?"

The captain went into consultation with his mate, who was seen to hurry below, and as the Corona Vance came up to leeward again her master received his answer:

"One of our passengers is a doctor."

Medford nodded. As he came down again on the weather side he saw a group of men astern brail a light line to a cask and toss it overboard. Quickly it drifted astern, Jorgensen sailed the Corona Vance into the bight of the line, and the captain fished it up with a boat hook and hauled aboard the towing hawser to which the light line was attached, while the schooner hung shivering in the wind. Quickly he made the hawser fast on the towing bitts, and the steamer took up the slack. From their end of the hawser the steamer people bent the bridle—two other lengths of heavy line, which they carried to the port and starboard chocks respectively, on the main deck aft. When the propeller churned the slack of the hawser was promptly taken up, and immediately a strain was put on that rein of the bridle that led to the starboard chock. As the steamer was moving ahead now, immediately she swung slowly under the tension and headed for the open sea; presently her passengers lined the deck and cheer on cheer came floating down the wind to the battered little schooner. They had seen a cripple at the helm and but one man had received the vessel's hawser. They had seen her foresail torn to ribbons, with the gaff and boom swinging at the caprice of the wind, and they had seen that her port bulwarks had been ripped away. In distress herself, she had come out of the night and offered her waterlogged hull for a jury rudder! So they cheered the big man forward and the cripple at the helm.

As the steamer headed for the open sea Captain Medford let all of his sails come down by the run, and snugged them up as best he could. He had started aft to take the wheel from Jorgensen when there came a violent jerk at the hawser—a jerk that nearly threw him off his feet and shook the schooner to her marrow bones. He ran forward again with the intention of making the slack of the hawser fast round the mainmast; but even as he reached it the bitts were plucked out of the old schooner's deck as a clumsy dentist pulls a decayed tooth, and in an instant the Corona Vance, free of the hawser and without a stitch of canvas spread, broached to and shipped a sea.

Seeing their desperate plight, Jorgensen instantly lashed the wheel and came hopping across the poop down the companion to the main deck. The captain saw him hopping along by the weather rail. True, Jorgensen was a cripple, but despite this fact he possessed one asset that yet might save the Corona Vance: he had a hundred and ninety pounds of bone and sinew—and beef was what Jim Medford wanted now; wanted it at the end of the forestaysail halyard. Through the white water boiling along the deck he raced to meet the crippled mate.

"On to my back," he yelled, faced round and bent his big body. The mate leaped and the master ran forward with him, dropped him, and left him clinging to the main shrouds while he cast off the staysail halyards.

"Now then, bully!" he yelled, and Jorgensen hopped to his side. Together they swung on the halyard, and the forestaysail rose slowly. When they had it three-quarters up they belayed the halyard to the pin, and the schooner's head came up out of the smother of foam.

With the mate on his back once more Captain Medford fought his way to the mainsail halyards. Their most desperate efforts, however, were unequal to lifting the heavy wet sail more than fifteen feet, but that was enough in that breeze.

"Anything to hold her up," the skipper gasped. "Hang to the halyard, Jorgensen, until I get to the wheel."

The schooner now had canvas enough spread to give her steerage way, and with the captain at the wheel she obeyed, and loafed slowly through the great seas; with her decks free of water now Jorgensen hopped to the poop ladder and crawled back to the wheel.

"Phew!" the skipper said as Jorgensen's white face appeared at the break of the poop. "That was the closest I've ever been to Davy Jones' locker. Come, take the wheel."

With the mate at the wheel the captain went below. Even in the midst of the fast, exciting work of the past hour he remembered that his wife had not appeared at the cabin scuttle, and now as he bent over the berth where she lay he knew the reason why.

"You've lost the steamer," she whispered. "Too bad, Jim, dear." And her white arms went round his neck to comfort him.

"I'll save you yet," he whispered fiercely, and from the locker beneath her berth he took a bundle of flags. "I stood by them," he said grimly, "and now, if they're human, they'll stand by me."

Under the wisp of sail they had been enabled to get on her the Corona Vance, head up, was creeping toward the steamer, helpless once more in the seas. Her captain, turning to a man who stood on the bridge with him, watched her coming.

"There's a man and a sailor in command of that little hooker," he said admiringly. "Did you see him and that cripple snatch her out from under the blanketing seas that time. Gad, sir, I thought she'd wallow and be torn to pieces in fifteen minutes. And now the indomitable fellow is going to pick up the hawser again and make it fast to his mainmast."

"I doubt it, captain," the other replied. "There's his ensign hoisted upside down. He's in distress. I wonder what's wrong.

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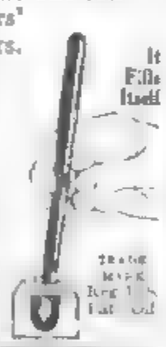

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WHITE FROST REFRIGERATOR CO., Dept. E-1, Jackson, Michigan

Remember, he asked if we had a doctor aboard?"

From the halyards of the Corona Vance a pennant went up; then another and another. Jim Medford was calling in the international code to send off a small boat to him.

As she passed up to windward of them the steamer people saw that a can of oil, brailed to a rope, had been hove off the schooner's lee bow. A few minutes later another can went overboard off her lee quarter.

"He expects that small boat," the captain of the steamer said anxiously, "and he's going to stand off to windward and spray the sea with oil. The waves won't break then, you know." He gazed at his companion. "It might be done," he suggested.

"It had better be done," the other responded quietly. "Call for volunteers to man a boat."

Apparently the master of the Corona Vance entertained no suspicion that the steamer captain would decline to send the lifeboat he had requested, for promptly he set to work to rig a tackle from the end of his close-hauled main boom, the while the little vessel ratched backward and forward scattering the oil across the heaving waters. His tackle rigged, he disappeared down the cabin scuttle, to emerge presently supporting the cloaked figure of a woman, and with his arm round her he waited.

"He wants to transfer that woman to the steamer," the mate bawled. "Lively, now, lads. He'll stick by us if we stick by him, remember that."

Because of the free distribution of oil on the surface of the sea the steamer rolled easily in the cross swells, which no longer broke over her, and presently a boat was successfully launched from her lee side, with the first mate in charge. The moment the boat appeared round the steamer's stern the master of the Corona Vance placed his wife in a boson's chair and lashed her in. Then he hoisted her to the end of the main boom and passed the lowering line round the main mast and then up to the cripple at the wheel. Then he slowly slacked off the main sheet and the girl swung wide over the oil-swept water.

"Cut the fall when I lower away," Medford shouted to the men in the lifeboat. "Be ready with a sharp knife." He made fast the main sheet and took the lowering line from Jorgensen.

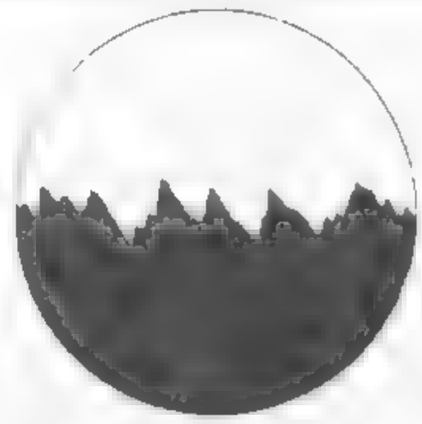
The men in the lifeboat, watching their opportunity, suddenly shot in under the wide-hanging boom, and on the instant the master of the Corona Vance lowered away. A strong arm reached out and grasped the girl, a knife flashed, and with its precious freight the lifeboat danced away back to the steamer.

The Corona Vance, with her master's strong hand on the helm, followed the lifeboat round to the lee of the steamer and watched the difficult and dangerous task of getting the boat on board again.

A glance showed him that this would be impossible, however. The sea was running so high that for the lifeboat to attempt to run in alongside the plunging steamer, in the hope of making fast to the dangling davit falls and being hoisted aboard, would mean the destruction of the boat against the side of the vessel and the death of its occupants. He bellowed a warning for them to stand off, and as he came down on the weather side of the vessel he shouted to the steamer captain:

"Swing out a cargo boom, with plenty of slack on your fall, and drop a freight net into that lifeboat."

Again the master of the steamer waved his arms in that comprehensive gesture, and presently a cargo boom was swung wide over the steamer's lee counter, and the heavy block, with the huge, dirty rope freight net hanging to its hook, was lowered to the surface of the water. Promptly the men in the lifeboat pulled up and hauled the freight net aboard. Athwart their craft they spread it and the girl crept in on it and knelt. Over her head they looped it and once more pulled gingerly in under the block dangling from the cargo boom. To reach up as they passed beneath, seize the block and insert the hook of it into the slings on the freight net, was the work of an instant. The mate in the boat signaled the winchman on the forecastle head and the girl was snatched out of the boat, swept by a huge green sea, hoisted high in the air and landed in on the steamer's deck, where two deckhands promptly rescued her and bore her away into the waist of the vessel.



Razor blade magnified 1000 times

DON'T LET YOUR RAZOR ABUSE YOUR FACE

THE cutting edge of every razor—"ordinary" or "safety"—consists of microscopic teeth. Magnified 1000 times these teeth look like the teeth of a cross-cut saw. See illustration above.

Now rust forms on these teeth. This makes the blade dull—makes it "pull" and hurt your face.

You don't wipe any "safety" or "ordinary" razor blade dry enough to prevent this "surface rusting." Apply 3-in-One shaving oil before and after shaving. 3-in-One positively prevents rust on any metal.

This is the way to have a perfect shave: Moisten your thumb and forefinger with a few drops of 3-in-One. Draw razor blade between them. Then if an "ordinary" razor, strop in the usual way, first putting a few drops on the strop. You'll be surprised and delighted at the keen edge that comes so quickly and shaves so perfectly.

After shaving, be sure to repeat the oiling. That will absolutely prevent any rust forming between shaves. 3-in-One makes the razor slip over the face "slick and smooth." Also prevents the soap from burning or smarting after even a close shave. 3-in-One shaving oil has a delicate, agreeable flavor.

You can get 3-in-One at any good drug, hardware or general store. 1 oz., 10c.; 3 ozs., 25c.; 8 ozs. (½ pint), 50c. Also in patent Handy Oil Cans, 3½ ozs., 25c.

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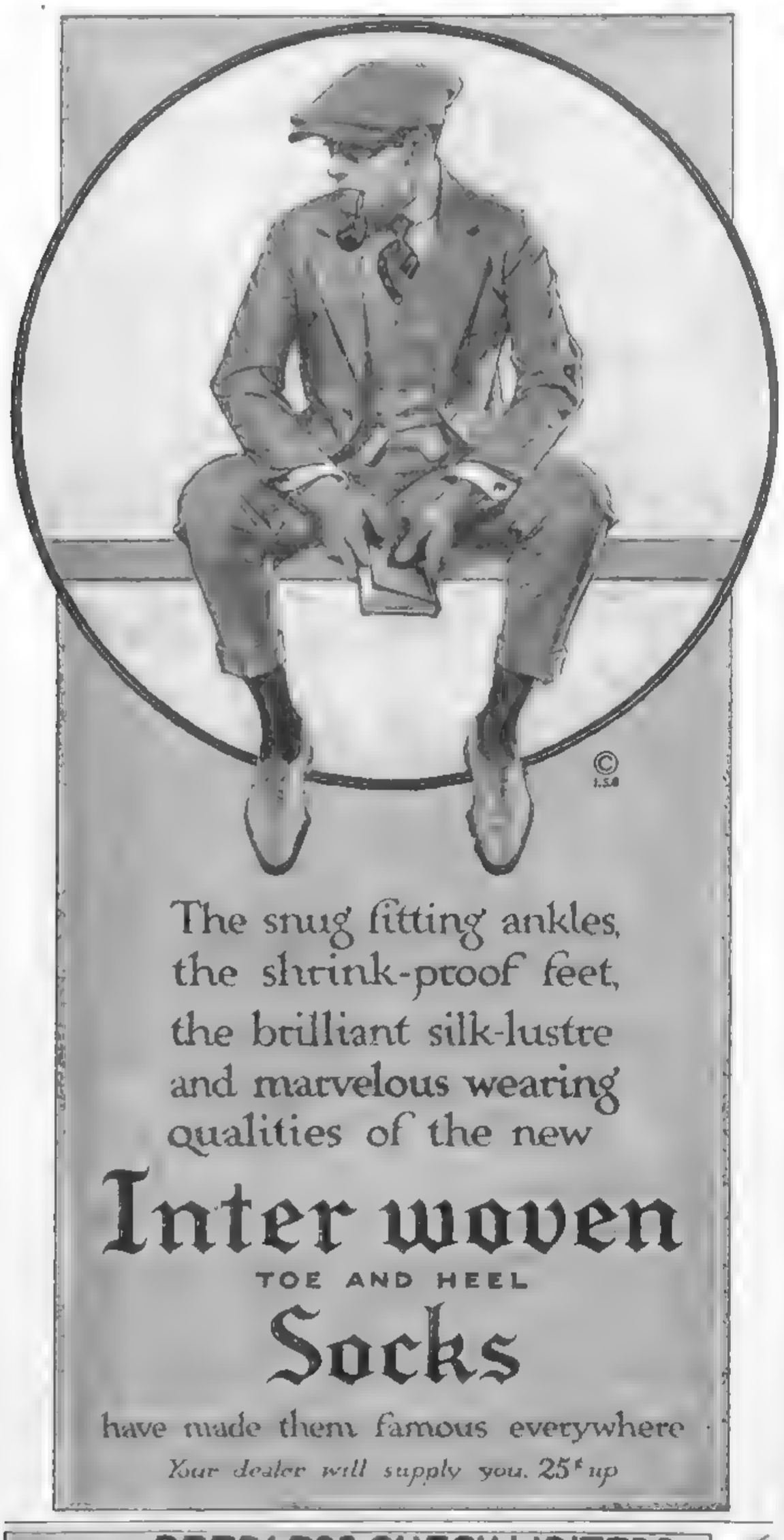

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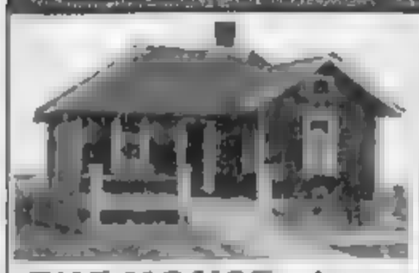

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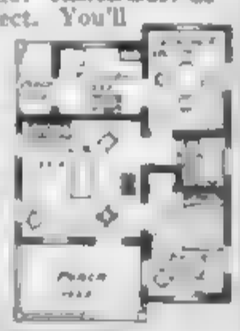

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Jorgensen turned his white face to Captain Medford. "Safe-O!" he shouted.

"Thank you, Mr. Jorgensen," the master answered. "I owe her life to you. And now if those steamer people are wise they'll rig a sling from the rings at bow and stern of that lifeboat and haul it aboard with its crew, just as they hauled in Mrs. Medford."

An hour later, with the lifeboat back aboard and her hawser fast on the sturdy foremast of the Corona Vance, the steamer continued her voyage. Right in the Spokane's frothy wake Jim Medford held the battered nose of the Corona Vance, and presently when they were well off the dangerous coast the steamer turned north. At noon a familiar strip of coast loomed up to starboard.

"We'll be into the Sound about five o'clock," Jim Medford promised his mate.

It was just dark when the Spokane steamed into the harbor at Victoria and dropped anchor. The Corona Vance, very low and water-logged now, still swung at the end of the bridle, and the master of the steamer sent the second mate with half a dozen men in a small boat over to the schooner to do for her what the two exhausted men aboard her could not do—get her anchor overside and clew up her canvas. These matters attended to, they returned to the Spokane with a promise to return in the morning and take Jorgensen ashore to a hospital, Captain Medford hung out his riding lights and he and Jorgensen turned in.

About an hour later the boat from the steamer came alongside again, and a brisk, well-dressed, businesslike person clambered aboard through the snaggly bulwarks, followed by the master of the Spokane.

"He's down below, I believe, Mr. Farrington," the steamship captain suggested.

"Then we'll go below, captain," his companion replied crisply. "I'll thank that man in person to-night if I have to wake him up to do it, and I imagine you feel that way about the case yourself."

They found Jim Medford and Jorgensen asleep in their berths, but they could not awaken them, for the survivors of the Corona Vance had completed a thirty-day battle with the elements and now they were resting. So Farrington wrote a note and set it across the face of the alarm clock at the head of the skipper's berth. Here Medford found it the following morning, and read:

"*My dear Captain Medford:* Came aboard last night to express my gratitude to you for saving our ship and passengers; also for saving me, for I was aboard the Spokane too. Your heir was still in the offing when I came aboard, but the doctor says he'll make port about daylight, and for you not to worry. My gift to the youngster is a job to its daddy, if he cares to take it, and I think he will, for the Corona Vance appears to be due for the boneyard and her skipper out of a job. You are the dock superintendent for our company in San Francisco at three hundred dollars a month, and I advise you to accept. I have a couple of kids myself and I know what an expense they are. You can't do justice to this infant and its brave little mother on the hundred a month you earn in a lumber hooker, and besides, a married man should be home with his family.

"Again thank you. I'll take care of your mate too. Sincerely and gratefully,

"ANDREW FARRINGTON,
"President Western States Steamship Co."

For a long time Captain Jim Medford sat on the edge of his berth, running his hand through his tousled hair and wondering if it wasn't a dream after all. Three hundred dollars a month, and every night a night in port! Why, that was as good a salary as the master of a trans-Pacific passenger boat gets. He could do many things with three hundred dollars a month. They could live comfortably on a hundred and fifty and buy a little home on the installment plan, and the other hundred and fifty they could set aside for a rainy day.

He sprang out of his berth, resolved to dress and carry the glad tidings where they would do the most good, and Jorgensen, watching him through the open door of his stateroom across the cabin, raised an old deep-sea chantey:

Oh, if it be a girl, I will dance her on my knee;
And if it be a boy, he will cross the raging sea
With his ——

"Not by forty fathom, he won't!" Jim Medford chuckled. "This going to sea is a dog's life, and my son shall have none of it."

Jorgensen suddenly sat up in his berth and peered through the open deadlight across the blue waters of Puget Sound to the Spokane, swinging at anchor two cables' length distant.

"The Spokane is all dressed up," he declared.

Jim Medford jumped out on deck and looked at her. Sure enough, she was "dressed." The Stars and Stripes fluttered at her gaff, and every pennant in her flag locker streamed from forestay, backstay and from truck to truck. As Captain Medford gazed upon her the master of the Spokane came out on deck, saw him, waved his hand and shouted.

"I didn't know this was a holiday, sir," Jorgensen declared as the master of the Corona Vance came down into the cabin to finish dressing.

"To-day," said Jim Medford, "is the greatest day in history. My son was born to-day, and they've dressed the Spokane up in honor of him and his mother."

"Oh!" said Jorgensen humbly. "So that's it. But what's that skipper shouting 'Ship ahoy!' for?"

"He isn't shouting 'Ship ahoy!' at all, you Norwegian blockhead! He's shouting 'It's a boy!' Congratulate me, old man, and hear my vow: If he ever goes to sea I swear I'll disown him."

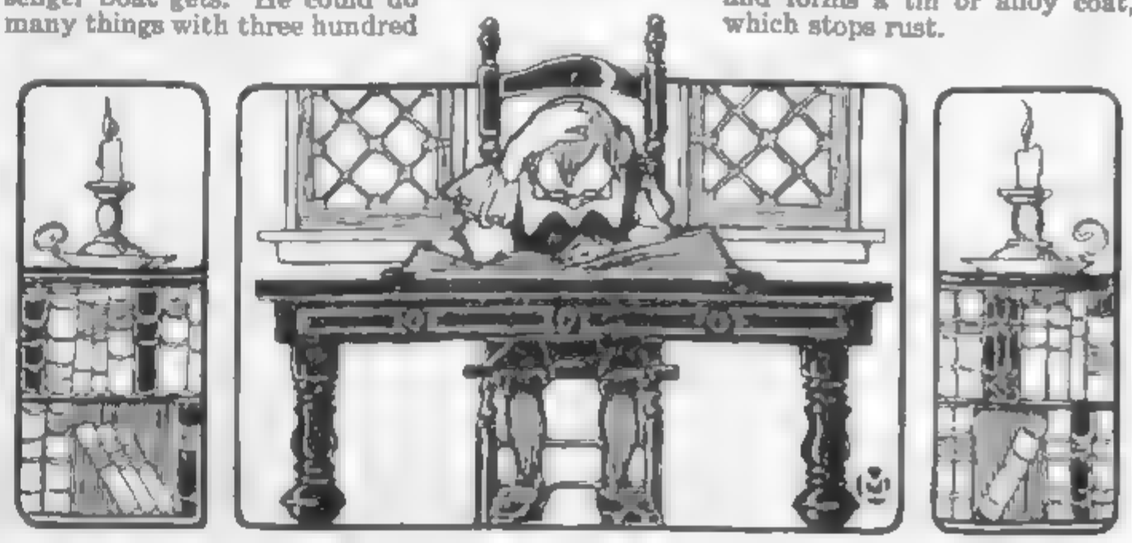
Routing Rust

THIS Age of Steel has roused a world-wide battle with rust, and more chemists and other experts are studying possible weapons for this battle than are busy on almost any other industrial problem. Concrete owes much of its present growth to the difficulty of protecting steel and iron against rust.

Absolutely pure iron will not rust and fairly pure iron will rust only slowly. One way, therefore, is to improve the grade of iron; and manufacturers now sell iron that is guaranteed to withstand rust for considerable periods. It is possible, though expensive, to purify iron completely by electricity; and electrolytic iron, as it is called, may before long be common commercially.

Surface coats of protection are, however, the favorite methods of to-day; and many such coatings have appeared lately. The latest one is a metal coat that can be applied on an iron or steel structure after it has been erected, in much the same way that paint is applied. Finely powdered metals—such as tin, lead or zinc, or all three in proper proportion—are mixed in oil and painted on the bridge or column or other structure that needs protection. Then the painted surface is heated by a hand torch or in whatever way is most convenient.

The oil burns away and the powdered metal melts, but does not run. As the metal cools it takes a tight grip on the iron surface and forms a tin or alloy coat, which stops rust.



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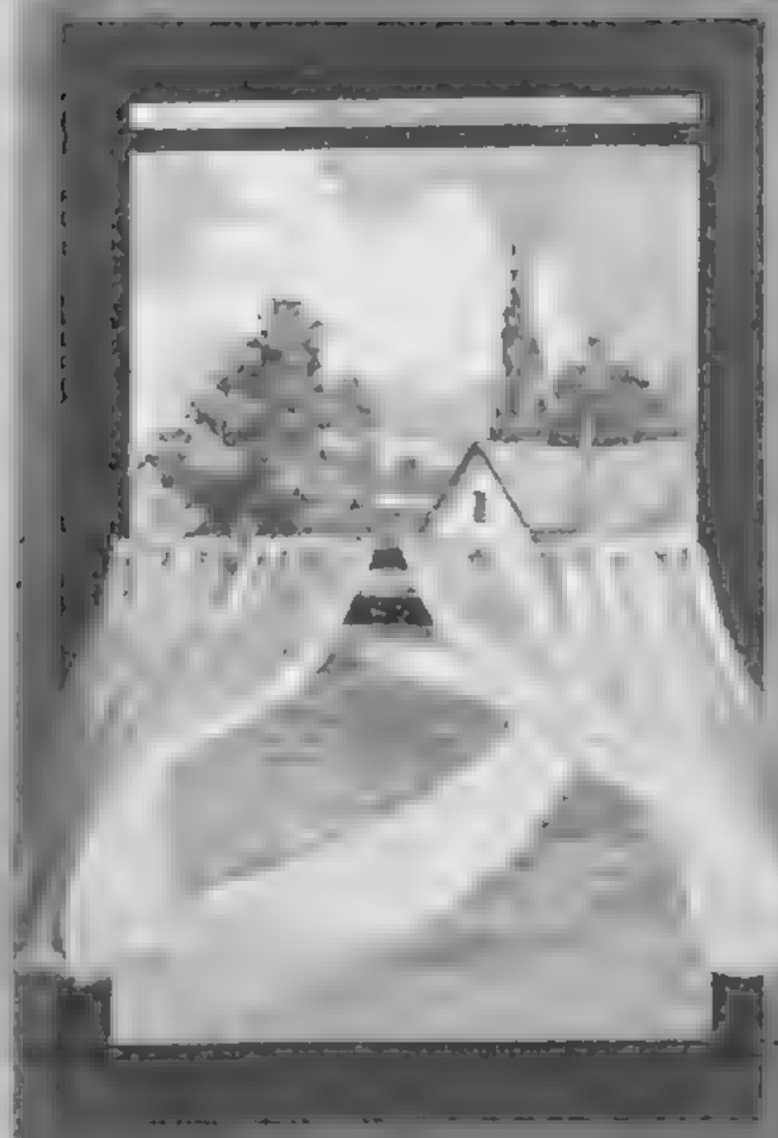

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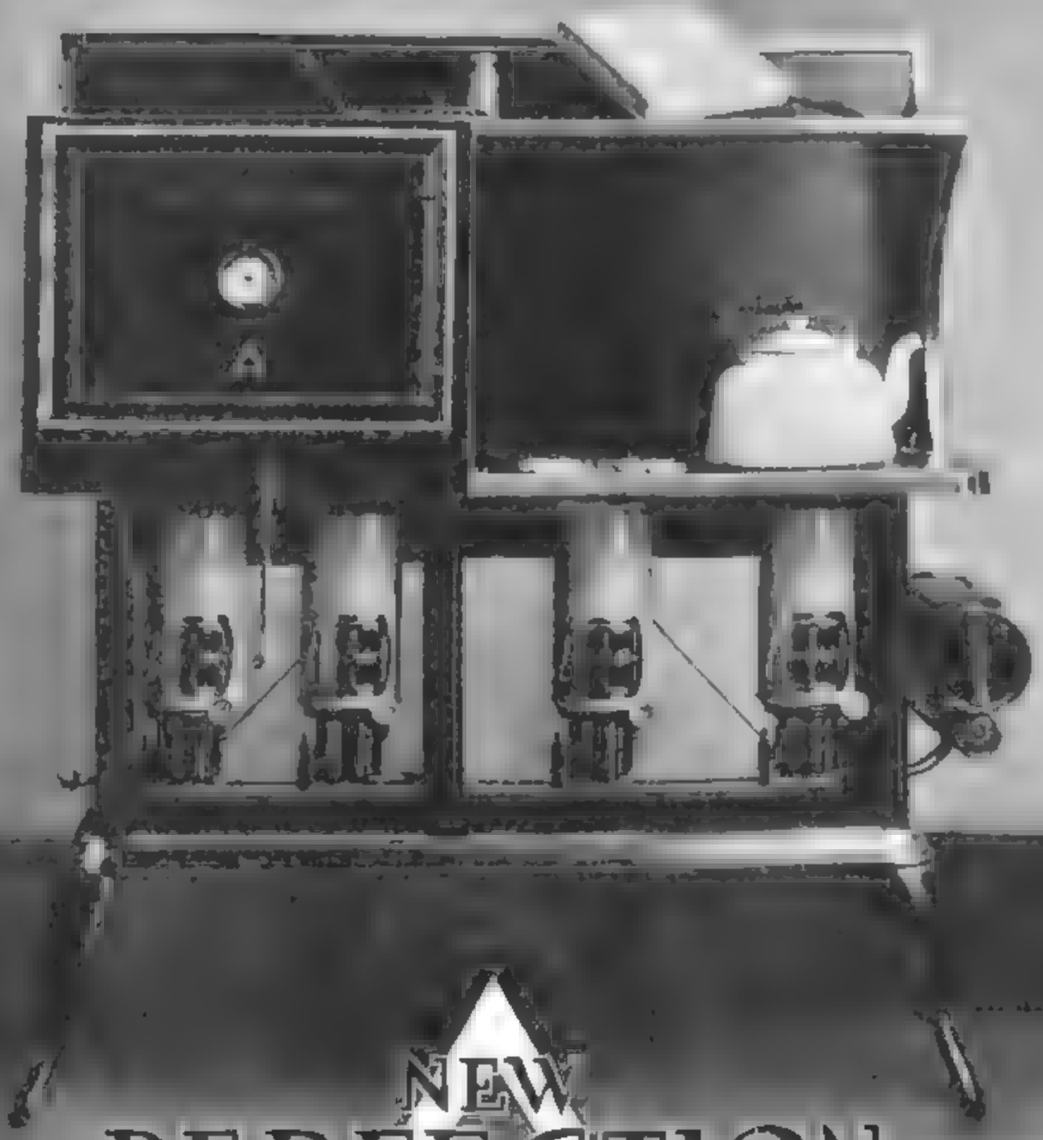
but the NEW PERFECTION Oil Stove with Fireless Cooking Oven—the Cook that Cooks while the Cook's away.



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MADE IN CANADA BY THE PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY, LTD., SARNIA, ONTARIO.

SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE OR WHEREVER YOU SEE THE PICTURE OF THE NEW PERFECTION GIRL

SECRETS OF THE CHAIN STORE

(Continued from Page 17)

"You must let nothing interfere with registering a sharp and clear impression on the mind of every customer that the word of a customer in this store is never questioned for an instant, and that we do not permit any customer to remain unsatisfied in the least particular with either our service or our goods. I am glad this incident came up, because it gives me an opportunity to drive this lesson home to you in a way that will leave no lurking suspicion that there might be a case in which you would be justified in questioning the word of a customer."

Every minute feature of service in the chain-store system is thought out by able specialists at the central executive office; nothing is left to guesswork or to the imagination or caprice of a clerk, or even a local manager. The very words with which a clerk greets you as you approach the counter are chosen for him; and if he allows you to pass out of the store without receiving the salutation, "Thank you! Come again, please!"—and this omission is noticed by the manager—he will be called to account for it.

In all the classes, meetings, banquets and conventions of the employees of the chain—and these are regular and frequent—some phase or refinement of courtesy is always brought forward for discussion. Before any act or salutation is accepted for the courtesy code of the chain store, the question is always raised as to whether or not it is too pronounced and liable to create an unfavorable impression with the majority of customers. It is also repeatedly tested in actual demonstrations before the employees, and later, experienced clerks are delegated to demonstrate its effect on actual customers.

From this hasty sketch of what service means in the chain-store system, and the methods by which it is developed, it should be apparent, I think, that the average independent storekeeper will make no mistake in studying this subject as it is handled by the keen and resourceful management of the big chain.

In looking at the chain store with the eyes of the retailer who is studying its methods in order to defend himself better against its encroachments, its distinctive sort of salesmanship opens up an alluring line for investigation. Here, again, instruction always precedes action; and, before a clerk is allowed to take his place behind the counter and deal with the public, he is given a thorough drilling, not only in the chain policy and service, but in what the management calls constructive salesmanship. This is taught, not only by a skilled specialist, who is kept moving from one city and store to another, but by practically every executive traveling out of the central office.

The instruction given to the new clerks is of two kinds: the individual, hand-to-hand kind, and that which they receive in the classes and meetings of the chain employees. These evening classes are often held as frequently as twice a week, and are always attended by one of the executives of the chain or by a special salesman. The feature of the evening is always a salesmanship demonstration in which clerks impersonate customers and executives take the rôle of clerks, the demonstration being well staged in order to make it more convincing.

What Real Salesmanship Means

"Salesmanship," declares the former general manager of this chain of fifty drug stores, "is something more than serving a customer quickly and pleasantly with the particular article he comes in to buy, and which he asks for when the clerk comes forward to serve him. That we regard as service rather than salesmanship. But suppose the customer is a woman who has entered the store with the thought of buying a toothbrush—and nothing else. If that clerk, as he slips the toothbrush into its slender envelope, quietly suggests to the customer that perhaps she may be in need of toothpaste or toothpowder, or possibly a mouthwash, and ends by selling her those, and perhaps several other bathroom luxuries, he proves himself a salesman according to the chain-store definition.

"To be a real constructive salesman the clerk must have at least a moderate amount of imagination—enough, at any rate, to call up before his mind other things carried by the store that are naturally associated with the article for which the customer asks. Of course this must be done quickly and tactfully.

"A very close and extended observation of the activities of this kind of salesmanship has convinced me that a master of the art will sell to at least eighty per cent of his customers one or more articles in addition to the one originally asked for; but unfortunately most clerks are not masters of salesmanship, though the kind of training they receive under the system of the chain store certainly develops this faculty to a surprising degree. Of course, suggesting articles not asked for must be done without giving the customer any cause to feel that the transaction is being delayed or prolonged unduly, or that the clerk is attempting to create a demand for something not really wanted.

"Our salesmen are told: 'Consider that you are trying to serve the convenience of the customer by calling his attention to some article naturally associated with the one he has requested—something he may be in need of and would thank you for bringing to his mind.' That is really what happens in most cases where an additional sale is made in this manner; the convenience of the customer is actually served and he is saved the annoyance of finding himself out of an article at the moment when he needs it most."

Going After the Extra Nickels

"The possibilities of a big saleforce thoroughly trained in this kind of salesmanship, and kept in a glow of enthusiasm for its work, are wonderful. I did not realize the responsiveness of such an organization until I put it to the test with a letter headed: Get That Extra Nickel! This was sent to every store employee in the chain and to those of the central staff who made the rounds of the stores. In substance this letter read:

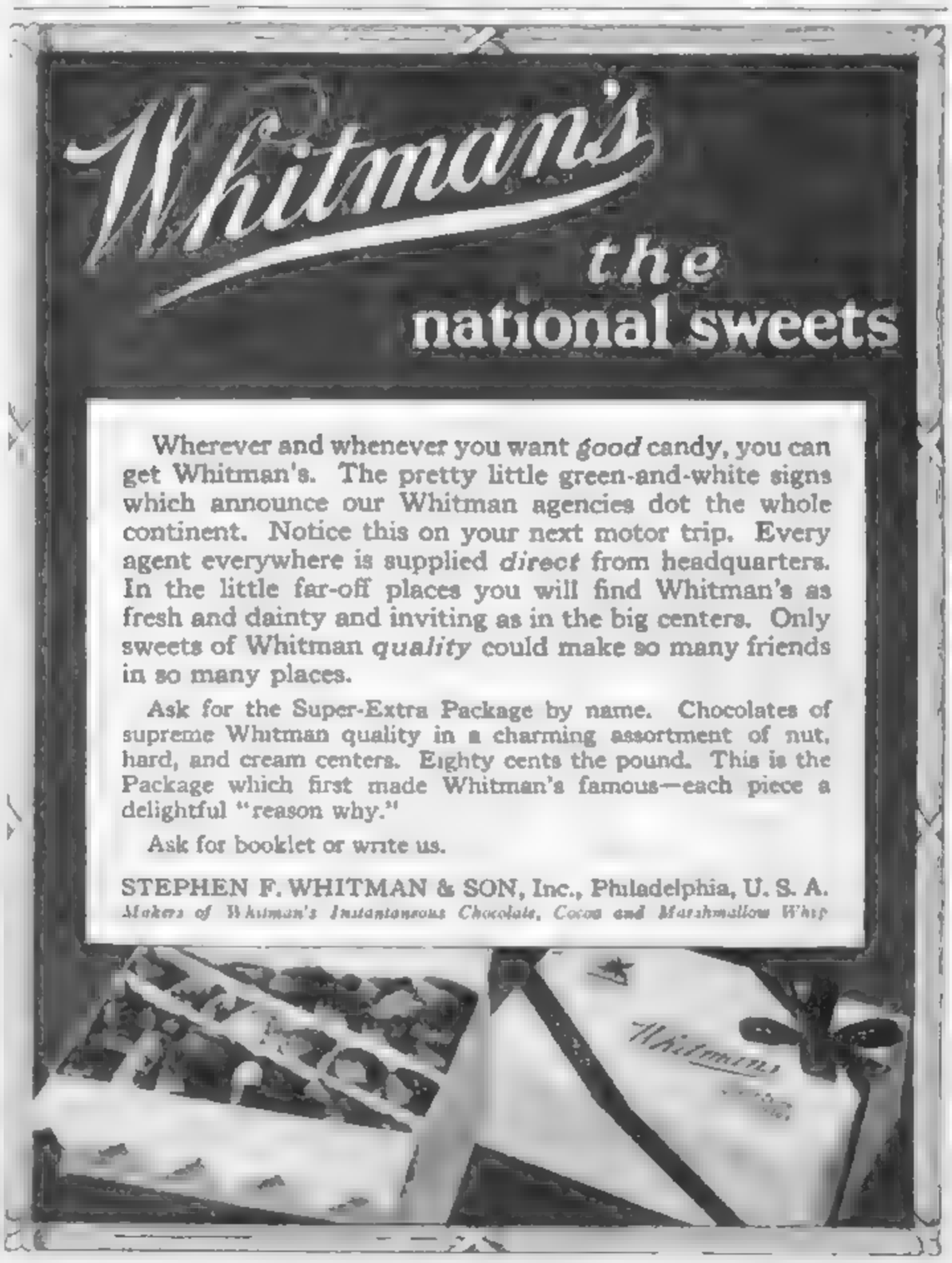
"'The stores of this chain make twenty-five million sales a year. Just think of what it would mean to this organization if all the clerks and telephone operators would speed up their salesmanship to a notch that would get an average of just one extra nickel on each sale! Figure it out for yourselves. It would mean a million and a quarter dollars in additional business, secured without an additional cent of cost. And it would mean increased pay for our whole salesforce. You know that your salaries are already higher than those paid by stores outside of the chain to employees in positions similar to yours, and that you have far more attractive working conditions.

"'Now, if you will put your shoulders to the wheel for a long, steady, constant pull to get that extra nickel on each sale, we shall be able to do still more for you in your pay envelope. Will you do it? Let us hear from you both by letter and through the sales report.'

"The result of this letter was an immediate increase in sales that was sensational in its size. And it was not a mere passing spurt, either. Our clerks held to their quickened pace with wonderful persistence, with the result that our profits in that year were greatly increased—just how much I am not at liberty to say; and our employees who helped to bring this result about secured their fair share of the increase. But the whole point of this incident is that there is always extra speed in a saleforce picked, trained and treated with the care ours receives. The splendid results of the extra-nickel campaign were possible only because our clerks were so thoroughly instructed in the art of constructive salesmanship—which I have illustrated by the incident of the toothbrush and the bathroom accessories—and because we had their enthusiastic loyalty.

"Perhaps right here is the place to say that one reason why the general manager of the chain store, and practically all the other officials and executives of the central office, consistently followed the practice of making frequent trips to all the stores in the chain, and personally talking with every employee in each store, was to prevent the impression on the minds of those employees that they were working for a sign above a door. This precaution has been decidedly effective, and there are very few independent retailers whose clerks are more thoroughly imbued with the feeling that they

Three
Things
At Once
That's What
O-Cedar
Polish
O-Cedar
Makes Dust
Cloth
does—cleans, dusts and polishes at a single operation—and does them all BETTER. A few drops of O-Cedar will transform an ordinary dust cloth into a seemingly magical token that changes dusty, dull, dingy furniture, pianos and woodwork into lustrous beauty and utter cleanliness at a single sweep. That's why over 2,000,000 housekeepers use O-Cedar Polish.
Improves Any Polish Mop
Those who own polish mops other than the genuine, original O-Cedar Polish Mops can still have many of the O-Cedar Mop advantages by using O-Cedar Polish to renew their mops.
Send for Liberal FREE Sample
O-Cedar Polish in convenient sizes, 25c and up, is sold by all druggists, grocers, hardware and department stores, and any dealer will return your money if you are not delighted.
Channell Chemical Co., Chicago - Toronto - London - Berlin


Whitman's
the
national sweets
Wherever and whenever you want good candy, you can get Whitman's. The pretty little green-and-white signs which announce our Whitman agencies dot the whole continent. Notice this on your next motor trip. Every agent everywhere is supplied direct from headquarters. In the little far-off places you will find Whitman's as fresh and dainty and inviting as in the big centers. Only sweets of Whitman quality could make so many friends in so many places.
Ask for the Super-Extra Package by name. Chocolates of supreme Whitman quality in a charming assortment of nut, hard, and cream centers. Eighty cents the pound. This is the Package which first made Whitman's famous—each piece a delightful "reason why."
Ask for booklet or write us.
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

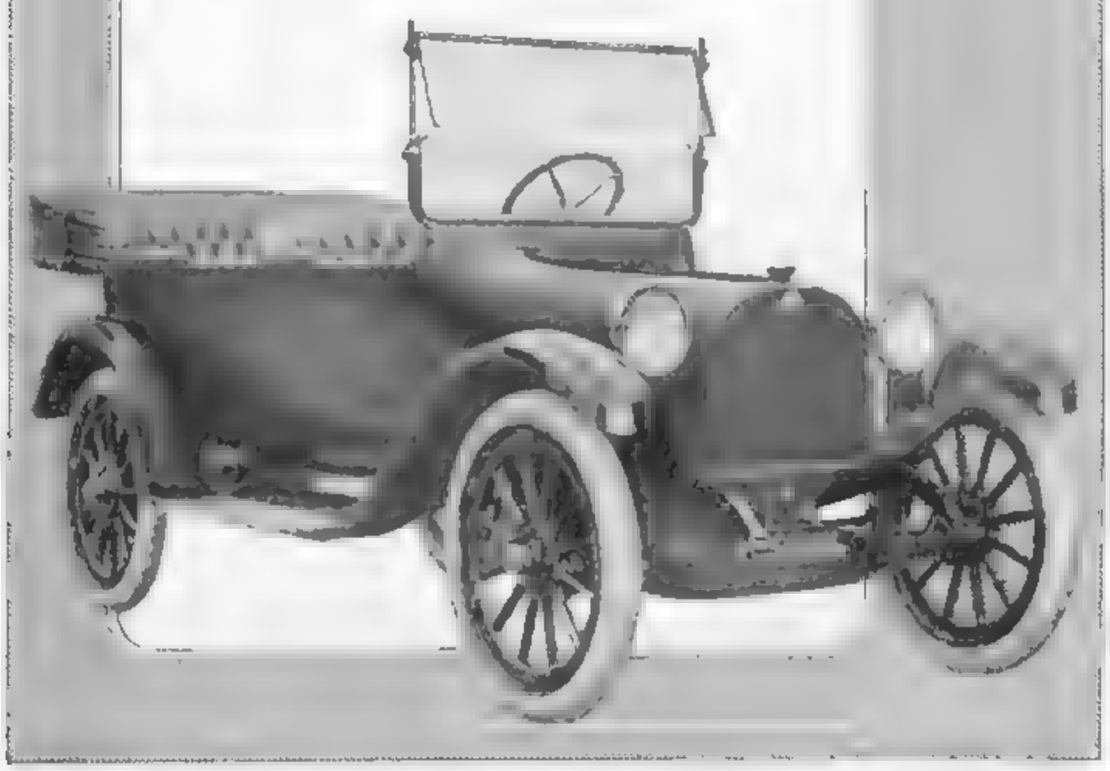
DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CAR

Comfort and economy contribute largely to the pleasure of week-end trips

The sensitive springs, together with the wide seats and deeply tufted cushions, insure comfort to the passengers on any road. The gasoline and oil consumption is unusually low and the tire expense is trifling.

The motor is 30–35 horsepower
The price of the car complete is $785
(f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



This Motor Enthusiast Says:

"Basline Autowline is the biggest little thing that ever went into my car. The only assurance I have of a sure tow home in emergencies."

Basline Autowline

is famous Yellow Strand Powersteel wire rope. This statement fixes its quality beyond question.

It is about 25 feet long, ¼-inch in diameter and 4¼ lbs. weight. This settles the question of easy handling and carriage
It fastens—in a moment—with never-slip Patented Snaffle Hooks
and [illegible] a car. This proves its convenience and easy use.
[illegible] Basline Autowline some day. Be prepared. Get it now

[illegible]
POWERSTEEL TRUCKLINE [illegible]
for [illegible]
FREE [illegible]
POWERSTEEL AUTOWLOCK [illegible]
[illegible] wheel and spring or around spare [illegible] and rack, and a good chain lock holds it fast. Sold by all dealers, $2.00.

BASLINE AUTOWLINE

BRODERICK & BASCOM ROPE CO. 811 N. 2d Street, St. Louis, Mo. New York Office, 76 D Warren St.
Makers of famous Yellow Strand Powersteel wire rope.

are working for real human beings than are the clerks of the chain store. They consider their employers not only men, but very human and considerate men. This is evident at the banquets and other social and semisocial gatherings, where the highest officials and the clerks receiving the lowest salaries mingle in a comradeship that is genuine and not simulated.

"Before leaving this subject of salesmanship let me explain that almost every branch of the business has an expert, developed in its own service, who is a traveling instructor in his particular line. For example, this chain has an expert soda dispenser who is a genius in his own line. As a compounder of fancy drinks he is an artist. The soda trade always demands something new, and this man is able to provide it, to give it an attractive appearance and a catchy name, and to build it of inexpensive materials.

"Immediately following his visit to a store will perhaps appear the candy specialist. She happens to be a woman and is as much a wonder in her way as the soda-fountain expert is in his. Practically nothing is done in the candy line about which she is not consulted. Whenever a new store is opened she puts the candy department on its feet and gives it a good start. If the candy department in any store shows signs of weakness she is immediately sent there to gear it up to higher speed, and she seldom fails to do it. How? Not by dealing in glittering generalities and selling a whole lot of the goods herself, but by patiently instructing the candy clerks in every detail of displaying, selling and caring for candy.

"The expert window dresser is another itinerant feature, whose coming is looked forward to by the whole force of every store in the chain. The dressing of a window by this specialist is practically a demonstration of the extent to which goods may be made to sell themselves, and to call customers into the store, where the clerks may apply to them the painless but effective art of constructive salesmanship.

"Every one of these traveling instructors, specialists and executives is a militant missionary on the subject of cleanliness. The campaign for perfect and sanitary cleanliness under chain-store management of the sort I am familiar with is reduced to a science and is absolutely relentless. The store, the goods and the employees not only must look clean, but must be clean in the strictest sense of the term. The pressure for cleanliness is never relaxed for a moment along any line, for the chain-store management fully realizes that this is a most important feature, by which the modern store can command the most liberal and profitable patronage. On certain occasions and for our largest stores we have provided our girls with hairdressers and manicures to improve their appearance."

The Candy-Counter Cat

"The young man who intends to become an independent retailer and who sets himself deliberately to study the methods of chain-store management can learn no lesson more profitable than this: That absolute cleanliness is the biggest asset any trade store can have, aside from the courtesy of its employees. Though the 'good old days' when the cat was allowed to sleep on the candy have gone, so far as most retailers are concerned, the amount of uncleanliness to be found in the average country store—if one begins to dig into the corners a little—is shocking; and their customers, or at least the more refined of them, would break into revolt if they could see those conditions with their own eyes.

"The chain-store management will not tolerate dirt and will not be satisfied with a condition that is anything short of spotless and sanitary. This is mostly because it realizes that the public is quick to appreciate thorough cleanliness; but there is the additional consideration that aggressive cleanliness in a store is a great preventive of waste, of deterioration of goods and of sluggish and water-logged stocks."

The chain-store management attacks the problem of preventing waste with a scientific thoroughness that takes into account the smallest detail; or, as the general manager of the chain expressed it: "No detail of waste is small when it must be multiplied by fifty or a hundred or a thousand in order to get its size for a single day. If a certain leakage occurs several times in each store in the course of a day, and you have fifty stores, the multiple you must use to get the result for a month or a year raises the waste of a penny to a dignified sum."

For this reason the executive office of a chain of fifty drug stores is a wonderful laboratory for the study of constructive economy—and the brand of waste-saving developed here can be described by no name less comprehensive.

The big city drug store, for example, must of necessity be something of a spendthrift in the matter of its lighting bills. A large part of its business is done during the hours of artificial illumination. By an unwritten law it must be so lavishly lighted as to make a bright blur on the landscape of the street. Consequently the amount of electrical current consumed by any drug store of the Broadway, New York, type is almost beyond the belief of an average layman.

There was no question in the minds of the executives of the organization under consideration but that its stores ought to be the best lighted of any in America. The chain management takes nothing for granted, however; and, therefore, the general manager sent for the chief illumination expert of a great lamp-and-fixture concern and arranged with him for a preliminary survey of the lighting system of the chain stores in order to answer two questions: Could the expense of lighting be reduced without reducing its efficiency? Could the stores be better lighted without increasing the light bill? His report was that an expert lighting engineer could so rearrange the whole system as materially to increase its effectiveness and at the same time make a decided and permanent reduction in its cost.

Stopping Leakages in the Chain

Such an engineer was engaged, and he overhauled the lighting arrangements of each store and made a blueprint of the system, showing each socket, the kind of bulb and the candle power that should be used in it. One copy was, of course, left with the local manager, and the others were filed at headquarters for the use of the management and those intrusted with the enforcement of the new lighting rules. The net result of this adventure in economy, as stated by the official who instigated it, was a saving of about twenty thousand dollars in the first year of its operation.

Many elements entered into this economy that helped to swell it to sensational proportions. A more economical type of lamp or bulb was used, and the light sockets were relocated and rearranged on a plan dictated by the principles of scientific illumination instead of guesswork; reflectors, diffusers and other aids to the highest utilization of light were installed. All this permitted a radical reduction in the candle power of the lamps used.

Wrapping paper being used in immense quantities by these stores, the management investigated this outgo to determine three things: the kind of paper that would give, at the lowest cost, the greatest distinction and satisfaction; the amount of wrapping paper wasted; and how to check that waste. Owing to the enormous quantity used by the fifty big stores, the paper mills gladly put their manufacturing specialists at work on this problem, with the result that a cheaper but more attractive paper for wrapping small articles was devised. It was found that in using paper from rolls about twice the amount really required was generally used. Thereafter each manager received his wrapping paper cut in various sizes specially designed for specific stocks and articles. Each size carried with it specifications as to the articles for which it should be used in wrapping.

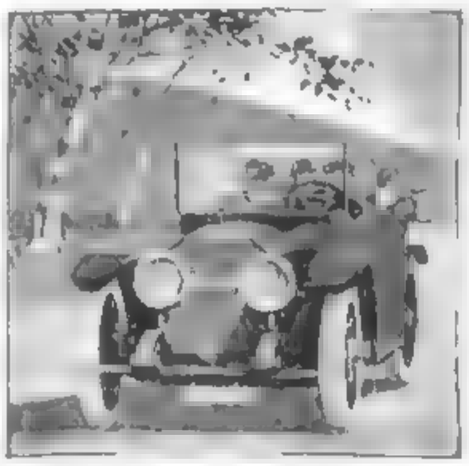
Here, again, all the thinking was done at headquarters and the clerks were simply called on to follow directions. A paper large enough to wrap a quart bottle was no longer used on a bottle holding half a pint, and each box of candy had a wrapper cut to fit it. Along with a stock of this new paper a letter was sent to each manager telling him that there had been great wastefulness all along the line in this article, and that he and all his clerks were expected to coöperate with the careful effort of the central management to apply intelligence in the use of this supply. The saving was even greater than the management had expected; it ran into big figures—thousands of dollars—in a very short time.

A few months after this systematic economy began a local manager received a letter from the general manager reading:

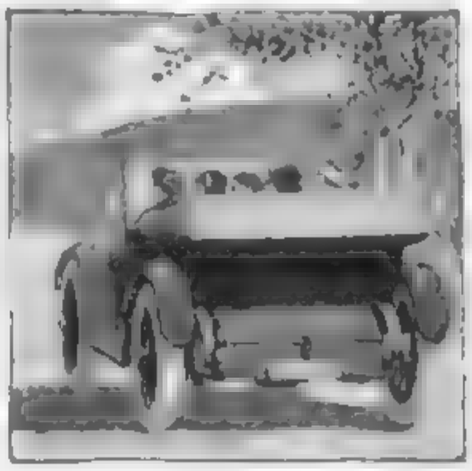
"Your reports show that in February you used forty dollars' worth more wrapping paper than in the preceding month,

(Continued on Page 61)

6760 MILES



Average certified by The Automobile Club of America in the official test with heavy cars of



Strictly Stock Pennsylvania Oilproof

VACUUM CUP TIRES

THESE are the only tires that have ever been submitted to official certified endurance test, and are therefore the tires offering definite mileage assurance based on impartial authority.

This proved mileage applies first to heavy car service. As is well known with light cars, tire mileage increases in proportion to the reduction in weight.

Moreover, even the A. C. A. official average, which was made in 1914, falls short of indicating the full mileages to be expected from 1915 Vacuum Cup Tires.

A new toughening process developed and applied by us has been showing not less than 50% increase in wearing quality.

The Vacuum Cup Anti-Skid Feature

This increased wear resistance also greatly prolongs the guaranteed anti-skid quality of the Vacuum Cups—their effective life being more than doubled.

On slippery pavements the Vacuum Cups have a perfect suction grip, acting on the only principle by which a rubber projection can grip a smooth wet surface.

Under our new price schedule, Vacuum Cup Tires are the lowest priced tires on the market of those having any sort of anti-skid feature *added to* the regular thickness of tread.

Interesting new prices just issued for Pennsylvania Gray and Puregum Red Inner Tubes—both with unqualified guarantees.

Pennsylvania Rubber Company, Jeannette, Pa.

Direct factory branches and service agencies throughout the United States and Canada

Bang-open your system to some real smoke joy!

It's yours right off the bat, quick as you unlimber that old jimmy pipe or some cigarette makin's papers and nail a few matches and put your faith in a tidy red tin or a toppy red bag of Prince Albert tobacco. *Now,* you've uncorked the sunshine tank; *just let some joy smoke sift into your system!*

Get that P. A. flavor? Get that P. A. aroma? Go to it mighty cheerful, because P. A. can't bite! Puff away like you hit perpetual motion in the first round! And keep fired-up till the cows come home. For it's *surefacts* Prince Albert never grouched any other man's tongue and *won't grouch yours!*

Get jimmypipejoy'us and cigarette makin's happy, then you'll *personally* understand that no other pipe and cigarette tobacco *ever was* or *ever can be* like Prince Albert, because it's made by a patented process that cuts out the bite and the parch. That's why pipe peaceful and cigarette peaceful men call

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Certainly does beat the band how much fun can be gotten out of P. A. if you'll stop cutting capers about "I can't smoke a pipe" or "I can't roll a cigarette," and sport-a-bit and take a chance. You've no idea of the bully goodness, of the joy'us satisfaction, of the contentment and restfulness and that sort of thing that hits every man who gets chummy with P. A.

Hammer this home for what ails your smokeappetite, because you've no time to lose getting introduced to this real and true man-tobacco that's ace-high and a yard wide no matter how you swing on it, jimmy pipe or makin's cigarette!

Here is P. A. in the popular tidy red tin.

Copyright 1915 by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

Here is another just-elected member of the Prince Albert "old-time jimmy-pipers club." This is John O'Reilley, of East Providence, R. I. who has just passed the century mark. Mr. O'Reilley is one of those grand old men who has come to this ripe age with the joys of his friendly jimmy pipe fresh in his mind each morning. He has always been a liberal smoker.

Prince Albert is sold everywhere because the demand for it is universal. So wherever you happen to run short just drop in the handiest shop that sells tobacco and buy the toppy red bag, 5c; tidy red tin, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors; and that classy crystal-glass pound humidor with the sponge-moistener top.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

(Continued from Page 58)

which had three more business days in it. Besides, your daily average of business in January was better than in February. It appears to me that you and your associates are not coöperating with us in this economy as you should. If all our stores used an unnecessary excess of wrapping paper to the value of forty dollars a month the monthly waste for the chain would be two thousand dollars, and the total waste for the year on this item alone would be twenty-four thousand dollars."

That manager immediately roused his whole force to the necessity for eliminating wrapping-paper waste. An economical reform of this kind, once started by the management, is never allowed to languish or become forgotten; for it is incorporated into the routine report from each store, and comes automatically to the attention of an executive whose duty it is to keep a sharp eye on the progress made by each store in every activity itemized in the monthly report.

Bottle breakage, for example, is a large item. This has been greatly reduced by a rule requiring each clerk to fill out a breakage slip whenever he breaks a bottle. The chain saved hundreds of dollars a year by this simple rule, carefully enforced.

How carefully little leakages are watched is indicated by the fact that in one store it was found that the soda dispenser, who was careful to keep the bowl of eggs brimming full, in order to make its appearance more attractive, failed to remember that if the eggs remaining in the bottom of the bowl were not taken out and placed on top of the new pile the result would be a layer of undisturbed stale eggs in the bottom of the bowl.

One unpleasant experience on the part of a customer as a result of this kind of oversight was enough. The fountain expert at headquarters was promptly notified and immediately devised a receptacle for eggs that rendered an accumulation of stale eggs in the bottom impossible.

The sizes of the scoops for serving ice cream are carefully determined at headquarters. Eggs and ice cream are the special diet of drug-store and soda-fountain clerks, and only the vigilance of the local manager can cope with this leakage and keep it down to reasonable proportions. Therefore, constant pressure must be applied to the local managers in order to repress this and other forms of waste that do not seem to lend themselves to more automatic and arbitrary treatment. A letter that really electrifies into action the fifty local managers of this chain of stores may mean the saving of many thousands of dollars at one stroke.

The Art of Good Buying

Here, for instance, is a punch delivered by the general manager of the chain which put every local manager on his toes:

"There are some small leaks in the store under your management that should be stopped. We think you should locate them rather than ourselves, and that you will prefer to do so. Consequently we simply call your attention to the necessity of finding and stopping them. A saving of ten dollars a week would be an almost infinitesimal fraction of the weekly business done by any of our stores; and yet that economy—about one dollar and forty-two cents a day—would mean twenty-six thousand dollars saved to the chain in a year. The leakage at the soda fountain and the candy and cigar counters must amount to more than this. From this time forward we shall expect you to effect a saving of ten dollars a week."

The results of this letter showed that the local managers were capable of responding to an appeal that was somewhat general in character, but which was founded on a shrewd and sensible analysis of the situation. Leaks were actually stopped to the extent of more than ten dollars a week in each store.

The greatest economies of chain management, however, are effected by means of centralized and scientific buying. Goods sell themselves to the chain store or else they remain unbought. No clever salesman can persuade a sale here—the goods and the price do the business; these two elements determine the outcome of practically every negotiation. Certainly a clever argument or a brilliant presentation has no bearing here. Every article considered for purchase that is amenable to a laboratory test is subjected to it. The chain is not open to the wiles of salesmanship; that commodity is entertained only behind the counters of its stores.

"The public," declares the former manager of this big chain, "has no idea of the amount of undesirable stuff that is unloaded on the ordinary storekeeper—especially the average druggist—by keen salesmen. Much of it is either commercially or intrinsically worthless. If it has not the vitality of genuine merit it is a poor investment and sure to work ultimate harm to the reputation of the store. If it is simply not what the people want, then it is a financial sinker about the merchant's neck. The average independent storekeeper—particularly in this business—suffers more waste and loss through bad buying than by any other means. He permits a load of stuff to be 'wished' on him by adroit salesmen.

"About the biggest thing a young man intending to become an independent retailer can learn from chain-store methods is the lesson of buying on a common-sense and scientific basis. He may never be able to maintain a regular testing laboratory approaching in effectiveness that of the chain, but he cannot fail to absorb something of the spirit of scientific buying which will prove a protection to him later."

Helping the Help to Climb

"Make no mistake on this score: in commercial life generally the art of selling is far more highly developed than that of buying. Or put it this way: I can find you twenty men who are really expert salesmen to one that is an expert buyer. Scientific buying is one of the great elements of strength of the chain-store system. The equipment of chain stores is identical and interchangeable. This means lower manufacturing cost, increased convenience and frequent saving of waste."

How many independent retailers are able to tell just how often they should turn their candy, cigar, stationery or other stocks? The percentage is admittedly small. And those who are able to tell, at the drop of the hat, just how many times one of these stocks has been turned since the beginning of the year form a still smaller proportion of the total; but the local manager of the chain store may at any moment expect to receive a note from the central office reading:

"Your candy stock has been turned, so far this year, at the rate of only nine times a year. This is not enough activity. It should show a pace of at least twelve times; that is the minimum with us. How do you explain this sluggishness?"

Every kind of stock kept in the stores has a carefully determined standard of movement; and when this is not maintained the manager must speed up on that stock at once or show cause. The proper relative investment in the various stocks carried has been figured out carefully by the management and determined on a basis as nearly scientific as possible—another evidence of the chain's consistent struggle to push guesswork out of the problem.

Inventories of chain stores are taken often and without warning, under the direction of a traveling expert who has all the details of inventorying standardized. This unexpectedness of stock-taking tends to discourage pilfering and it greatly stimulates the turning of stocks according to schedule.

One way by which the auditor at the head office detects a general tendency to waste in any store is this: Each manager is given, in the shape of an index number, the proper relation between his purchases and his sales. When his purchases or requisitions reveal the fact that his stock is creeping up the index number immediately reflects the increase. For example, if the index number of the stock to be carried in his store is sixty-five and his requisitions produce an index number of, say, seventy-five, the executive immediately knows that something has gone wrong. Either the manager is careless in his assortment of goods, or he lacks vigilance in keeping his stock at the proper level, or he is not getting the proper gross profit, or he is being robbed and not getting the money.

The chain that is national in its extent is able to use the great national weeklies and magazines to push its special brands and preparations, and to hire the best advertising talent to prepare its copy. This is an advantage that the independent retailer cannot hope to command; but the big thing for the independent retailer to learn from the advertising department of the chain store is how to prepare the signs and

SPRING-STEP HEELS

Walk on Rubber Cushions

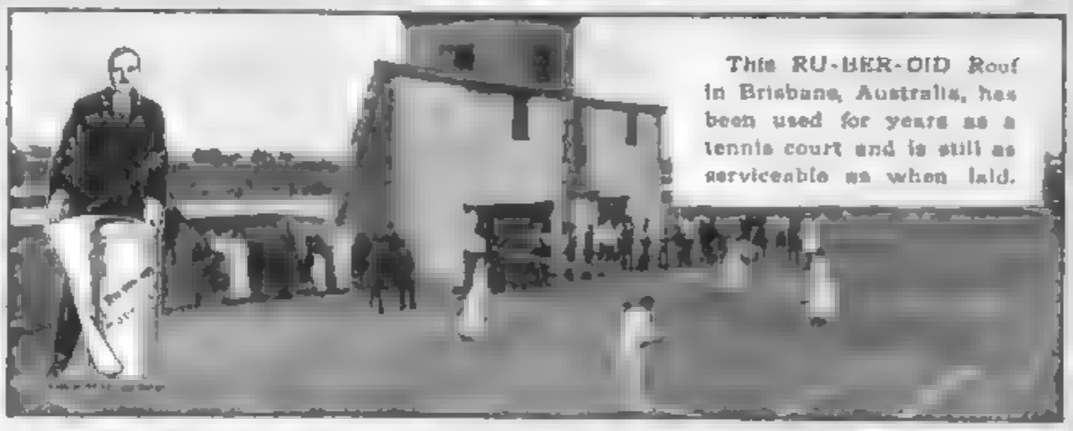
The barefoot boys walk on soft heels. So should you. Have Spring-Step Heels put on all your shoes. They will give you genuine comfort and make your shoes last longer.

Learn the real joy of walking on Spring-Step Rubber Heels.

These new Spring-Step Red Plug Heels cost no more than ordinary rubber heels. Don't accept inferior heels—get "Spring-Steps."

Ask for the Heel with the Red Plug

Spring-Step Rubber Heels are made by the largest Rubber Company in the World.



This RU-BER-OID Roof in Brisbane, Australia, has been used for years as a tennis court and is still as serviceable as when laid.

Wear-Proof

Tramp on it, throw live coals on it, let rain, snow, hail and sleet beat upon it; subject it to tests that ordinary roofing could never meet, and still

Pronounced "RU" as in RUBY
RU-BER-OID ROOFING
COSTS MORE - WEARS LONGER

will be unharmed, because it is made to resist the most severe usage. The long life of RU-BER-OID has brought it more than 300 imitators. The U. S. Court of Appeals enjoined imitators from using the word "Rubberoid or any similar name as the trade name or brand" of their roofing.

RU-BER-OID Roofing cannot crack, warp or rot. Cheaper roofings resemble it in appearance, but not in *durability*. Look for the "Ru-ber-oid Man" (shown above) on every roll.

RU-BER-OID Roofing laid more than 20 years ago is still giving perfect service. It is almost repair proof. It is sold by the leading retailers in each community.

RU-BER-OID is made in attractive gray and in colors (Ka-lor-oid)—Tile Red and Copper Green.

Free Books for You

Our illustrated books tell and show how to build and roof attractive and economical structures of all kinds. Mark and mail the coupon now.

The STANDARD PAINT CO.
NEW YORK and CHICAGO

Also makers of Ru-ber-oid Stucco, Waterproof Cloth, Roofing Cement, Waterproofing Compound

The Paraffine Paint Co., San Francisco (Under License)
The Standard Paint Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal

Building Book Coupon

The Standard Paint Co., 568 Woolworth Bldg., N Y City
Send me samples of Ru-ber-oid and the books opposite which I mark X. I intend to roof a—

☐ Roofing a Home
☐ Building a Poultry House
☐ Building a Bungalow
☐ Building a Barn
☐ Building Your Own Garage
☐ Covering Your Factory
☐ Artistic Roofs
☐ If a dealer, check here

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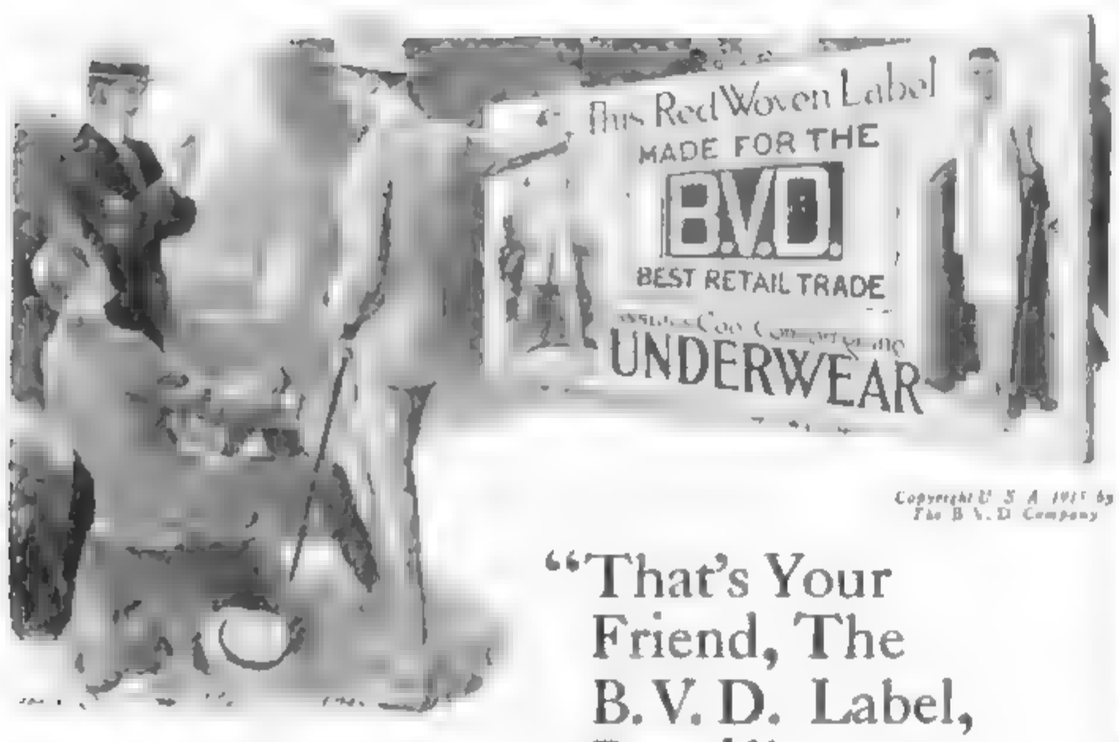
Address



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"That's Your Friend, The B. V. D. Label, Boys!"

"TAKE a mental snapshot of that *Red Woven Label*, Tom, and you won't be fooled as I've been once. Now, they can't sell *me* anything but B. V. D. Underwear. I'm just as particular about my *underclothes* as I am about my outer clothes.

"I prefer B. V. D. because it feels so soft and fits so good. Take my word for it, it's certainly cool and comfortable, washes up like new and gives me no end of wear. I don't buy, if the B. V. D. Red Woven Label is missing."

On every B. V. D. *Undergarment is sewed This Red Woven Label*

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. 4-30-07), $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the Suit.

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the Garment.

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

The B. V. D. *Company, New York.*

London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.

HALLMARK SHIRTS

"My Shirts—
the kind I've always wanted; at the price I wish to pay."

In HALLMARKS—the phrase "Fabric Quality" *means* something. Distinctive patterns and perfect tailoring in every detail.

Before buying your Summer shirts ask your dealer to show you HALLMARKS in laundered and French cuff styles.

Everywhere—$1, $1.50, and up.

HALL, HARTWELL & CO., Troy, N. Y.
Makers of
SLIDEWELL COLLARS

SAFETY FIRST

No Lengthy Advertisement is required to convince intelligent people of the desirability of purchasing handkerchiefs that reach them with a minimum of handling.

SEALPACKERCHIEF handkerchiefs are carefully made, soft laundered, inspected, folded, wrapped in tissue paper, placed in packages and sealed. Sensible people know that a manufacturer to succeed *must give value*

SEALPACKERCHIEF

[illegible] on sale in thousands of good shops throughout the country. *Buy* [illegible]

Ask for SEALPACKERCHIEF by name which is on every package, else you may not receive what you ask for.

Any dealer can secure SEALPACKERCHIEF [illegible] will pay the price. You pay no more. Take a supply with you when you are going on a journey. There are many times when a fresh handkerchief comes in handy.

Packages for Men and Women Containing 1 for 10c, 3 for 25c, 2 for 25c, 3 for 50c, 1 for 25c.

SEALPACKERCHIEF CO.
New York, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco

tickets that can be used so effectively in any store. This is another phase of salesmanship in which the chain store is an adept. Much trade is lost to the average retailer because he often neglects to help his goods to sell themselves. The failure to affix snappy and attractive price tickets to all displayed goods is a reliable way of doing this.

The right kind of descriptive price cards result not only in more sales but in quicker sales, as they help to expedite the customer's choice and save many questions.

No lesson of chain-store methods at their best is more important to the independent retailer than that of the proper handling of help. The general manager who has been quoted before in this article insists that this point should be emphasized, and says:

"Once a department-store manager asked me how we were able to get results from our help that no department store with which he was familiar could approach. My answer was rather brutal, but it served the purpose of making my point. 'I have always suspected,' I said, 'that the motto of the average department-store management must be: "If anything goes wrong raise hell with the help!" We follow the opposite line. No manager in this chain would dare to bully or ridicule a clerk. It doesn't pay; it is waste of the worst kind.'

"Just how far we go with our help is indicated by one experience: A local manager said to me that he regarded a certain clerk as hopeless. He said: 'I've tried to put the spurs to him in a decent way, but he doesn't seem to have the power to respond.'

"The man had a clean set-up and I decided that the fault must be more with the local manager than the clerk; so I spent several hours with the new man. He was evidently flattered to receive such attention from the general manager and told me his life story. He had been in business for himself and was successful for a time, and then met reverses and defeat. His spirit was somewhat broken by this, and when he took one job after another, with men who did not know how to handle him, he became discouraged."

Research With a Soda Fountain

"When our talk was over he was a different man. He knew that I understood him and that he had my viewpoint. From that minute he began to climb. To-day he is drawing a salary of ten thousand dollars a year. And that local manager thought he couldn't learn!

"Instead of repressing and snubbing and browbeating a clerk simply because he happens, at the moment, to occupy a subordinate position, his employers should endeavor to develop his individuality to the highest possible point. The local manager who is quick to catch this point of chain policy is on the way to high promotion.

"One manager noticed that a new clerk seemed fascinated by the business of the soda fountain. He was, therefore, assigned to that station as a helper. From that instant the fountain and all its equipment began to shine with a new luster. He was keen to experiment with new combinations and the manager encouraged him in that line of research. He started at twelve dollars a week and in just five years was getting five thousand dollars a year.

"The weakness of the chain store is that it is owned and managed—so far as most of its stores are concerned—by persons who live elsewhere. This doesn't make so much difference in a large city; but in a small one, or in a country town, local ownership is a big element. To overcome this the local manager must be able and tactful; he must make the store the most attractive, hospitable, cleanly and serviceable public place in the community.

"If the head of the chain enterprise does not keep up the quality and enthusiasm of his local managers he will be beaten all along the line. Regular meetings of local managers are held at headquarters four times a year. About thirty days before each meeting the store managers are notified of the main subjects that will be covered at the session, concerning which they are expected to bring all available information.

"The task of the executives is to send them back with larger enthusiasm for the policies, the methods and the men of the organization. When a manager's enthusiasm begins to wane it is time to promote a clerk to his place."

They're *Your* Teeth

You can do just as you like about taking care of them.

But if you don't protect them from "acid-mouth" you are pretty sure to lose them. 95% of tooth-decay, it is said, is caused by "acid-mouth."

That is a mighty strong reason why you should use

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

It tends to counteract "acid-mouth."

Pebeco cleans and whitens the teeth; purifies and refreshes the mouth; strengthens the gums.

"Constructing railroad bridges is my profession. Pebeco Tooth Paste is my choice of tooth pastes because it works on the only scientific principle by which teeth can really be *saved*—by acting against harmful mouth acids."

Sample Tube and Test Papers FREE

A ten-day trial tube and acid-test papers to test your mouth for acid—sent free. May we have your name and address?

LEHN & FINK
122 William St New York
MAKERS OF PEBECO
Canadian Office, 1 & 3 St. Helen St., Montreal

We Will Pay For Your Summer's Vacation

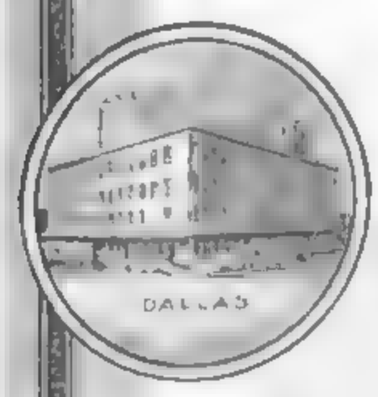
Go where you please; do what you like.

WE will advance the money you need, in exchange for a little of your spare time this spring. Hundreds of young men and women have been able to go to the shore, to the mountains, to the country, because they accepted *this offer we are making you*. Upon receipt of your letter, we will tell you why we will "finance" your vacation. Address

Agency Division, Box 871

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Sunshine - the Wonder Bakery - Biggest in the World



THIS largest bakery in the world has just been opened in New York City. It has come to supply the enormous demand for Sunshine Biscuits that our bakeries in Kansas City, Minneapolis, Omaha, Dallas, St. Louis, Chicago and Boston were unable to fill. For the Sunshine purity and appetizing taste of Sunshine Biscuits have won their way into all parts of the world.

In every Sunshine Bakery Sunshine Biscuits are baked—not in the dusty air of the basement, but up in the sunshine on the top floor in scores of mammoth ovens. Every process is performed in the sunshine which pours through myriad windows. That is why they are called Sunshine Biscuits.

Perhaps to you the word Sunshine has been merely an attractive name for a biscuit. To us it stands for a principle, an ideal, an essential ingredient in every Sunshine recipe.

Sunshine Biscuits are made in almost numberless varieties. Their superior quality is as evident in Takhoma Biscuit (the Sunshine Soda that breaks evenly in the center) as in the famous Sunshine Specialties, which include those most tempting of Biscuit Bonbons—Sunshine Hydrox, Sunshine Clover Leaves, Sunshine Tan San.

Sunshine Biscuits are delivered freshly baked to grocers everywhere.

Visitors are welcome at all Sunshine Bakeries. Come and see Sunshine Biscuits made in the Sunshine. It's a treat and an education. We should like to send you some examples of Sunshine Biscuits for you to try. Send 10c, partially to cover the cost of postage and packing, and you will receive a wonderful "Revelation Box" containing fourteen kinds of Sunshine Specialties.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits

751 Thomson Ave., L. I. C., New York

Sunshine Biscuits

"The Quality Biscuits of America"

Maxwell

This is the car that 38,000 happy owners have given the "rough and tumble" acid test of real automobile owners' wear

An automobile on the road for 18 months in constant, every-day use by an owner ceases to be a designer's theory.

It becomes—either a great automobile success; or it becomes—a great automobile failure.

Multiply one model by 38,000 and give each one of these 38,000 automobiles day in and day out rough and tumble wear, and if this car stands up and delivers, it has become one of the rare great automobile successes.

And that is the Maxwell success today—that is exactly the "Acid Test" that the Maxwell has passed through, and that is why the Maxwell is the most talked about automobile that is built today.

The Maxwell automobile is today one of the very few great automobile successes the world has ever known.

The Maxwell Company's Guarantee of Service to Maxwell Owners

No other automobile is backed by a more reliable service than that guaranteed every Maxwell owner. More than 2,000 Maxwell dealers—located in every part of this country and Canada, and 54 District Managers' Offices, are always ready to give expert advice, make adjustments, and supply or secure new parts at reasonable prices.

And this splendid service organization is perfected and completed by Sixteen great Maxwell Service Stations, which are so located throughout the country that a Maxwell dealer can get, within a few hours, any part that he has not in stock.

Order a Maxwell now, and when you want it delivered, you will get your car—not an excuse on delivery day.

Maxwell Five-Passenger Touring Car,	$695, f. o. b. Detroit.	In Canada, $ 925.
Maxwell Roadster, ...	670, f. o. b. Detroit.	In Canada, 900.
Maxwell Cabriolet, ...	840, f. o. b. Detroit.	In Canada, 1,105.
Any model equipped with electric self-starter,	$55 extra.	In Canada, $70 extra.

Write for beautiful 1915 Maxwell Catalogue. Address, Department B.

MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY, Inc. . . Detroit, Michigan

"Every Road is a Maxwell Road"

THE ANARCHIST

(Continued from Page 13)

My mother—my mother—my mother was a peasant. I too, monsieur, was bred to a life of toil. Early in the morning, before the gray had turned to rose, I went forth with my flock of long-white-haired goats, and with my own hands prepared for them at noonday their meal of prickly pear."

"Charming! Charming! Charming!" the gentleman murmured. "Particularly those goats! I can see them now, clustered about you, eating their meal of prickly pear. But your style, madame, if you will pardon me, is, I think, too vivid, too picturesque for a dry, official *dossier*."

"You think I am deceiving you?"

"Not at all, madame. Only actual experience could have given you so vivid an idea of goats. But I must trouble you to let me put the facts into concise form."

She gave her birthplace, her age as twenty-nine, her condition as widowhood; education—none at all; her successive places of residence, which included most of the capitals of Europe. She had been in service, in families that she named, as chambermaid and governess. Her husband had been in the Buranian army. She had three children, now living with her mother in the Buranian capital.

He took it all down in his notebook, placed the book in his pocket, and declared himself quite satisfied.

"And you will not betray me to King Paul?"

"Not while you observe the conditions."

"His Majesty," she began with an affectation of carelessness, "has he any particular object in his visit to Paris?"

"None, madame, that can interest you as one of his oppressed people. His object, as I understand, is merely to conduct certain semiofficial negotiations in regard to his daughter-in-law, the Crown Princess Elena."

"And what is he going to do about the Princess?"

"I believe he has decided that the safest thing for him and the state is to marry her off."

"Indeed! And is the lady to be consulted?"

"At the proper time—that is, after the negotiations have been completed."

"And who is the fortunate bridegroom?"

"The second son of the Grand Duke of Carlsbourg—Prince Victor."

The Countess Lipska became of a sudden very thoughtful. She walked to the window, looked out on the Place Vendôme, and then came back.

"M. the Secret Agent," she said, "you have asked me a great many questions. Now I shall ask you some. What is your name?"

"You may call me—M. Vibert."

"That is not your real name?"

"Oh, no, indeed, madame! We agents never tell our real names—any more than the hangman does."

"You seem like a gentleman."

"I am one."

"Then, M. Vibert, I would suggest to you that you make your surveillance for the rest of the day personal and absolute. I feel—oh, I cannot tell you how I feel—nervous, distraught; mad for distraction and entertainment. Indeed, if you don't look after me, on your own head be it; for I feel an irresistible desire to go out and throw a bomb at that old King Paul!"

III

M. VIBERT found the Countess Lipska extraordinarily, almost pathetically, ignorant of the things people do to prove to themselves that they are in Paris. She scarcely knew where one teas or drives, or goes to the theater, or has supper afterward. M. Vibert had always supposed that haunts like these were the native heath of the adventuress.

And being ignorant, she was most eager to learn, like a young girl out of the convent—yearning to grow all at once from a bud to a full-blown woman of the world. She had never been to the Pré Catalan; she had never been to the Café de Paris; she had never been even to the Folies-Bergères—those places whither every good American repairs the day after landing.

Installed in a new retreat she would twist and turn and look about her, and lean across the table to him with a flood of eager questions: "Who comes here? Who are these people? What are they doing? Are they respectable?"—always with a slight bias in favor of their not being quite conventional or respectable.

M. Vibert did his duty by her and kept her so busy she had scarcely time to think of mischief; for it was not only one day or two that he called for the Countess at her hotel in the Place Vendôme—it developed into a habit. She was insatiable; she could not get enough pleasure. And as for him, he had all the satisfaction of the male the world over in seeing a pretty woman's lips part and her eyes glow under the spell of a new experience provided by him.

Her tastes, after all, were of the simplest. She loved interminable driving in the Bois in a hired cab, and teaing afterward while the shabby cabman waited for them without the barrier—waited and waited, for she put all the poetry of her semi-oriental nature into the mere drinking of a cup of tea.

She loved the Hungarian musicians and the oversoulful way they had of tearing the heart out of the songs of the boulevards; she loved the damp, sweet breath of the earth and evergreens that blew in on them from the wood; she loved lingering until the frank frivolity of the afternoon had melted into the sweet melancholy of twilight, and twilight had deepened and become the romance of night—until, in other words, the lanterns were lighted and one might as well stop for dinner as move on.

And always, M. Vibert noted, she was acting and trying to imagine herself other than what she was—a part, no doubt, of her miserable vocation. She wished herself an actress, an American, a shopgirl—even a servant!

"And why," he said, "would you wish to be a servant?"

"Oh, yes!" the Countess returned; "a Breton servant, running out in my black frock and coif to bring my mistress a loaf of bread! Enchanting! I am alone; I am away from my native Brittany, which makes me a bit of poetry to look on. I have only to work and receive my wages, which I save, if I please, for my *dot*—and I and my thoughts are free!"

"But I understood, madame," said M. Vibert—not in the *juge-d'instruction* tone he once had used; oh, no, he was tender and sympathetic now, you may be sure—"that among the earlier vicissitudes of your life you had been ——"

"True; true!" she interrupted hastily. "That was quite different. A miserable time, monsieur! Do not remind me of it."

They were sitting thus one evening, at the end of dinner, half in light, half in darkness—she toying with the remains of a liqueur, he smoking one of a procession of cigarettes. Oddly enough, she was not fond of smoking. Sometimes she lighted a cigarette—as she had done to-night—barely puffed it, and then threw it away impatiently into the grass. She sat now, brooding, looking away into the shadows.

"And what is our impersonation to-night, madame?"

She was ready on the instant, for the first time, with a play that included him.

"I will tell you what we are. I have been thinking it out. We are shopkeepers' children and we are *fiancé*. Our parents have arranged our marriage; and we have met, but in a stiff, stupid little drawing-room, and at stiff, stupid little dinners where we have sat—oh, so shy and tongue-tied!—wondering, wondering about each other. You are wondering whether I am as innocent as I seem; and I whether you can possibly be as romantic as you look. What age have you?—really, I mean."

"Twenty-eight, madame."

"You may keep that age. I am twenty-nine; but I choose to be only nineteen. We have run away to dine together all alone, and to wonder what it will be like to dine together all the evenings of our life. We are beginning to think we shall like it. There! Is not that charming?"

"Charming, madame; but perhaps a little ——"

She looked at him sharply.

"Perhaps you are already *fiancé*?"

"Oh, no, madame."

"Or married?"

"Still less, madame."

"Achieve your adjective, then."

"My adjective was to have been—a little commonplace."

"Commonplace? Oh, no!—for you would have been making love to me."

Start Your FORD
Or Any Other Light Car From The SEAT

With the famous Sandbo Starter—a wonderful invention—the starter that always starts, winter or summer, no matter what the temperature. Sold on a guarantee to start any motor that can be started by hand cranking—for Fords, Maxwells, Metzes, Saxons, Studebaker Fours and all light cars.

Throw Away Your Crank

Attach the Odd-Shaped Wheel—then you can start your car from the seat every time. In one revolution this odd-shaped wheel gains six inches over the ordinary crank. That's where we have the big leverage—the increased speed over hand cranking—that's what makes the

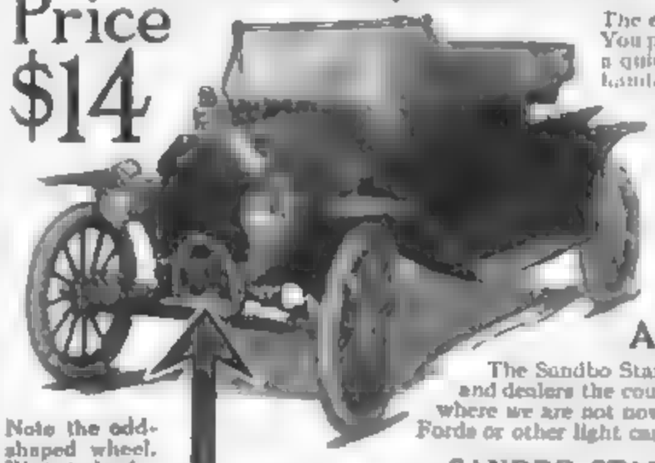
Sandbo Starter

Put Your Foot on Primer and Pull Handle—Away She Goes

the logical starter. It "turns the motor over" and turns it faster than anyone can possibly spin it by hand. It gives the engine a complete revolution.

Over Two Compressions—Past Two Ignition Points

Price $14



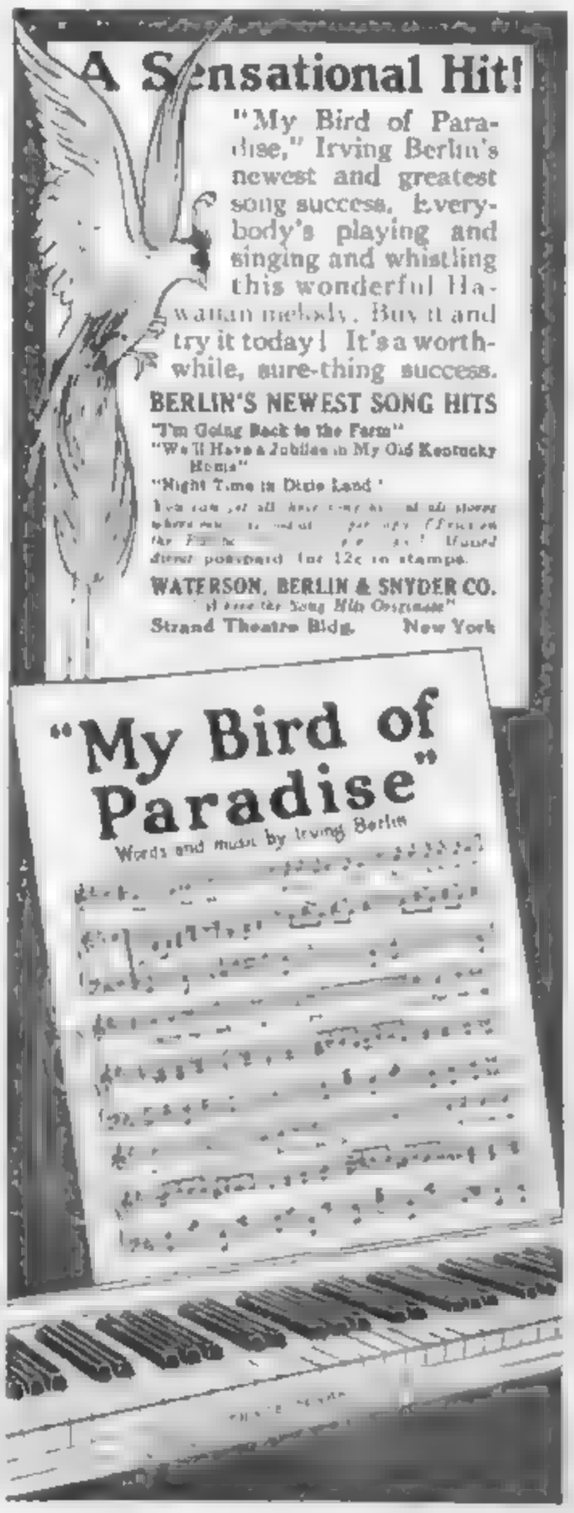
The engine must start if it's startable. You prime the carburetor from the seat a quick pull (not a hard one) on the [illegible] handle on the dash and your engine [illegible] (no case of back fire). [illegible] nothing to get out of order. 47,000 Sandbo Starters in use April 1st—every user a booster. Price $14.

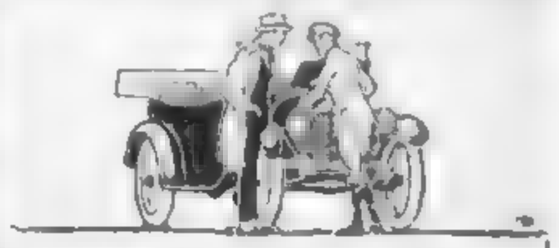
Illustrated booklet free on request. Visitors at the Panama-Pacific Exposition may see the Sandbo demonstrated in the Transportation Building.

Note the odd-shaped wheel. Write today for Free Booklet—telling the "why" of it.

Agents and Dealers Wanted

The Sandbo Starter is a splendid money maker for agents and dealers the country over. We need good men in territory where we are not now represented. Salesmen and agents with Fords or other light cars given the preference. Write

SANDBO STARTER COMPANY
29 Sandbo Building Rock Island, Illinois

A Sensational Hit!
"My Bird of Paradise," Irving Berlin's newest and greatest song success. Everybody's playing and singing and whistling this wonderful Hawaiian melody. Buy it and try it today! It's a worthwhile, sure-thing success.
BERLIN'S NEWEST SONG HITS
"I'm Going Back to the Farm"
"We'll Have a Jubilee in My Old Kentucky Home"
"Night Time in Dixie Land"
[illegible] dress postpaid for 12c in stamps.
WATERSON, BERLIN & SNYDER CO.
Strand Theatre Bldg. New York
"My Bird of Paradise"
Words and music by Irving Berlin



Chauffeur: "Yes Sir, I've tried various oils, and I find that she runs better on HAVOLINE."

Motorist: "How do you account for it?"

Chauffeur: "Why, she simply goes farther on the same amount of fuel—she doesn't seem to get out of order so quickly, and I find the pistons and cylinders are left pretty clean."

Motorist: "Well, is it O. K. for this kind of a car?"

Chauffeur: "O. K.'s the word. Your car takes HAVOLINE Medium. There are different grades for the different makes."

Motorist: "All right, buy a couple of cans."

HAVOLINE OIL is [illegible] by all [illegible] and Auto [illegible] Look [illegible] and [illegible] with the [illegible]

The HAVOLINE lubrication booklet, free upon request. Write today to

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
17 Battery Pl. Dept. A New York

HAVOLINE OIL
"It Makes a Difference"

You Roll Them Right
With Riz La Croix

Millions of smokers the world over who make their own cigarettes use Riz La Croix "papers" exclusively, because these famous "papers" are *easier to roll* with, make *better* cigarettes and insure *complete* enjoyment.

RIZ LA ✝.

(Pronounced: REE-LAH-KROY)

FAMOUS CIGARETTE PAPERS

5c

Made from the best *flax*-linen, a *vegetable* product, Riz La Croix are as *pure* as a pure food and entirely *wholesome*.

Perfect combustion and pure quality render them absolutely *tasteless* in smoking—you get the fine, unspoiled flavor and fragrance of your favorite tobacco.

Your cigarettes roll *smooth*, round and "*hold together*," because of the lightness, thinness and natural adhesiveness of Riz La Croix.

FREE

Two interesting, illustrated Booklets—one about RIZ LA CROIX Cigarette Papers, the other showing how to "Roll Your Own" cigarettes—sent anywhere in U. S. on request. Address The American Tobacco Co. Room 1321, 111 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

10¢ Whit-Leather GUARANTEED HOSIERY for Men Women & Children

Tough as Whit-Leather

DON'T let the *small price*—10c—prejudice you against Whit-Leather Hosiery. It buys *the biggest money's worth* that has ever been given in quality and durability with an *extra guarantee* that 6 pairs will show no holes in four months, or we replace them free, or your money back.

Two grades only—10c and 12½c

IF your dealer hasn't them, we will send hose post-paid on receipt of price and his name. Give size, color (all solid colors), also whether men's, women's or children's hose are wanted.

Whit-Leather Hosiery Mills

Selling Agents:

A. Gilmer Bros. Co., Inc. Winston-Salem, N. C.

Choosing the Right Knife

isn't a matter of knowledge. You can be *sure* of quality and of long life in picking your pocket companion if you'll just select one bearing the Keen Kutter Trade Mark. That identifies top-notch materials and first-rate workmanship.

KEEN KUTTER

Pocket Knives have highest quality English crucible steel blades that take and hold a paper-cutting edge. They have plenty of snap in the springs. Dealer authorized to refund price for any Keen Kutter piece not proving satisfactory.

Send for our Cutlery Booklet No. A-551

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY

St Louis New York Philadelphia Toledo
Minneapolis Sioux City Wichita

It was quite two days since the Countess had first discovered that M. Vibert was making love to her in every way but in words. For a man whose every glance was a witness to the fascination she exercised on him, his self-control was marvelous and could be ascribed only to prudence. There are penalties to being an adventuress.

Now he leaned forward and his tone was tense.

"Madame la Comtesse," he said, "I love playing with fire. I have loved playing with fire and thinking I would not let it burn me. Now I have decided it is pleasanter to be burned."

He seized her hands as he spoke; and it somehow surprised his mood when she quite conventionally drew them away, breathing:

"Oh, you mustn't do anything like that!"

She was surprised that he submitted so tamely to having them withdrawn. She looked up and caught him staring over her shoulder. Evidently he had caught the eye of an acquaintance.

"At whom are you staring in that very stupid way?"

"Don't look!" he admonished her.

Of course, at that, she deliberately prepared to look her fill. She turned, preening herself to let fall on some unknown wretch a haughty, transfixing stare.

"I beg you not to do it!" remonstrated M. Vibert.

She lifted her chin defiantly, twisted her head and then flashed back again, with a swift, birdlike turn of the throat. She looked frightened.

"You saw him?"

"Yes, I saw him. M. Vibert, let us go away. Quickly! I don't want to stay here."

Out of the shadows a tall form was bearing down on them revealing presently a countenance quite familiar at that moment in the shop windows of Paris—a bronzed countenance decorated with dashing imperial and white mustache. The strange gentleman tapped M. Vibert familiarly on the shoulder and said:

"Present me, my dear boy, to your charming companion."

His charming companion removed her hands from their task of shading her face and looked up defiantly into the royal countenance. After a moment of surprise King Paul stooped and imprinted an unemotional kiss on the lady's forehead.

"Ah, my dear Elena!" he said. "And how have you amused yourself in Paris?"

"Quite well, papa," replied the lady, "until the present moment."

IV

"YOU knew it!" the Countess declared. "You knew it all the time. You have been playing with me! You are in his pay, very likely!"

The old King had discreetly withdrawn and left them alone, smiling a wily smile over his daughter-in-law's head—alone, indeed, for their charming dreams were gone and they were face to face with a sordid reality.

"On my honor!"

"On your honor!"

"Pray allow me a moment to readjust my ideas before I am called on to rise and defend my honor."

"I do not believe you are a secret agent at all."

"I admit it. I have wondered at your allowing yourself to be deceived so easily."

She noticed that no hint of change had crept into his manner since the fatal discovery of her royal birth. He was neither servile nor embarrassed—which proved him either noble or of an unshakable impudence.

"My dear lady, I must prepare you for an unpleasant shock."

"Don't tell me you are ——"

"One of the miserable race that should be blotted from the earth? I am!"

The Countess leaned back and looked at M. Vibert coldly.

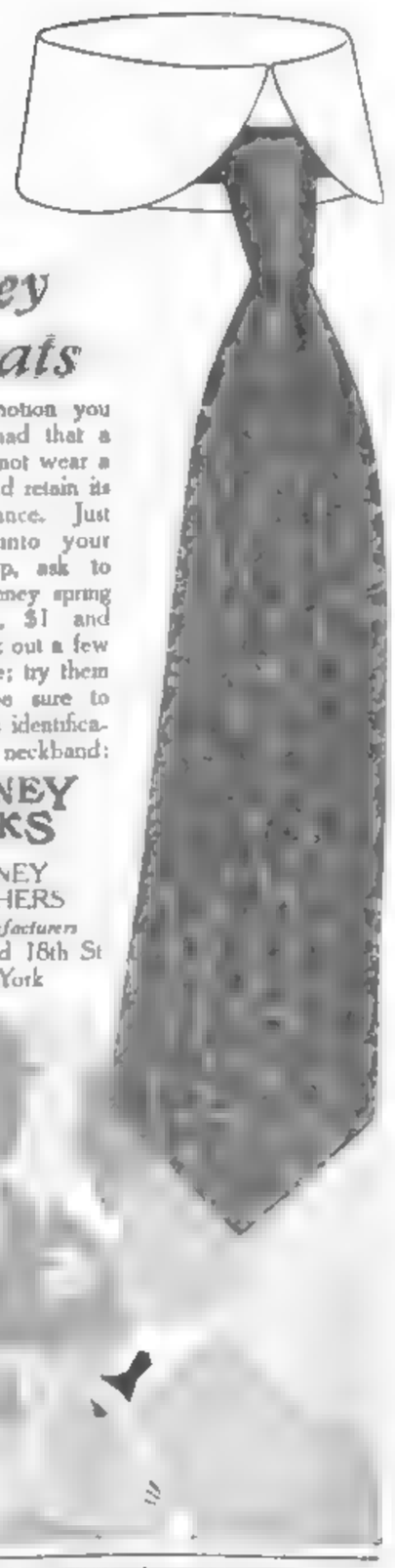
"Fate could never be so cruel, so hackneyed and so commonplace as to turn you into Victor of Carlsbourg ——"

"Heaven forbid! I am only his younger brother, Stephen—and I adore you!"

Her breast heaved with relief and her eyes sparkled. Soft, sighing music came from the pavilion and the scent of flowers was all round them.

"Let us," she said, "go back to where we were. Of course I must be married sometime, and that will annoy our old fox just as much as though you were a mere captain of the guard."

The believer in equality and the rights of man stretched her hand across the table,



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Cigarettes

THE PHŒNIX

(Continued from Page 20)

and he nodded to her as politely as he had nodded to the clock. He took out a big silk handkerchief and blew his nose. And then we all sat down, just the way folks do after a funeral, when they read aloud from the will. Martin spoke not to me and not to Alice, but just to some spot in front of his eyes.

"I have reached a decision," said he. "And it becomes my duty to state it to you, Mr. Dame, and to this young woman. What I ought to do I will not hesitate to do."

"Of course—that's right," said I.

"There is such a thing as personal honor," he went on, nodding and folding his arms. "There's also such a thing as family honor. Justice and honor are in the world; and justice and honor require that you, Alice, shall have returned to you and to your little daughter the fullest measure of amends I can make to you, to repair the wrong done by Christian Whitney. Accordingly ——"

He stopped there and waited, as though to weigh his words. Then he went on:

"Accordingly I have come, Alice, to ask your hand in marriage."

The girl gave a little cry of fright and her gray eyes closed tight! The man of steel looked at her sternly and raised his hand slowly.

"Do not misunderstand," said he, talking like one of Jane Austen's novels. "I have in mind only restoration to you of the name of Whitney and the obligation of the family, of which I am now the only representative, to give to you and to your little daughter continuous and adequate support.

"Fortunately I am able to tell you that I have for women nothing but respect. No affection for any one of them could come to me. The matter is purely the performance of an obligation—principally to that innocent little human being who has many years to live. I cannot bear to have a woman near me. The cry of a baby is most irritating to me. The process, therefore, is simple. Do you listen?"

Alice nodded her head and folded her hands in her lap, as though she were waiting for a verdict in a murder trial.

"I propose, then, that a ceremony be performed. I propose that where you came from and why I married you shall not be disclosed to anyone who does not know. I propose that for three weeks you shall reside in the Whitney homestead, where you will then have not only a human but a legal right to be. I propose that at the end of three weeks—no more, no less—you leave my house and go away, wherever you may wish.

"Full provision will be made for you. You shall never need for anything. You may return home—go or do as you like. You owe nothing to me. The family debt will have been paid off. All arrangements have been made. It is only necessary for you to go now with me to the house of one of these native clergymen. He will be ready for us."

"I can't," she said, standing up. "I can't!"

Whitney pointed to the pink knitted shawl on the sofa and what was under it. I think he held his finger out for five minutes, motionless; and the girl stared at it as though a light burned on its end. At last she spoke. She said:

"Yes."

So Martin went away with her in the rain and the mud—a curious pair, picking their way under two umbrellas toward the town. At five she came back; and, without a word, she took the baby and pressed my wife's hand until it was almost asleep, and then went over to the old Whitney home. She went through the gate, and up through the geometrical pines and past the iron dog, and up the steps and into the house.

She had been married. And there you are!

There was talk enough in Bodbank! Some said she was a woman from South America who had been sold to Martin as a slave when she was thirteen years old. Some others said she had come to visit us, just as we had said, and that the man of steel had softened toward her. Some said Martin had married her for money.

And so it went. Days come and go, but chatter and the prattle go on forever. It was a mystery; and, like all mysteries, time unwinds it. Time unwound it; and at the end of two weeks the story of the depot master, and of my foreman, and of the livery-stable keeper who had let the mare to Christian and had had so much trouble getting it back from the Junction, where Christian had left it, and other stories, were all put together.

So something like the truth was known; and Bodbank was disappointed, because when Bodbank guesses Bodbank can make the truth look like a crab apple beside one of my Black Bens.

None of it touched Martin Whitney. None of it touched Alice, his wife. Neither of them went off the place and nobody came near them. And there you are!

Spring had come on; and sometimes, through the open window in the upstairs room, a light would shine where the girl was going to bed in the old-time four-poster. Sometimes I could hear her singing, as though she had found some kind of happiness, and I thought maybe it was that she was looking forward to the day when she could go away.

Sometimes I noticed she had done little things round the old place. She had found some old curtains somewhere and hung them in the windows of one room downstairs. I wondered whether she had done it to please him.

He was eating his meals alone in his room; he had them carried up by the Spanish servant. Most of his days he spent in the carpenter shop; and in the evenings he would go for walks and only come home late, to sit on the porch—'way into the night. I could see the glow of his tobacco, and the flare of matches as often as the pipe would go out. He was a man of steel, they said.

Once I saw him at a moment when the girl had walked down under the pines and left the baby in the little box she had fixed for it. He got up from his chair and went and looked down at the little thing—the way a dog looks down at a new litter of kittens—as though it was hard to understand.

And sometimes, when he was sitting alone beside the front door and I could hear her singing upstairs, I used to think of what he had said about women humming round the house. But I knew if I went over and looked I'd find his face like a galvanized-iron mask. And there you are!

Nobody knows about matters of this kind—how they work out; but I remember that there was almost a week more to run when, on Friday, the sixth day of May, there came the big revolution. And I was away.

About noon the girl went out onto the porch of the old Whitney place. She was dressed exactly as she had been when she came. She wore the same hat, the same brown suit, the same shoes; and she carried the baby in her arms. She found Martin sitting there, resting after his work in the shop.

"Good-by!" she said with a new look in her face. Whitney just stared at her. "I'm going," she said.

"It is not yet time," said he. "The day has not come."

"Nevertheless, I am going," she answered, looking straight at him out of her big gray eyes.

"What is the matter?" asked Martin.

And then she threw open all the batteries of her feelings.

"I've realized—that's all," she began. "I'm tired of being treated the way I've always been treated—like a potted plant. It's the way most women are treated, it seems to me. I'm not a piece of property. I owe no apologies to anybody for what I've ever done. The worst thing I ever did was to be a woman. And, before it's too late, I want to live so my daughter will know, when she grows up, that a woman isn't a helpless, feeble feather, blown about in the world's wind.

"Listen! I grew up in a way that made me think, no matter how much I reasoned about it, that a woman was always like a trunk. A trunk belongs to somebody and has to be taken care of by somebody, and it hasn't any destiny of its own. And it goes where it is checked. And it's claimed at the other end. Somebody always owns the trunk. They may like it. They may not. It may be useful and it may be pretty; but it's a trunk. You can't fool me by your chivalry talk any longer."

"Stop!" said the man of steel, closing his square mouth. He might as well have said it to the flow of the Mississippi.

"You can't fool me with the chivalry talk," she went on. "You've treated me as

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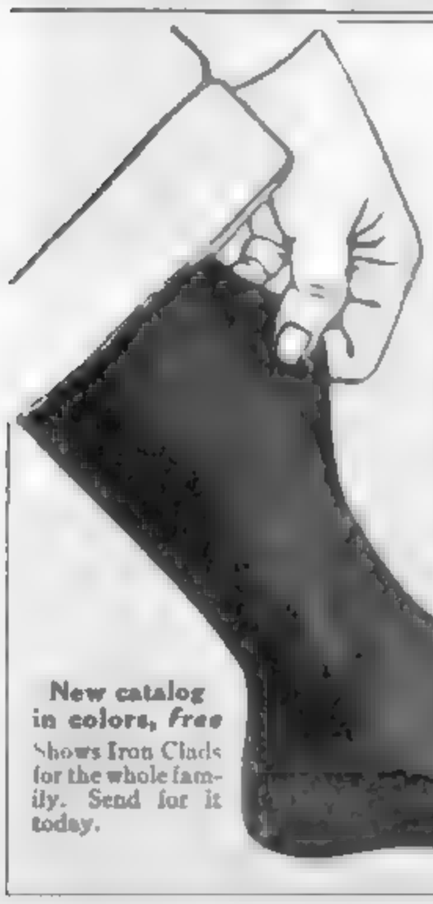

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though I had something to blush for. And the only thing I had to blush for was being willing to be a piece of baggage that could be routed through life by men only, like a consignment of so many pounds of such and such so-called priceless material. You think you're better than Christian, do you? You're not! He treated me as though he was a dog! You've treated me as though *I* was the dog! I'm going!"

Martin never moved a muscle of his face. He got up again, just like an ambassador, and made a low bow.

"Where shall I send you your maintenance?" said he quietly.

"Nowhere!" the girl flung out at him. "Nowhere! I'm going away with my daughter. We'll pay our way or go down. We'll route ourselves. Good-by!"

Whitney looked at her a long time.

"I might suggest that no train leaves on the W. L. & N. until nine to-night," he said.

"There's one at the Junction at ten minutes of five. I intend to be driven there," she said.

Martin bowed very low again.

"Good-by!" said he.

And the woman went down the steps, with the baby in her arms, and walked up the North Road toward the new car line, half a mile away.

The man of steel put his hands on his knees, I suppose, like those gods they carved in red granite in the old Egyptian days; and he stared out over the Mississippi. And after a while he walked down to the iron dog and leaned on it, and threw some barley to the birds. He never even looked at her. And there you are!

I was away all the afternoon; but about a quarter after four o'clock my foreman was cleaning my touring car and saw a shadow fall on the floor. He looked up—and it was Whitney. Martin's face was as hard as flint.

"Larsen," said he to the big Swede, "I want to borrow that car, and I want you to run it for me. I'll want it a couple of hours or more."

"Sorry, Mr. Whitney," Larsen said to him. "Mr. Dame has given me orders never to let the car go out without his word for it."

"Where is Mr. Dame to-day?"

"He's gone down the river to see an oil well in Pelican," said my foreman. "Mrs. Dame went with him."

"I'll have to have the car," the man of steel said. "I'm sorry too; but I'll have to have that car."

"No use, Mr. Whitney," says Olaf, the most stubborn yellow-haired man in the world. "I cannot did it—that's all!"

Martin did not answer him. He walked out quietly enough and he was gone about five minutes. When he came back he said one word:

"Larsen!"

The Swede looked up and found himself staring down the barrel of an old forty-four, of the type they used in the days when weight and bore meant power.

"Crank her!" said Martin, reaching behind him and turning off the hose. "You know me, Larsen. I spent most of my working life in a country where I had to do what was necessary when it was necessary! Make this little trip pleasant for yourself! Undertakers tell me that blonds never look natural."

Olaf has another quality besides stubbornness—he's glad to be alive and well. In that he takes great delight. It was a bad hour for Olaf.

The Swede is a good apple man, but a poor chauffeur. He takes too many chances. No matter what I said to him, he always would drive for speed. And yet, with Martin Whitney sitting beside him, holding a watch in the palm of his hand, Larsen had a memorable day in his experience at the wheel.

The North Road leads out to the prairie, where there are places in the long stretches that keep wet more than half the time. The soil is black and slippery, like machine grease; and twice they skidded clear off the wide crown, over the grass and into the mock-orange hedges. Before they got to Jones' place, where they raise the white turkeys, the screw cap of the water tank at the far end of the hood was blowing steam, until they couldn't see through the windshield.

"Got to have water!" Larsen roared out.

Martin never changed his expression as he leaned over and shouted into Olaf's big, long-lobed ear:

"Air-cooled! Air-cooled! If you stop her now I'll put foreign matter into you."

Larsen might have debated whether he'd rather die by accident or design; but he kept on. His face was white. He says it felt white! It was not due to the fine dust.

On the upland the roads were sun-dry, and the dust rolled up in a cloud that could be seen for miles on the prairie and settled behind them, long after they had passed, on the fields of young corn. Then, at the W. L. & N. surface crossing, the car jumped clear of the ground and lit with the engine racing so hard that the jump forward nearly snapped off their heads.

It was four-fifty-five when Olaf swung the car, sweating and panting like a run fox, up to the Junction Station. There wasn't a soul on the platform. The station agent came out and stared at them—that was all.

"Train gone?" asked Martin Whitney, his black coat so covered with dust that if he had stretched himself out in the road you couldn't have seen him.

"Yep," said the agent.

Olaf says that answer was like a gunshot at close range to Whitney. He put up both hands to his vest as though he had been shot in the chest; he went over to the baggage truck and sat down, and his head fell forward, and he stared at the boards on the platform.

"What train did you mean—the down train?" asked the agent, whittling a match.

"No: the other—Number Ten!" exclaimed Whitney.

The station agent picked his teeth leisurely and blew the match out of his lips.

"She's half an hour late. I have to flag Number Ten. Don't you see I've got the signal out for her? There's a woman inside—drove up from Bodbank. Number Ten ain't usually late. She starts at Springfield; yes, at Springfield. A man came through the other day on Number Ten. He says they're going to put a Pullman car on her. I was reading in the paper how——"

He was going on like that; but Martin wasn't listening. He had jumped for the station door.

He opened that door—and there was Alice in a corner, with the baby still in her arms. Martin Whitney ran over to her; and he almost fell on his knees.

"Well, what do you want?" she asked.

"You'd better come back," he said.

The girl looked at him a long while.

"My, but you're dusty!" she said.

"You'd better come back," Martin said again.

She looked at him, a little suspicious.

"It's because you respect me now that you want me," said she. "I know that's it. It's because you respect me."

"No," said Martin in a kind of breaking voice, considerably not like an ambassador. "No. It's because—I like to hear—I like to hear you—humming round the house."

"Honest?" she asked, looking at him, still suspicious.

"Honest!"

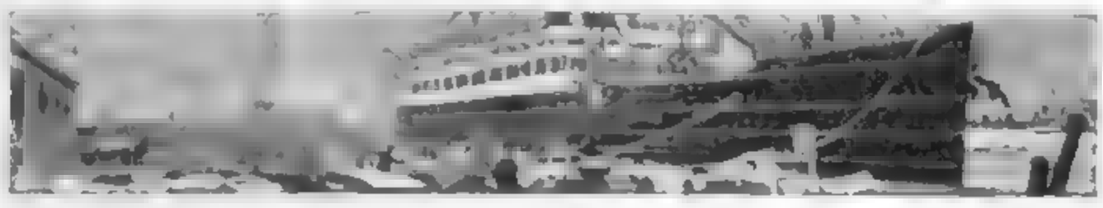
"All right. I'll go back," says she. "Here—take the baby."

The man of steel!

Bodbank has half forgotten them. They went to South America—Buenos Aires or somewhere; two or three children, I hear. The old Whitney homestead burned down February 12, 1913. You can see the cellar now, filled with snow in winter and weeds in summer. Some of the pines are left. The junkman took the iron dog.

Oh, yes—and for a long time the barley Martin had scattered for the birds was sprouting up.

As I said, human beings are much alike.



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Many base their preference for the Detroit Electric upon its notably handsome appearance, its grace of line, refinement of detail and richness of appointment. Many select it because of its mechanical superiority, its perfection of construction, its greater battery capacity and simplicity and ease of operation. And those who have driven many types of cars, who are essentially motor wise, give the Detroit Electric first place; not because of any single superiority but because of its rare combination of all the desirable features.

From the six handsome models (priced from $2600 to $3000) you'll find one which will appeal most strongly to you. For the business man and his particular needs there is the Detroit Electric Cabriolet at $2650.

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Motive power? The Saxon "Six" has, we believe, the greatest high-speed, light-weight motor yet produced. It develops 30-35 H. P. It keeps cool and "sweet" under all conditions. Of course everyone recognizes the superior advantages of a six-cylinder motor in a touring car.

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Looks? One of the strongest appeals of the Saxon is its handsome, stylish appearance, as exemplified by its streamline body, crowned fenders, tapered bonnet—and its body finish. Twenty-two operations are required in finishing a Saxon body. It receives 10 coats of paint and varnish—and the quality of work is A-1.

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Room? No car selling below $1250 has more width of the tonneau seat than you get in the Saxon "Six." It is a five-passenger touring car of generous all-around dimensions—plenty of leg room. All passengers ride comfortably.

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Materials? In all the vital parts of the Saxon "Six" materials are of the same specifications as are used in cars selling at $2000 and more.

The Saxon "Six" is fully equipped and every feature is of uniformly high quality—Gray & Davis electric starting and lighting system, speedometer, dimmer attachment for headlights, double ventilating rain-vision windshield, one-man top, quick-acting curtains, electric horn, robe rail, tools, tire kit, extra demountable rim, tire carrier—everything complete.

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Your own eye will tell you if it is beautiful.

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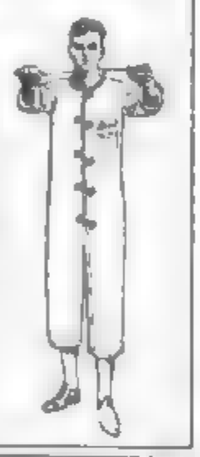

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THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

(Continued from Page 23)

time we talked intimately I would ask you to what you yourself attributed your success?"

"I will not attempt to answer you in epigrams," he replied. "I will pay a passing tribute to a wonderful constitution and an invincible sense of humor, which I think help one to keep one's head under many trying conditions. But the real and final explanation of my success is that I embraced the popular cause. I came from the people, and when I entered into politics I told myself and every one else that it was for the people I should work. I have never swerved from that purpose, and it is to the people I owe whatever success I am enjoying to-day."

The Duchess nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes," she admitted, "you are right there. Shall I proceed with my own train of thought quite honestly?"

"I shall count it a compliment," he assured her earnestly, "even if your thoughts contain criticisms."

"You occupy so great a position in political life to-day," she continued, "that one is forced to consider you, especially in view of the future, as a politician from every point of view. Now, by your own showing you have been a specialist. You have taken up the cause of the people against the classes. You have stripped many of us of our possessions—the Duke, you know, hates the sound of your name—and by your legislation you have, without a doubt, improved the welfare of many millions of human beings. But that is not all that a great politician must achieve, is it? There is our empire across the seas."

"Imperialism," he declared, "has never been in the foreground of my program, but I call myself an Imperialist. I have done what I could for the colonies. I have even on their behalf abandoned some of my pet principles of absolute freedom in trade."

"You certainly have not been prejudiced," she admitted. "Whether your politics have been those of an Imperialist from the broadest point of view—well, we won't discuss that question just now. We might perhaps differ. But there is just one more point. During the whole of your career you have set your face steadfastly against any increase of our military power. You have opposed all schemes for national service. You have taken the stand that England can afford to remain neutral, whatever Powers on the Continent may fight. Now tell me, do you see any possibility of failure, from the standpoint of a great politician, in your attitude?"

"I do not," he answered. "On the contrary, I am proud of all that I have done in that direction. For the reduction of our armaments I accept the full responsibility; and it is true that I have opposed national service. I want to see the people develop commercially. The withdrawing of a million of young men, even for a month every year, from their regular tasks not only would mean a serious loss to the manufacturing communities, but would be apt to unsettle and unsteady the men themselves. Further, it would kindle in this country the one thing I am anxious to avoid—the military spirit. I do believe that geographically, and from every other point of view, England, with her navy, can afford to fold her arms, and if other nations should at any time be foolish enough to imperil their very existences by fighting for conquest or revenge, then we, who are strong enough to remain aloof, can but grow richer and stronger as a result of the disasters that come to them."

There was a momentary silence. Then the Duchess reopened the subject.

"I come, you must remember, Mr. Hebblethwaite," she observed, "from long generations of soldiers, and you, as you have reminded me, come from a long race of yeomen and tradespeople. Therefore, without a doubt, our point of view must be different. That, perhaps, is what makes conversation between us so interesting. To me a conflict in Europe sooner or later appears inevitable. With England preserving a haughty and insular neutrality—which on account of her present military condition would be practically the only course open to her—would be almost compulsory—the struggle would be between Russia, France, Italy, Germany and Austria. Russia is an unknown force; but in

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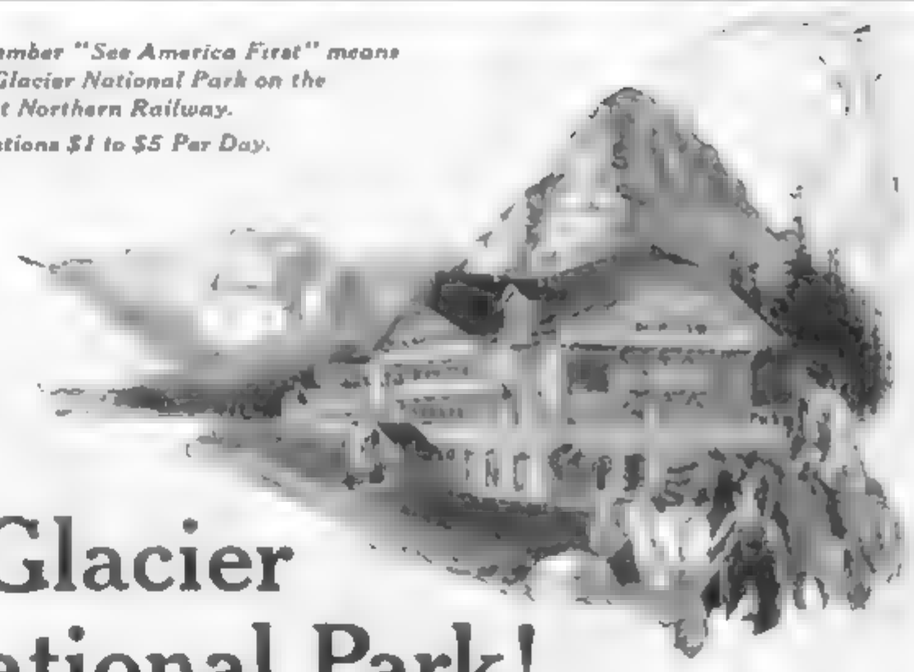

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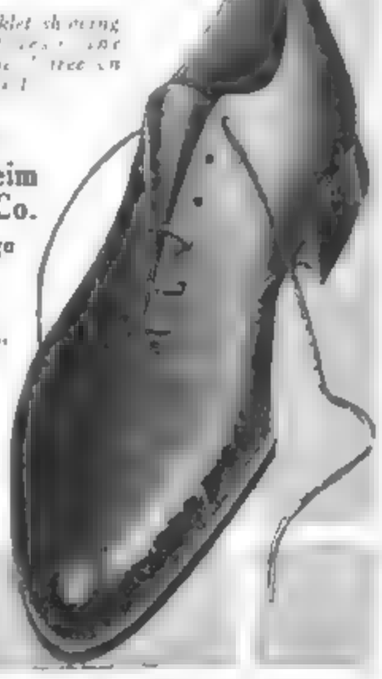

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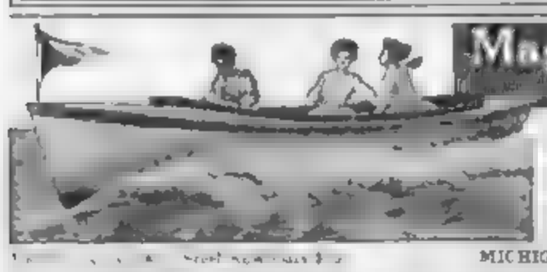

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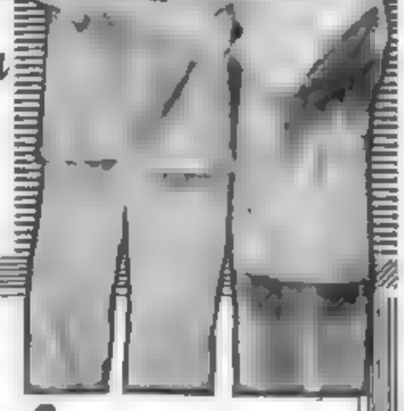

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my mind I see Austria and Italy, with perhaps one German army, holding her back for many months, perhaps indefinitely. On the other hand, I see France overrun by the Germans very much as she was in 1870. Very well, then; with Ostend, Calais, Boulogne and Havre seized by Germany, as they certainly would be, and turned into naval bases, do you still believe that England's security would be wholly provided for by her fleet?"

Mr. Hebblethwaite smiled.

"Duchess," he said, "I felt quite sure that sooner or later our conversation would draw near to the German bogey. The picture you draw is menacing enough, but I believe the events you outline are just about as likely as the overrunning of Europe by the yellow races. There is a military element in Germany that is to be regretted, but the Germans themselves are a splendid, cultured and peace-loving people, who are seeking for their future not at the point of the sword but in the countinghouses of the world. If I fear the Germans, it is commercially, and from no other point of view."

"I wish I could feel your confidence," the Duchess sighed.

"I myself have recently returned from Berlin," Mr. Hebblethwaite continued. "Busby, as you know, has been many times an honored guest at the German universities and in the great cities. He has had every opportunity of probing the tendencies of the people. His mind is absolutely and finally made up. Not in all history has there ever existed a race freer from the lust of bloodthirsty conquest than the German people of to-day."

Mr. Hebblethwaite concluded his sentence with some emphasis. He felt that his words were carrying conviction. Some of the conversation at his end of the table had been broken off, that the guests might listen to his pronouncements. At that moment his butler touched him upon the elbow.

"Mr. Bedells has just come up from the War Office, sir," he announced. "He is waiting outside. In the meantime he desired me to give you this."

The butler presented a small silver salver on which reposed a piece of paper. Mr. Hebblethwaite, with a little nod, unrolled it and glanced toward the Duchess, who bowed complacently. With the smile still upon his lips, a confident light in his eyes, Mr. Hebblethwaite held out the crumpled piece of paper before him and read the hurriedly scrawled pencil lines:

"Germany has declared war against Russia and presented an ultimatum to France. I have other messages."

Mr. Hebblethwaite was a strong man. He was a man of immense self-control. Yet in that moment the arteries of life seemed as though they had ceased to flow. He sat at the head of his table and his eyes never left those penciled words. His mind fought with them, discarded them, only to find them still there hammering at his brain, traced in letters of scarlet upon the distant walls. War, the great unbelievable tragedy, the one-thousand-to-one chance in life which he had taken! His hand almost fell to his side. There was a queer little silence. No one liked to ask him a question, no one liked to speak. It was the Duchess at last who murmured a few words. The silence had become intolerable.

"It is bad news?" she whispered.

"It is very bad news indeed," Mr. Hebblethwaite answered, raising his voice a little so that every one at the table might hear him. "I have just heard from the War Office that Germany has declared war against Russia. You will perhaps, under the circumstances, excuse me."

There was a queer singing in his ears. The feast seemed to have turned to a sickly debauch. All that pinnacle of success seemed to have fallen away. The faces of his guests, even as they looked at him, seemed to his conscience to be expressing one thing, and one thing only—that same horrible conviction that was deadening his own senses. He and the others—could it be true—had they taken up lightly the charge and care of a mighty empire and dared to gamble upon, instead of providing for, its security? He thrust the thought away. The natural strength of the man began to reassert itself. If they had done ill, they had done it for the people's sake. The people must rally to them now. He held his head high as he left the room.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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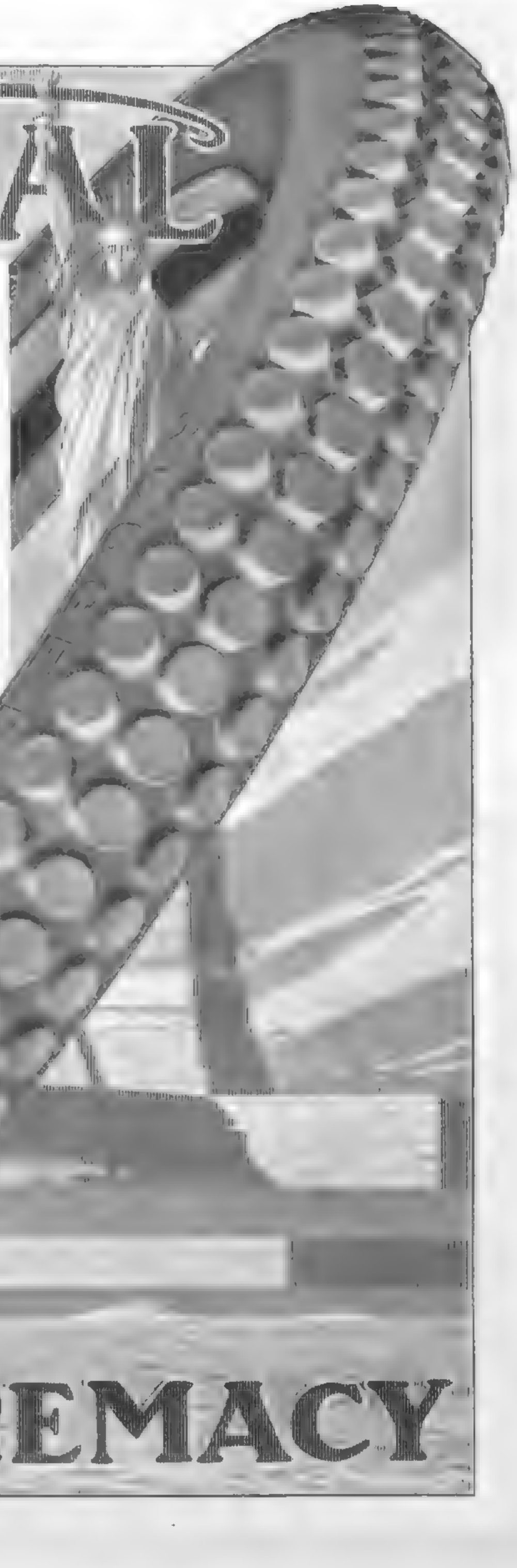

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"I'll tell you, Mr. Miller, we're losing money every day we postpone the change from horses to motor trucks, and now that we have an opportunity to dispose of our horses at a good price, *right now* is the time for us to make the decision. I am thoroughly convinced that this is the thing to do, and I think the facts I have gathered together will convince you, too.

"Our total investment in motor equipment to handle 50% more freight than we are now hauling would be very little more than we have invested in our present outfit.

"We are using valuable ground for stable and shed room now that we need, and need badly, for an addition to our warehouse. Trucks wouldn't require half the room and we could use cheaper space farther out.

"I've spent a lot of time investigating this matter, and the saving per ton-mile on our haulage will alone put us to the good in less than a year—to say nothing of the better service to our customers and the ability to extend our field of operations.

"So far as I am concerned, the only question to settle is the kind of trucks that we ought to install. I've investigated several of the leading makes—all of them good, but this GMC line appeals most to me. They make a full line of both gasoline and electric trucks, and their prices are mighty reasonable.

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THE BUSHER ABROAD

(Continued from Page 27)

things a bargun and you cant make no miss take what ever you buy. So I says Well I dont want none of there barguns because they dont sell nothing that I want or got no use for it.

Then he dident say nothing for a wile and finely he says I wonder if I could find him now and I says what are you talking a bout and he says O I dident know I says any thing out loud but I was just thinking so I says What was you thinking a bout and he says he dident like to tell me because he might may be not be able to find the man and then I would be dissapointed. So I says What man was you looking for and he says Well I will tell you a bout it but if we cant get a hold of him again you musent get dissapointed and I says no I wouldent and then he sprung it on me.

Well Al it seems that the 1st. day we was in Cairo he was walking down the st. a lone and he run in to a africa man standing on the coroner and the man called him to 1 side and ast him did he want the biggist bargun that a man ever got and Evans says what was it and the man says he had a scarab from Cops tume and Cops was the chief of police here in Cairo 4 thousend yrs. a go. A scarab Al is a bug thats turned to stone and use to be a live like any bug but most bugs when they die mole a way til they aint nothing left of them but a scarab gets hard and the longer they been dead the harder they get.

Well Al theys only a bout a ½ a doz. scarabs in the world and they averige $50.00 dollars a peace is what it costs to get them and of coarse they wouldent no body be a sucker enough to pay $50.00 for a dead bug but scarabs is some thing more then plane bugs. There luck peaces Al and the man that owns 1 cant never have no real bad luck but nothing but good luck all the wile. This scarab that the africa man had was the only 1 in the world from Cops tume and Evans says Cops was the luckest man in africa because he dide 4 thousend yrs. a go.

So Evans says to the man Leave me see your scarab and the man showed it to him but made him stand a way from him far enough so as Evans couldent knock him down and take it a way from him but Evans seen in a min. that it was a real scarab and not no fake so he ast the man what would he take for it and the man says ½ a porus plaster or a bout $10.00 and Evans ast him why was he selling it so cheap and the man says he picked it up in the st. and it dident bellong to him and he was hard up and out of work and he couldent find the man or womman that losted it and so he would half to sell it and get what he could for it.

So at 1st. Evans was going to buy it off of him and then he thot to him self that he dident need no luck peace because hed been playing right clost to the right field seats in St Louis and nothing never hapened to him and he says thats the most dangerus place in the world to play and besides hes left hand it and what more could a man ask and besides he couldent a ford to spend no more money on the trip so he told the man no he couldent buy the scarab and the man says your makeing a big miss take and Evans says Could I buy it and give it to 1 of my friends or sell it and the man says No because if you done that it would contract the charm. Well Evans told him he was sorry but he couldent buy it and the man says all right and Evans come a way and left him.

So he was telling me a bout it when we come a way from the party and he says It just hit me all at onct that you was the man that should ought to have it because if you had a little bit of luck a long with the stuff you got they couldent no body beat you but I dont know weather I can find the man or not or if hes may be sold it all ready. So I says Where was he standing at and Evans says he was down to the coroner of 4th and Olive st. and I says I dident know where that was so Evans says he would take me there but he kept warrening me all the way that the man had probily sold the scarab or we couldent find him but any way we husseled down there and sure enough the man was still standing there yet and I could see that Evans was telling me the truth because when he spoke to the man the man ansered back and he certunly looked hard up Al and like he need it money.

So Evans ast him right off if he still had that scarab yet and the man says witch 1 and Evans says the 1 from Cops tume that you was showing me and says you would sell for ½ a porus plaster and besides you havent only got 1. So the man says yes and dugged down in his pocket and come up with it and its the funnest looking thing you ever see Al and it looks some thing like a bug only hard and no wings or nothing on it and Evans says to the man It was gray when you showed it to me the other day and the man says yes and now its green because its older then it was and the older they get they turn green. So Evans ast me did I want to buy it and I says I dident know and he says whats the matter dont you beleive what I been telling you and I says yes and he says well then whats the matter so I had to come out and tell him that I dident have no money a long with me.

Well Evans says he dident have no money nether or he would lone me some and it looked like we would half to pass it up but finely Evans ast the man if he would be there at 7 a clock and the man says yes he would and Evans ast me if I knowed where I could borry the money and I says yes I could get some off of Callahan or Comiskey or Mcgraw so we fixed it up that we was to go back to the hotel and get the money and meet the man at 7 a clock so I and Evans went back to the Hotel as fast is we could and Callahan was the 1st. 1 I run in to so Evans left me and I went up and ast Callahan could I have ½ a porus plaster and he says Get a hole 1 and charg it to the club whats the matter have you got a cold so I seen he over herd me and I says No I dont want no medisin what I want is $10.00 so he says Thats diffrunt and he give it to me.

Well Al I was a scared the man would of ducked and may be sold the scarab before we got back but no he was there and I pertended like I thot the price was pretty steap and ast him couldent he come down a little and sure enough Al he come down to $7.50 and I thot Evans would fall over. So I took the scarab and stuck it in my pockit and kept my hand on it all the way back to the hotel and we wasent no sooner a way from where the man was that sold it to me and then Evans says Well your lucks started all ready when you can get a bargun like that and it was a grate bargun at $10.00 dollars and you got it for $7.50 and you should ought to buy the ciggars so we stoped in at a place on the way back to the Hotel and I bought him a ciggar but I been smokeing to much latily so I dident get none for my self.

Well old pal I cant hardily wait til we get to where ever it is wear going next and play an other ball game and I will get Mcgraw to leave me pitch it and I will show these birds what I can do when I got some luck a long with me and I wisht I could pitch a city serious game against the cubs before I loose the scarab but of coarse I aint going to loose it Al and I would like to see some body try and get it a way from me and Evans says I better not tell no body a bout haveing it or they might some body steal it off of me.

Well if they do Al they will have a fight on there hands. But Evans promussed to not tell no body and of coarse thats the best plan to keep it to our self and leave them wonder what I done with the jinks thats been chaseing me ever since I bust it in to the big league and I wisht Id of had this here scarab all the wile I been pitching ball and Id of made Mathewson or any body else record look sick.

So when we got back to the Hotel I run in to larry Doyle and Donlin and told them a bout the big bargun I got and they both promussed to not say nothing so some body will get a big supprise the next time I get a chanct to pitch and Callahan will wisht more then ever that he hadent never loned me to the giants for the trip.

Of coarse Al this aint nothing like a 4 leave clover or a horse shoe or 1 of them things that peopl thinks is lucky but I dont beleive theys any thing in them things but this here scarabs a diffrunt thing and they aint no ? a bout it or they wouldent ask them prices for it $50.00 a peace because thats the reglar price and just think of me geting a hold of 1 for $7.50 but you couldent get no $50.00 a peace for a 4 leave clover or a horse shoe but you could buy all you wanted of them for $1.00 and that shows they aint realy nothing to the bunk a bout them being lucky.

Well Al I got the old scarab hid a way where they wont no body find it and I cant

Denison, Texas, Feb. 19, 1915

Emerson Institute,
Gentlemen:

Since I commenced the study of Personal Efficiency, I am as far ahead of my former self as the German nation is ahead of the Mexican

I am Chief Dispatcher on 450 miles of a busy railroad.

By applying Efficiency 20% reduction has been made in the number of locomotives required.

Four thousand train and engine men have been called and departed on time, without even one man being late.

Benjamin Franklin was the pioneer Efficiency man, but Harrington Emerson, by teaching others how to find the easiest, quickest and best means to reach the desirable things of life, has conferred on humanity the greater boon

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Prepared by Harrington Emerson
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Efficiency is the wonderful new science of saving waste, of getting further with less effort.

It shows the efficient man how to increase profits.

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It shows the professional man how to get more out of the day's work and out of life. It has been endorsed by Universities and Chambers of Commerce.

It was tested and proved by the War Department of the Federal Government.

For forty years Mr. Emerson has practiced, thought and taught Efficiency; first to big organizations—then to individuals personally—and now you can have by mail these 24 lessons prepared by Mr. Emerson. Whatever you do, you need Efficiency. Business man—professional man—business woman—housewife—every individual who is trying to get more out of life needs this course.

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7000 already are enrolled. If you want to do less work and get more for it—send this coupon. If you are trying to get ahead and the way seems closed—send this coupon. If you need more money and see no way to get it—send the coupon. If you're overworked and tired—send this coupon. Send the Coupon Today for the Free Book.

Review of Reviews Co., 30 Irving Place, New York

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30 Irving Place
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Send me particulars about your course in Efficiency, also 24-page book "Where is the Money Coming From?"—FREE. This puts me under no obligation.

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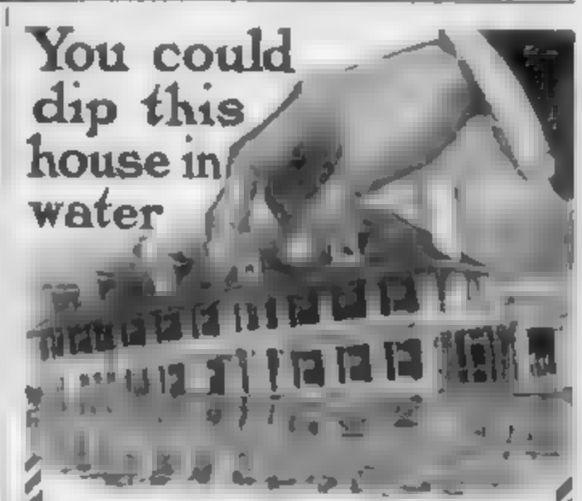
Give the credit for these and other strong Compo-Board features to the wood core construction, and look for the wood core when you buy, if you want to be sure of getting the genuine.

Write for sample piece and book of original home interior suggestions.

Northwestern Compo-Board Co.
4303 Lyndale Ave. N.
Minneapolis, Minn.

You could dip this house in water



Stucco, concrete or brick walls absorb much water, becoming damp, unsanitary and unhealthful. But they can be waterproofed and beautified with

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APPLIED WITH A BRUSH

A liquid cement coating which becomes an integral part of the wall, sealing all pores and cracks and making it impervious to water. Use it for restoring old walls or new. Furnished in a variety of pleasing colors.

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AN ANCIENT SYMBOL AND A MODERN MEANS OF PROTECTION

The ancient custom of *seeking* protection was to have a winged disc carved above the doorway. The modern practice of *getting* protection is to have a Colt in the home. A Colt Automatic makes *your* home protection an actual fact—not a fanciful trust. The Colt is a tangible bulwark against lawless intrusion—and is automatically safeguarded against unintentional discharge.

The COLT Automatic

is a correctly balanced, ever-ready, hard-hitting pistol. The Colt is automatically *locked when cocked*. You must simultaneously *grip the grip* and pull the trigger in order to fire it. But, see the Colt at your nearest firearms dealer. You will sense the feeling of safety as your fingers close over its sturdy grip. Compare it with any pistol and your choice will be a Colt.

"The Colt Fires the First Shot First."

"You Can't Forget to Make a Colt Safe"

The Colt was adopted by the Army and Navy because of its "Marked superiority to any other known pistol."

Write for free Colt booklet, "How to Shoot," and catalog No. 85.

THE COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

I Am Making A Special Factory Price On

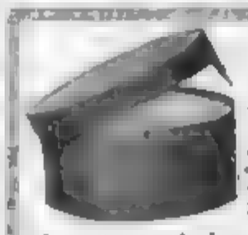
10,000 Rapid Fireless Cookers

Big bargain to introduce cooker into new neighborhoods quick. Write before price advances.

30 Days' Free Trial

Cooker is aluminum lined throughout, complete with [illegible]

Wm. Campbell Co., Dept. 14 Detroit, Mich.



Auto Hat-Carrier

Keeps your hat clean

A neat, practical, specially designed dust-proof box to hold your street hat while motoring. 13 in. diameter; 6 in. high. Handy at home for storage. Daintily cloth covered. Delivered by parcel post. Send $1 with your order.

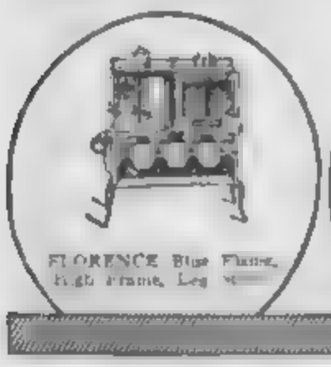
Owens & Traeger, 1106 Jefferson St., Hoboken, N. J.

The Right Idea in Oil Stoves

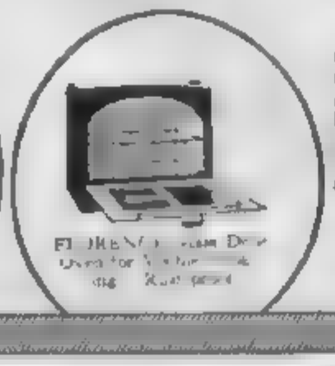
Florence Oil Stoves are *safe*, reliable, simple, convenient, economical. They put their heat into the cooking instead of out into the room. Heat is easily regulated by a little lever. No wicks to trim; no valves to leak. A glass "bull's-eye" always shows you amount of oil in tank.

FREE—A Good Cook-Book

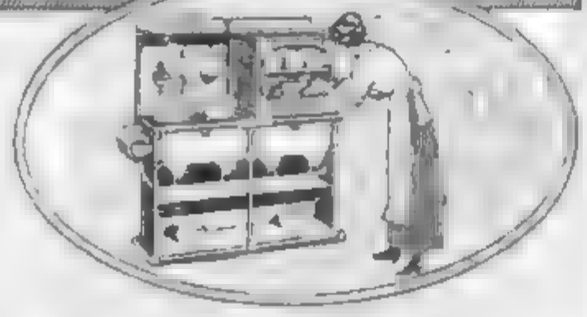
An unusual recipe book "Household Helper" Contains quite "different" cooking and menu suggestions. We know you will appreciate this book. It is Free. Write for it, giving your dealer's name.



FLORENCE Blue Flame, High Frame, Leg [illegible]



FLORENCE [illegible] Oven for [illegible]



Four-Burner, High Frame, FLORENCE Automatic

FLORENCE

Oil Cook Stoves "Look for the Lever"

We believe no other stoves approach Florence Oil Stoves in reliability and economy—in the intensity of heat, in work done by a given quantity of oil—in their low cost of ½ cent an hour per burner. We believe the lever principle is the right principle for an oil stove—others cannot use it because the patent is ours. *All* Florence Stoves and Ovens are guaranteed.

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE COMPANY

Address 122 School St., Gardner, Mass.

do nothing but wait til we get to where ever wear head it and play an other game and then we will see weather its a fake or not but I guess they aint no fake a bout it hey Al.

Well Al I got to be geting to bed because we leave here in the A. M. and I been going some today and need a good rest but I couldent wait til tommorow to tell you a bout my luck and I know it will be good news to you. And I supose I might as well tell you what else we done today and it wont take long.

This A. M. we was drove a round town and done some more site seen and I guess we certunly seen evry thing they is to see in the 3 days we been in Cairo and I can get a long all the rest of my life with out seen no more musks and desserts. This P. M. we was tooken up to the america Council 8 like I told you and had a party and stuff to eat and drink and I talked the pone off wile we was eating and its a pone I wrote to spring at this party and I will coppy it down so as you can see what I hand it them:

Wear going to leave Cairo
and Boys we hate to leave
Youve showed us a grand good time
Is why we hate to leave.

I pitched a game in the sand
And so it was no supprise
That I couldent win my game
With the sand blowing in my eyes.

I done pretty good I think
to hold them to a tie
When I couldent see where was I pitching
On acct of the sand in my eyes.

We seen the Pyrmids and spinix
and all they was to see
The desserts and musk and campbells
Was a mung the things we seen.

Good by boys we will you remmember
Your well come has been grate
And we will all ways remmember
Cairo and the boys of Council 8.

I would of gave them more bull a bout there lodge only I for got to find out weather they was K. C.s or elks or what was they but any way the peace I give them made a big hit and the america Council him self was tickeled to deth and Schaefer says it was the best Id wrote yet and Im geting better right a long.

Well Al thats a bout all they is to tell because I all ready told you what I done after the party and that was when I and Evans got the scarab. We leave here tommorow A. M. on a train and go to Alexander and from there we get on an other boat and go some wheres else and I wisht we was going to play 1 game in Alexander before we get on the Ship bord so as I could try out my luck peace and after this Wiltse and Leverenz and them other left hand it stiffs wont have nothing on me for luck and I will show Allen some thing when I get back home.

When he sees I got some luck to go a long with the rest of my stuff he will probily jump the league if he aint been canned by Comiskey all ready by wirelest telegram. O you little scarab.

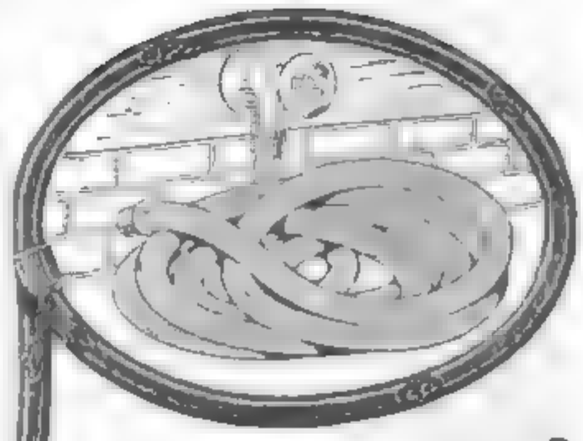
Your pal. JACK.

Speedy Dressers

AN INGENIOUS Frenchman has recently invented and placed on the market a little device that will make new records possible for quick dressing and undressing. It is a sort of hook-and-eye arrangement that can be hooked up or unhooked almost instantaneously. His original purpose was to make it possible for soldiers to get in and out of sleeping sacks without losing any time, but his idea is being applied now to clothes also.

On each of the two edges that are to be hooked together is sewed a continuous line of metal clasps. A buckle is made to slide up and down over these clasps in such a way that when the buckle is pulled up it hooks all the clasps together, and when it is pulled down it unhooks them.

Thus, simply pulling the buckle up hooks the garment completely; while the unhooking operation can be accomplished by pulling on the two edges—exactly like tearing a sheet.



Weather-Proof Lawn Hose

Goodyear-Akron Lawn Hose is always "on tap" when you need it. Ordinary wear and tear can't affect it. That is because of the [illegible] and the exclusive Goodyear features in construction.

GOODYEAR AKRON Lawn Hose

This hose has the six famous ribs running its full length. These ribs prevent kinking and twisting. The hose won't chip and crack. It will far outlast, with normal use, any ordinary hose. If you want hose satisfaction, get Goodyear-Akron Lawn Hose.

Sold by dealers everywhere. If your dealer is not supplied, send us his name and we will see that you get it immediately by express, prepaid.

[illegible] per foot, in any length—3/4-inch 18c a foot; 1-inch, 17c a foot; 1 1/2-inch, 16c a foot.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio
Makers of Goodyear Automobile Tires

See Those Ribs!

(2539)

OFFICE BOYS:
Wilfred Ash is one of you

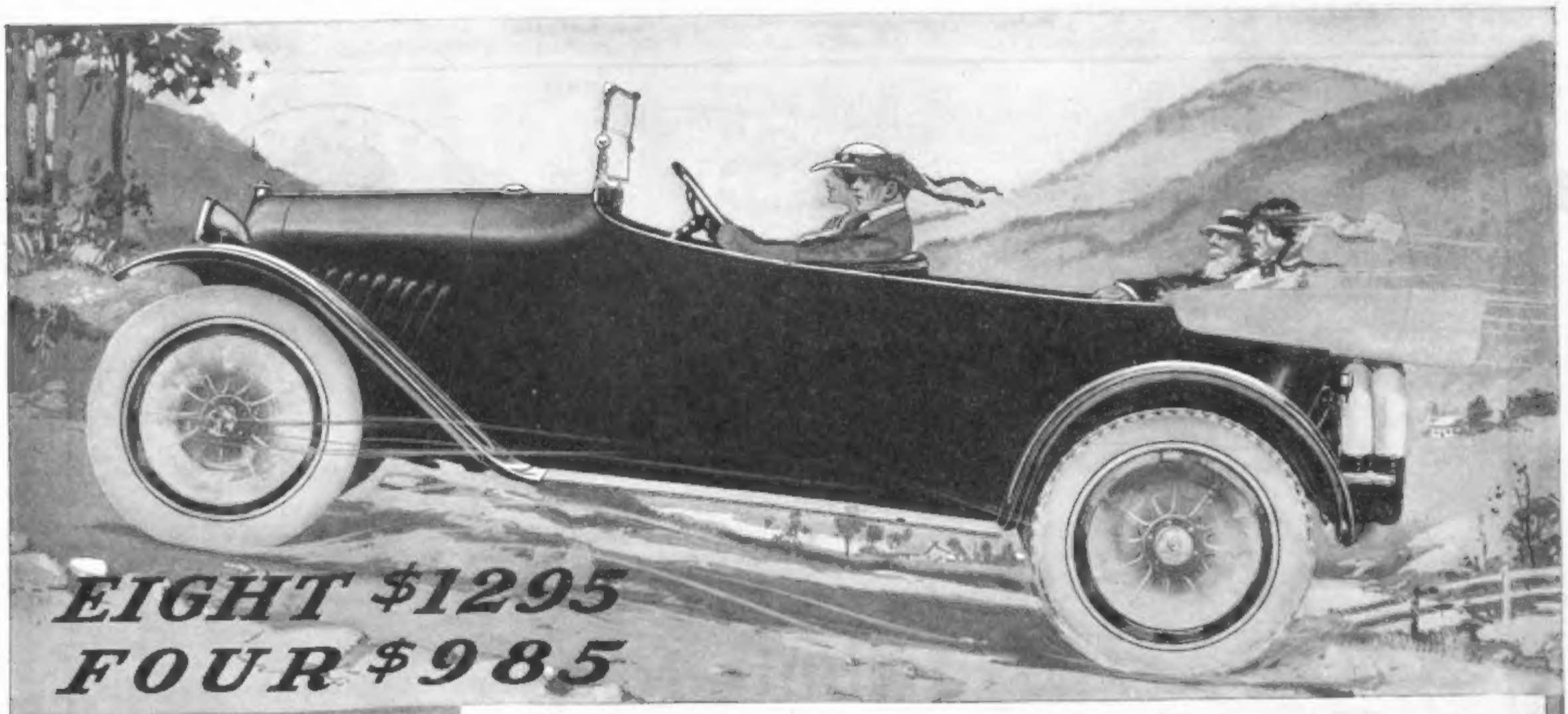
Wilfred is making good with a big company in Chicago. Like other office boys, he must work for some time to get "a raise" of a dollar a week.

But Wilfred found a quicker way to get that dollar a week extra. Connected with his company and with other concerns in the same building are many persons who could be interested in *The Saturday Evening Post*. He called on them and now he delivers that periodical to them every Thursday during his lunch hour. Thus he earns $1.10 each week in addition to his wages.

Any Office Boy
Can earn Fifty Cents the first week

without interfering with his other duties. He can readily find enough customers to earn from $1.00 to $5.00 extra each week. Upon request we will send every boy who wants to be a Special Representative a proposition. Write today to

Sales Division, Box 873
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Penna.



EIGHT $1295
FOUR $985

INDIANA ENTHUSIASM
"I made it a point to test the car on one of the steepest hills in this part of the country, known as the Reelsville hill. The Detroiter Eight negotiated this hill on high with perfect ease the first attempt."

A PHILADELPHIA RECORD
"There is not a hill within 15 miles of Philadelphia but which has been conquered by the DETROITER EIGHT, with high gear lever never touched from start to finish."

KNOXVILLE, TENN., OWNER REPORTS:
"I never saw a car of such wonderful efficiency and of such pulling quality and smoothness."

A TEXAS DRIVER WRITES:
"The consensus of opinion of about a hundred friends who have ridden with me this month is that the Detroiter Eight is the most powerful slow and fast pulling motor car in the world, and its riding qualities are equal to any $5,000 car on the market."

WINS IN NEW ENGLAND
"We did everything that was ever done by any car at any price and then some. The Detroiter Eight is the most-talked-of car in New England today."

A LOVER OF SPEED
"I will venture to say that the inhabitants living along the sides of these hills never saw such a dust raised by a car ascending, since automobiles were invented."

A CALIFORNIA OWNER SAYS:
"The Detroiter Eight will do things that no other car in the world will do."

—and this is happiness

Only the rush of wind and the flying fence posts reveal the speed at which you are traveling. And like the soft singing of the wind is the low drone of the eight-cylinder motor,—four thousand, five thousand, eight thousand power impulses every minute, overlapping and blending into tremendous but controlled energy.

You look upward toward the distant hill-crest and note the steepness of the white road. Did your eyes deceive you? The hill-side becomes a level. You see deep sand. It is nothing; the grip of the tires tosses it aloft in sun-catching clouds. You see the road roughen into ruts and hummocks—but you feel them only through a gentle, swaying motion that is itself a pleasure.

No pause, no falter, no feel of straining mechanism. It seems as though the horizon were a magnet, ever drawing you forward, yet never reached.

Such is the new mode of travel in an

Eight-Cylinder

Detroiter

Have you taken a ride? If not, better ask the nearest *Detroiter man* for one.

The Detroiter Eight motor develops 55-60 horsepower; the car weighs under 2,500 pounds:—the greatest relative horsepower built into an American car. Yet as smooth as clockwork. ***Accelerates from five to thirty miles on high, in 12 seconds!***

Pistons are aluminum alloy. Carbon cannot form on them. The motor remains *perpetually* clean and powerful.

Body lines reproduce exactly the famous "boat type"—the exquisite style which Europe, since the war, can no longer supply; wheelbase 112 inches, with very narrow turning radius.

Finish: 20-operation deep; rich Kimball green with gold stripe. Genuine hand-buffed, straight-grained leather. Platform springs. Full-floating axle. Dry-plate clutch. Tires 33x4, non-skids on rear, with duplex tire carrier. Four 24-inch doors. Every latest refinement.

Quick deliveries are being made despite the fast-growing demand. See our local dealer.

Handsome folder in actual colors on request.

A few valuable territories are still open to responsible dealers. Quick action alone will get contract.

Briggs-Detroiter Company
501 Holbrook Avenue Detroit, Michigan

For Graduations

No. 4072. Exquisite Heller Oriental Cultured natural pearl, fancy hand-carved mounting. Price $9.

No. 4071. Beautiful Heller Oriental Cultured natural pearl, single-stone ring, perfectly plain mounting. Price $12.

No. 4075. Handsome Heller Oriental Cultured natural pearl, fancy black enameled solid gold mounting. Price $10.

For Birthdays

The Time to Buy a Gem-Set Ring

Birthdays and approaching graduations bring the need of gift suggestions. Every heart warms to a gem-set ring. It is the most prized of all presents. It carries a dainty sentiment that endears it forever—it serves as a lifetime reminder. A Ring of rare beauty is within the reach of everyone's purse.

A Tribute to a Master-Designer of Rings

Rings were merely rings until some years ago. Then came a master to the art of designing rings. For the past twenty years he has been regarded by those who know as the leader in this craft.

This page is a tribute to him—to WHITE, the artist who made the gem-set ring famous.

His designs are of rare beauty, distinctive and exclusive—masterpieces to delight the connoisseurs.

If you want a ring for yourself, or for son, daughter or friend, you will want to see W-W-W Rings.

Known as W-W-W Rings

These rings are known to your jeweler as W-W-W Rings. They are made only in solid gold and are set with precious and semi-precious stones.

The wide range of prices—$3, $4, $5, $10, $25 and up—is made to fit all purses. WHITE'S hobby is *inexpensive beauty*. He personally designs every ring that bears the W-W-W mark.

W-W-W Rings

Made Only in Solid Gold with Stones Guaranteed to Stay

All W-W-W Rings are of solid gold, and every stone is *guaranteed secure.*

If at any time a stone comes out or is cracked we will replace and reset it free. This covers all stones but diamonds. It makes your purchase doubly safe.

Where to See Them

If these superlative rings are not now being shown at your jeweler's, write to us and we'll tell you where to see them. Go see them before you buy anything else to give for birthdays or graduations. You will never regret that you did this. The charm, the sparkle, the unusual design, will reward you twofold for your trouble.

A Beautiful Catalog and This Interesting Story—FREE

Send for Your Copy Now

A talented writer has written for us a charming short story about a gem-set ring. It is full of rich human interest. It is worth sending for.

We will send you a copy free—just for a postcard and the name of your jeweler.

The book also shows pictures of beautiful set rings, a choice selection of the four thousand styles we make, giving full descriptions and prices; also a list of birth stones, telling what each stone means.

Send for it today. See these White designs. Read the thrilling story that has been written around a famous W-W-W Ring.

WHITE, WILE & WARNER, Dept. M 224, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Makers Of Solid Gold Gem-Set Rings In Which the Stones Do Stay

No. 3985. Young lady's solid gold, three-stone novelty little-finger ring in genuine amethyst, topaz or garnet. Price $9.00. In pink sapphire or synthetic ruby, price $12.00.

No. 4039. Gentleman's solid gold, fancy mounting of good weight with genuine amethyst, topaz or garnet and genuine cut diamond in centre of stone. Price $16.50. In synthetic ruby, pink sapphire, or tourmaline, price $20.00.

No. 3970. Gentleman's heavy solid gold ring with genuine amethyst, topaz or garnet. Price $10.00. With synthetic ruby, price $12.00.

No. 4053. Hand-carved, solid gold man's ring with Oddfellow, Masonic, Elk or any other emblem gold incrusted in the centre of genuine tourmaline, pink sapphire or synthetic ruby. Price $16.50. In genuine amethyst, topaz or garnet, price $15.00. Same ring, perfectly plain stone with no emblem, price $10.00.

No. 4050. Handsome solid gold, lady's little-finger ring with genuine Russian lapis lazuli. Fancy hand-carved mounting. Price $9.00.

No. 4040. Gentleman's hand-carved massive solid gold ring with three-faceted genuine amethyst, topaz or garnet. Price $10.00. In synthetic ruby, price $13.50. In genuine tourmaline or pink sapphire, price $15.00.

No. 3982. Young lady's massive, solid gold little-finger ring with genuine amethyst or topaz. Price $6. Same ring with genuine green tourmaline or synthetic ruby, price $7.50.

No. 4035. Handsome, solid gold man's ring with square synthetic ruby or genuine garnet, plain shank. Price $12.50. In genuine amethyst or topaz, price $10.00.

No. 3987. Young lady's solid gold little-finger ring with genuine amethyst, topaz or garnet. Price $6.00. With synthetic ruby or pink sapphire, price $7.50.

No. 3986. Young lady's solid gold fancy little-finger ring in three-faceted genuine garnet, amethyst or topaz. Price $9.00. In genuine green tourmaline, price $10.00.

No. 2750. Lady's solid gold cluster set ring with two genuine oval garnets or any birthstone and two genuine whole pearls in the centre. Price $7.00.

No. 3328. Lady's solid gold, fancy cluster set ring with genuine topaz or amethyst, surrounded by four genuine pearls. Price $7.50.

KEEP COOL AND COMFORTABLE IN

MUNSING WEAR

MUNSING UNION SUITS

In sheer summer fabrics

WEIGH ONLY A FEW OUNCES

They are made in every required style and size for men, women and children, in a great variety of fabrics of fine quality. Some of these fabrics are the lightest in weight that can be made. For instance, men's Munsingwear Union Suits in the style illustrated in this advertisement, in size for a man with 38 inch chest measurement, in fabric number 7600, weigh only 6 ounces; in fabric number 7500, 7 ounces. Women's Summer Munsingwear Union Suits may be had that weigh only 4 ounces.

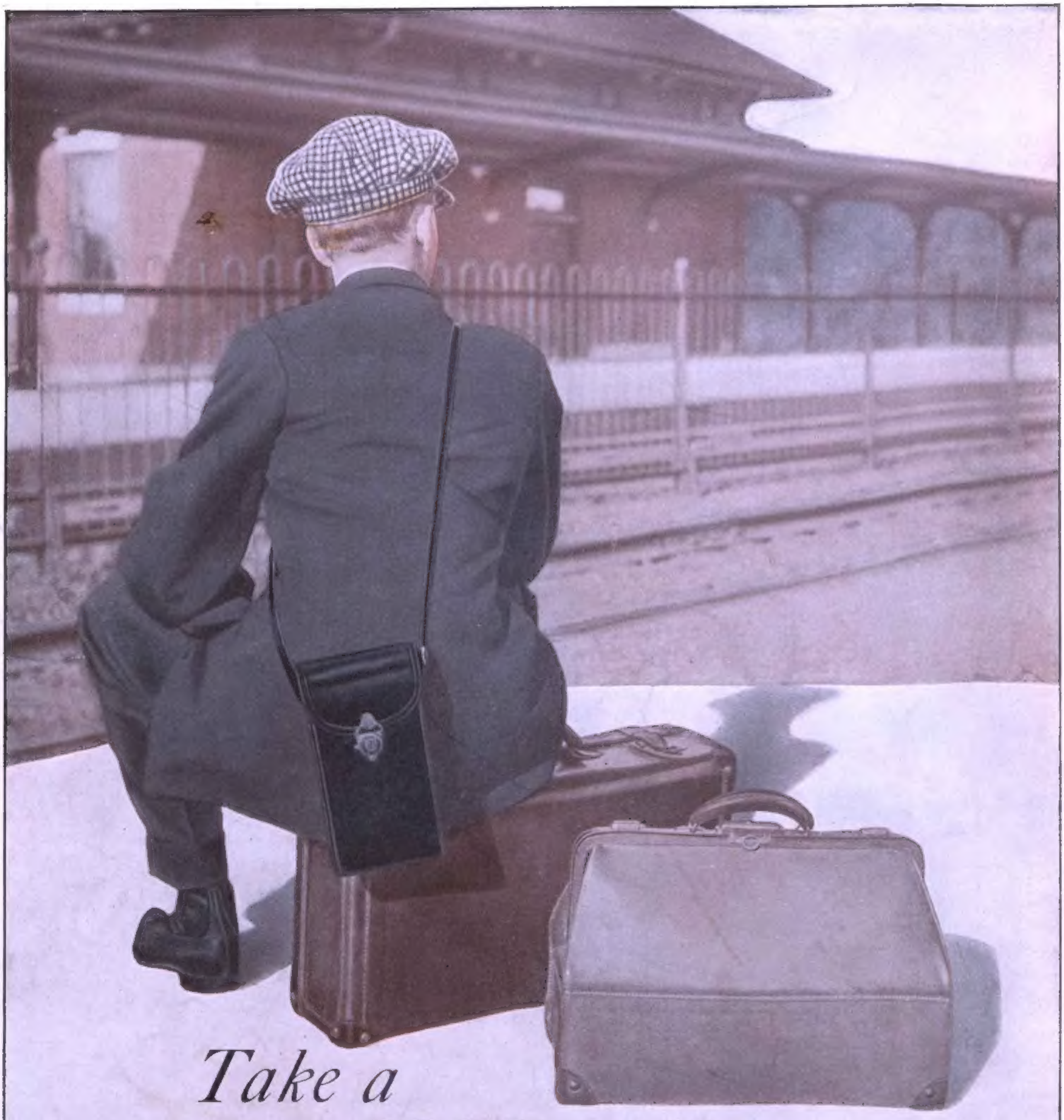
In the sheer, light weight summer fabrics, there are hundreds of openings to the square inch, through which the air reaches the body. An opening to match approximately every pore in the skin. They give perfect ventilation, keep the body cool and dry. Millions of discriminating men and women know that Munsingwear summer fabrics are the coolest that can be worn. They are popular because satisfactory.

Over 9,000,000 perfect fitting Munsingwear garments will be required in 1915 to supply the demand from trade already established. If you want cool, comfortable, non-irritating underwear of fine workmanship and appearance at popular prices, be sure to say Munsingwear. For samples of fabrics, prices and name of Munsingwear dealer in your town, address

The Northwestern Knitting Company

Minneapolis, Minnesota

DON'T SAY UNDERWEAR – SAY MUNSINGWEAR



Take a

KODAK

with you

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

Catalogue free at your dealer's or by mail.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*